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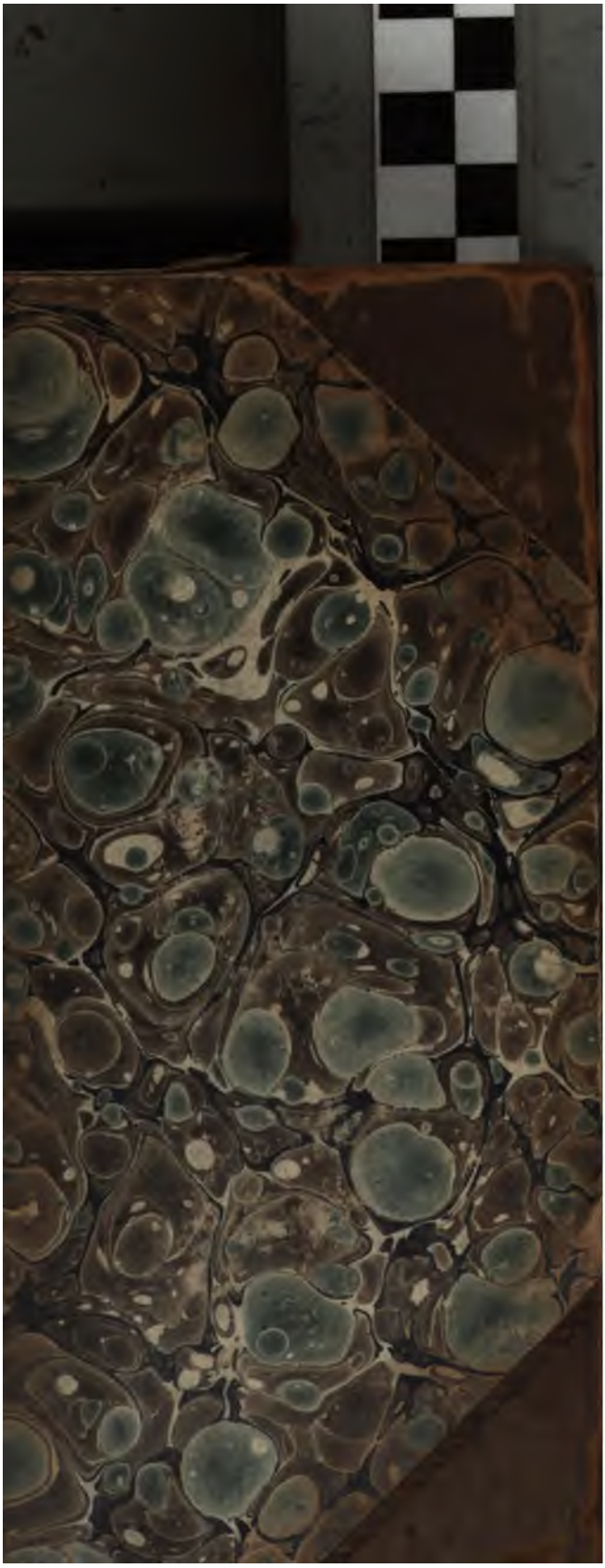

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ROSINE LAVAL.

J. Darling, Printer, Leadenhall Street, London.

ROSINE LAVAL.

J. Darling, Printer, Leadenhall Street, London.

ROSINE LAVAL.

A NOVEL.

By R. SMITH, Esq.

Quell' amor che poco accende,
Alimenta un cor gentile,
Come l'erbe il nuovo assale,
Come i fio il primo albor.

Se tyranno poi si rende,
La ragion ne sente oltraggio,
Come l'erba al caldo raggio,
Come al gelo esposto il fior.

Canzone di Metastasio.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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1833.

255.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

FAIREST LADY, INIMITABLE ACTRESS, SWEETEST POETESS!

It does not signify: we cannot help it. To you, pout or laugh as you will, these pages must be, and are hereby most respectfully dedicated. You may call it presumption, or even impertinence, without your permission, to venture on such a liberty. We confess it, and yet we are under the necessity of informing you, that you have only yourself to blame for it.

In the first place, you must needs come to this western hemisphere. You, and not we, are responsible for the consequences of that. In the next place, you did, with *malice prepense*—it can be proved on you—set about turning people's heads—for which

you *can* have no excuse. And thirdly, and lastly, as if you were determined to leave no kind of mischief "unattempted in prose or rhyme," not satisfied with having given us the lofty verse in your Francis the First, and received our best applause, you must still, wherever you are, keep writing and publishing your charming rhymes, to attract our admiration.

If, therefore, in seizing this occasion to express a little of it, we should happen to give offence, we say it again, boldly and impudently—"The first offence is yours!" Lay aside that strange fascination of your bright eye! Throw away that magic wand by which you conjure up your potent spells—leave off writing and publishing your "sweet and gentle minstrelsy," or else forgive the crime you instigate us to commit. If you will persist in provoking our admiration in so many ways, you must even submit to the fate you so rich-

ly

ly deserve. You have no right to complain, though the phrase may seem uncourteous, if under such circumstances, an author, along with the rest of the world, ventures to lay his humble offering at the feet of beauty—to render his slight homage to the chosen favourite of the tragic muse—to pay the poor tribute of his praise to her,

> " Who, while she plucks the poet's bay,
> In turn inspires the poet's lay."

Nor is this all the claim to your indulgence that we could put forth. We do not wish to relate the particulars of our flat refusal to dedicate this work to either of the great men at the head of the opposite parties in this country, although we had good reason to think that general Jackson, and Mr. Clay, and, we might add, Mr. Calhoun, if we chose, would have been highly gratified to see their names at the head of an " Epistle Dedicatory." We do not mean to charge positively upon either

of those distinguished personages that they instigated, or were privy to the attempts that were made upon us by their respective friends for that purpose. But we do charge, and challenge either of them to deny it if they can or dare, that they did not, in the slightest degree, discountenance those attempts. However, they must very soon have discovered that they stood no chance whatever of success. Our prompt and final answer to the importunate friends of the gallant general was—"If we dedicate to any body, we shall dedicate to Miss Fanny Kemble. We have every respect for the Hero of New Orleans, but '*cedant arma togæ.*'—'The warrior's arms must give way to the lady's gown." And to the friends of the orator and statesman of the west, our reply was equally firm and decisive. We admire his eloquence—we admit his profound statesmanship, but "*laurea concedat palmæ.*"—"The laurel on the statesman's brow must yield to the palm of

of the daughter of Melpomene." There might have been some difficulty in deciding to which of the rival candidates it was our duty to inscribe these pages; but when the muses brought forward theirs, our vote was instantly recorded for her.

And now, fair lady, if our excuses are not yet sufficiently rendered, we have one more in reserve that cannot but be received. We must therefore acknowledge, that in what we have stated to the public in our first chapter, about the why and wherefore of our writing this work, we have omitted one material circumstance, and that the real truth of the matter is, *entre nous*, that we wrote it on purpose to have the pleasure of dedicating it to yourself, and for no other purpose whatever. If, after this candid confession, you are not willing to pardon us, but still reproach us with,

"Oh, wicked, wicked Mister Smith,
You've us'd me ungenteely!"

why, then, we are ready to make the *amende honorable*, on the first notice, in whatever manner you may be graciously pleased to prescribe.

In the mean time, since we have ventured so far, we may as well incur the whole risk—" neck or nothing," at once. We are not used to be afraid of any thing, and we therefore beg leave to hint, that we are by no means averse to receiving a " dedication fee ;" and that we humbly request that it may consist of one—only one kiss upon that lily white hand. When we receive that favour, we shall be better able to express the profound respect with which we have the honour to subscribe ourselves,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

ROSINE LAVAL.

CHAP. I.

For us and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently. *Hamlet.*

WE have, these several years, threatened to make, at our earliest leisure, three grand experiments, viz.—first, to write a novel, secondly, to fall seriously in love, and, thirdly, as a corollary and legitimate consequence, to get married, if our love was fortunate; but "circumstances beyond our control," as the phrase is, had kept us so occupied, as to leave us little time to think of, much less to execute, these great designs; we had not even digested a "plot"

for either of them, at the commencement of the very last summer; in fact, we had begun to think of renouncing the first, until both the others had been perfected, of leaving the second to time and accident, and to give ourselves no further trouble about the third, until we should be in danger of incurring that bitter reproach of doctor Young's upon procrastinators—

"A fool at *forty* is a fool indeed."

We had a snug term of years yet to intervene before that period; and we were going on to the old tune, "*Vogue la Galère*," when our drifting bark was suddenly becalmed, and we had thrown upon our hands more of the leisure, which we thought till then we had sincerely coveted, than we knew how to dispose of.

"Deus hæc nobis otia fecit."

The cholera, that dreaded visiter, reached our city; and though we were among the

the few who were not alarmed by the devastations of the disease, still when we found all our friends and acquaintances deserting, one after the other, we saw that it was impossible for us to remain in the dreary solitude of the city, and we packed off to a village in the interior, at a respectful distance from the seat of the pestilence.

When we were snugly settled in our country quarters, the precise locality of which is of no importance, we began to deliberate upon the means of filling up the period of our exile. We found there several very agreeable people of our acquaintance, of both sexes; but society was quite out of the question, when every body was thinking and talking of nothing but the cholera. We could not bear to ride alone, although we had one of the best pieces of horseflesh of our own at command; and as the gentlemen and ladies were all of opinion that riding on horseback was a predisposer, it was impossible to get a companion, unless we bribed the hostler. As to

falling in love, though we saw one lovely creature that might, under other circumstances, have inclined us to it, yet where was the use of it? while *matrimony*, upon the high authority of doctor Broussais, was proscribed as a predisposing cause of cholera (*qu?* choler).

In this extremity, we happened once more to think of the novel, for which the indulgent public had so long been kept waiting. Our conscience was smitten—we instantly resolved to repair our fault, and running over in our mind the strange incidents which had fallen under our notice in the "romance of real life," that might make the groundwork of our tale, we rested, after thirty minutes, upon those which are recorded in these pages, for the benefit of posterity, every material part of which the stubborn matter-of-fact reader may rest assured, is, as Byron says,

"As true—as Truth is now a-days."

In six weeks' time we had completed our task.

One

One word to the critics before the curtain rises. And first, to you, ye "*arbitri elegantiarum*," who are so good as to inform us, the public, from time to time, through the newspapers and the other lesser "floating lights" of the periodical press, what we ought to like and dislike, as new works appear, we speak neither to court your smile, nor deprecate your frown. We do not ask you to read, as a particular favour, much less to understand, before you criticise. We know that you are no less than the distributors of nine-day immortality; we know, if we may borrow a metaphor, that you are the "cock-boats" of literature, and that if a literary commodore Anson had circumnavigated the literary globe, "yea, the great globe itself," and were at the mouth of the harbour, he might not be able to enter the haven of public favour for a long time, unless you would take him in tow. We therefore, gentlemen, without meaning to ask any of you to "throw us a *line*," do,

however, say, that if you "give us your most sweet voices," we may be tempted, ere long, to write something a great deal better; but if you do not, then will we straightway sit down, write, compose, and publish another novel, just nine times worse, and come boldly forward and claim your suffrages. If this, our "little book," of which, as Southey says, "as we believe the vein is good," does not meet with your approbation, we shall know how to suit your taste hereafter, by "making the judicious grieve." We know how to do it, and will do it under a feigned name, and laugh at you all our lives.

And next, we approach, with a calm but respectful confidence, the awful tribunals of the Quarterlies! We are sure of their liberality, their learning, their taste, their impartiality; and of course we are "all but" sure of their decision in our favour. We know it is of no use to threaten them, but we must take leave to remind them that there is still a right of appeal

appeal from the judgment of the North American, and the American Quarterly, to the tribunal of posterity; and if they pronounce against us, we stand ready to say, as Zeuxis or Appelles, we forget which, said to his critics on a similar occasion, "*Pingo in posteritatem!*" Yes, to posterity we will appeal, and if their decree is not in our favour, we shall gain the next best point—the cause will not be decided in our day. We beg also to remind those gentlemen, that, "*bis dat qui cito dat*," a speedy decision must be pronounced. An author's feelings are not to be kept in a painful suspense, and if they maintain too long a silence, we shall come out upon them with a brief but severe "*Reponse au silence*" of the North American and American Quarterly Reviews.

And now, having bound over the critics to keep the peace, we will our "round unvarnished tale deliver."

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

What, ho! a stranger comes! this bodes us well;
There will be news to hear and news to tell.
The Village Inn.

It was early in the summer of 1823, in the middle of one of those sultry days that are equally abhorred of men and steeds, that an equestrian traveller was seen slowly descending the Hill Road, so called, which constitutes the southern entrance into the flourishing village of Rockville. But when he had approached within a few hundred yards of that stately edifice, on the main street, which is *dear* to many travellers, under the name of the Rockville Hotel, and to which his course seemed bent, our stranger's horse, quietly submitting to be influenced by his rider, suddenly turned the corner of a cross street, and passing the bridge over the river which flows

flows through the village, he pursued his way up a gentle acclivity in the road, until he came opposite to a private mansion at the western end of the road itself, as well as of the village, known by the name of the White Cottage. From the looks of the well-dressed young gentleman on horseback, his air and figure, an intelligent spectator would have set him down for twenty-four or five years of age. The age of his horse, under the circumstances, it would not have been so easy to guess at.

Speculation was for some time busy, among the observers of the actions and events above described, whether the traveller's course was directed to the White Cottage, for the purpose of alighting there, or whether he merely intended to pass by the gate. But their suspense was not of long duration; for after a gentle trot of eight or ten minutes, the personage in question was seen to dismount at the gate of the long shaded avenue which led to the cottage; and then, without the aid of warder,

warder, porter, or porteress, he himself, with his own hand, undid the ponderous latch, and having taken the precaution of fastening it again, remounted, and rode on to the habitation that stood before him, which, by the way, had not as yet given any signs of being inhabited. As he came nearer, however, three dogs, of as many sizes, whom, for the sake of distinction, we will call Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, until we have leisure to ascertain their real names, sprang out from under the piazza, and saluted him with a melody which soon roused the human beings within, and a reconnoitring party appeared to challenge the intruder.

At the same moment issued forth a tawny wench from the kitchen, and an elderly lady from the hall, to inquire the cause of the alarm; and as they perceived the individual, whose arrival had been announced by their sentinels, they respectively raised their hands, and exclaimed, the one—"Dear me, it's our nephew come

at

at last!" and the other, with equal vehemence and apparent affection—"Oh dear, it is master Hugh!"

The wench ran, with an alacrity that deserves honourable mention, to take the bridle, as the cavalier dismounted, and the aunt, for such in fact she was, hurried forward, with an agility beyond her years, to bestow her salutations the instant he touched the ground.

The village barber, the apothecary, and three or four of their neighbours, whose particular occupations we have not learned, were fishing just above the bridge we have mentioned, and occupied such a position that they not only saw the stranger pass the river, but witnessed his bold entry on the domains of the White Cottage. They now, for the first time in many months, came to an unanimous conclusion, and it was carried without debate, that a strange gentleman had arrived in the village, whose name and business were to them unknown. Every thing about his person

person and his horse—his queer riding-dress, and his horse's switch-tail, conspired to set them wild with curiosity. Their conjectures, of course, differed widely as to who it could be; and as it was taken for granted by all of them, that it was a question on which it behoved them all to be well informed, they did not separate without mutual injunctions to probe those secrets as quickly and deeply as possible; and it was tacitly understood, that at their usual rendezvous at the hotel in the evening, the subject, in all its bearings, should undergo the customary investigation.

Fortunate reader! who have not the trouble to wait the progress of those developements, but to whom it is at once revealed, that the stranger just arrived within the gates of the White Cottage, is Hugh Hughes, esquire, only nephew to the three Misses Hughes, who for the last quarter of a century have inhabited that one story white stone building which covers so much ground, and who intend to be

be its tenants for another twenty-five years to come, great accidents and death excepted.

But as these three weird sisters have crossed the path of our history, we shall be obliged to turn back for awhile, to give, with all due brevity, a faithful sketch of them and of an "Annot Lyle," a fair maiden, their *protegée*, who will have a great deal to say and do hereafter. If the reader wishes to understand more of these matters, it will be proper, if not necessary, that he should read the following chapter, and several chapters after that, if he wishes to know still more of the persons and events of the drama we expect to develope.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

" Here, where the pine so lately rear'd its head,
And gnarled oaks their ancient branches spread,
A village has usurp'd the forest-ground,
Teeming with life, with spires and turrets crown'd."

THE village of Rockville, which, by the bye, is delightfully situated, and of which we intend, at our first leisure, to introduce a regular and elegant description, was founded, near thirty years before the period at which our history opens, by Paul Hughes, the father, and Hugh Hughes, the uncle of the young gentleman whose arrival we have just commemorated.—" What private griefs they had that made them do it"—or whether motives of restlessness, or prospects of mere pecuniary benefit, induced them to migrate to what was then a pathless forest, we have not the proper means of informing the curious, and

and must therefore refer them for the present to the forthcoming history of the village, preparing for publication by our esteemed and learned friend, the reverend Adam Swallowwell. It is enough for our purpose to be able to state, that these two enterprising young men, one fine day, came and took possession of a tract of several thousand acres of land, the title to which, we must take for granted, they had fairly acquired, consisting of the site of the now village and the environs; the soil, trees, rocks, streams, wolves, bears, otters, and other appurtenances. They brought with them settlers—men, women, and children, and all the necessary preparations for their enterprise, except, as we have heard, that the first year there was an awful dearth of tobacco. Otherwise, their privations were not greater than those to which all new settlers are subject. There was, to be sure, some repining among the female part of the colony; but as the brothers had been cunning enough

enough to lay in a good stock of bohea, souchong, and some other refreshments which came under the head of drink, for their particular and private accommodation, no overt act of mutiny occurred in that quarter, and the population of the new settlement, both by natural increase and immigration, made the most astonishing progress. In the third or fourth year it was made the county town; property rose beyond all precedent, and Rockville became every day more beautiful and flourishing.

When the founders saw their fortunes were made, they ceased to project new speculations, and began to think of enjoying the fruits of their enterprise. But the elder Hughes and his wife, an amiable lady, and beloved by all who knew her, were destined to a higher repose than this world could afford. They both fell sick at nearly the same time, and died, leaving their only child (who, we have just seen, has become a man), at the age of

of three years, to the care of his uncle, and the three sisters whom we are now about to present to you, as they are, or rather were, at the opening of this eventful history.

Miss Hughes, that is, Miss Agatha, the eldest, was an old maid of fifty-five—so was Miss Leonora an old maid, but she had the advantage of being one year and nine months younger than her somewhat antiquated sister. The youngest of the sisters of the family was Miss Rose Hughes, who well deserved her name; for though passed into her forty-fifth year, she still retained her bloom, and looked as young and fresh as many fashionable ladies we remember to have seen, who would not acknowledge themselves to be even thirty-five!

Agatha was a saint, as her namesake of old was before her; but she was never guilty of any such peccadilloes as the famous St. Agatha was accused of, although, on the other hand, it is true that our modern St. Agatha had not performed any such miracles

racles as the other did undoubtedly perform. But our St. Agatha was a regular devotee, who pretended to very direct communications with the Spirit. She prayed, on her bended knees, thrice a-day in her closet, and sometimes in presence of the family, when she had influence enough to persuade them to listen to her. She occasionally succeeded in inducing them to go through the genuflections; but whether she was equally successful in making them "join in prayer," as she termed it, "why, we leave that to Heaven." As to herself, she was truly devout; and when she was not praying, she was very fond of preaching to those about her. In short, one of the ungodly would have found nothing redeeming in her character, although she held herself to be one of the redeemed. She had for many years declared herself to belong to the other world, in all her feelings and aspirations; and, with the exception of strong tea and an occasional dish of scandal,

scandal, she certainly did appear to consider nearly all the pleasures of this world as so many snares for the soul.

To Leonora, who, though also a professor of religion, was more worldly-minded, were therefore committed the affairs of the family, financial, foreign, and domestic. She regulated the expences, supplied her two sisters with what she deemed proper for their quality and degree, and disposed of the rest of their joint income in what manner she pleased, which was in hoarding it up for posterity. She was an excellent woman in the main, and a great stickler for gentility. Neither of these ladies were ever wooed, as we have been able to learn; at all events, they were never won.

Rose Hughes, the youngest, had been a belle, and had, in her time, caused a great many heart-aches, the which she had entirely escaped. Though good-nature itself, she was witty; at least, when she was young and handsome, she was always thought so; sensible she certainly

was, and amiable, almost to a fault. She resolved never to marry, unless she was desperately in love; and never having been able to fall in love with any of her beaus but her *beau ideal*, she remained single, in spite of offers on all sides, and the awful warning of her sisters' conditions to boot.

Hugh Hughes, senior, the bachelor brother of these spinsters, and who had always domiciled with them, made an excuse to remove to the city, when his nephew, the hero of this story, had arrived at the age of fourteen or fifteen, for the sake of educating him, but in reality because he longed for a different mode of life. From the time of his removal he had resided there constantly, contenting himself with an annual visit of a few weeks in summer, and writing one or two letters per annum, in answer to a score of sister Agatha's sermons, which he never read, and some half dozen letters from each of his other sisters, which generally remained unanswered,

swered, until their contents were forgotten. He had taken a regular degree as bachelor of ease, and was, as to every thing but his nephew and namesake (and of course his heir), almost a *poco curante*. He liked good living, as all men of taste do, but did not dote upon it. He liked his friends, but he never visited them: he liked the amusements of the city, but seldom thought of them: he was fond of literature and philosophy, but never talked of them, because he preferred thinking of them by himself, to disputing about them. In short, he was a keeper at home, where he contrived to amuse himself the greater part of the twenty-four hours that he was awake, without very often being able to tell from what he had derived his amusement.

Having no great relish for mixed society, he had found it agreeable to have his nephew about him as much as possible; and he, in his turn, had no wish to exchange the ease and independence of his

uncle's *menage*, for the strait-laced system of his aunt's household, and he had therefore made them but one visit since he came of age, before the one which he was in the act of paying when we first took up our pen; and that previous one having been two years before, and of only one day and night's duration, he was become, from alteration of person and absence, together, quite a stranger in his native village.

The greetings of his aunts, and their tender reproaches for his neglect, we shall pass over, as there approaches one who arrests his attention, and prevents the dutiful reply he was preparing.

A face of more surpassing loveliness had never crossed his vision before. They gazed upon each other for a moment—but one glance is sufficient; he pronounced the name of "Rosine!" and in spite of the presence of the venerable maidens, he boldly caught her in his arms.

Ah, Rosine! you were taken by surprise; but have a care in future. We

can

can hardly approve of a frequent repetition of this innocent embrace; though it is certain that a great deal is permitted at the first meeting of those who loved each other in childhood, and have been so long separated. But our heroine is entitled to a special presentation, and the next chapter shall be devoted to the ceremony of introducing her to the reader's particular acquaintance.

CHAP. IV.

> How many hours of guileless happiness—
> Of sportive and unchequered innocence
> Roll back again upon the ocean of past years,
> And burst upon my view!
> *Sertorius, a Tragedy, by David Paul Brown.*

Rosine Laval, or Rosine Hughes, as she was now always called, was the adopted child of the three Misses Hughes, from the age of four years. Although she is our heroine, there is no romance connected with her birth and extraction. We

are constrained to admit that she was the lawful and only daughter and heiress of Pierre Laval, a French gentleman, a Parisian by birth, but a hair-dresser and barber by occupation. He had espoused, on his arrival in Boston, a young lady that came passenger in the same ship with him, who was descended from her father and mother, peasants in the neighbourhood of Bourdeaux. The girl bore a very good name—but what her name was we do not remember. This loving couple, on their marriage, were induced to migrate to the west, seeking their fortunes, with the sure prospect before them of bettering their condition, inasmuch as no change could well be for the worse. In their pilgrimage, they chanced to stumble on the village of Rockville, just at the time it was beginning to assume a smiling air of happiness and plenty. The village still wanted settlers, and they were invited to stop, as soon as it was discovered that one was a barber and the other a milliner.

milliner. They hired, and afterwards purchased a small tenement and plot of ground, and by the exercise of their respective talents upon the heads of the villagers, they acquired great fame and a little money. They had been blessed with one lovely child, the darling of its parents, named Rosine. But poor Rosine, in her fourth year, lost her fond mother, and her disconsolate father, of course, his beloved helpmate. Monsieur Pierre, who was tenderly attached to his wife, could not and would not be comforted for seven or eight months; at which period, however, he sought consolation in a second union with a stout country girl in the vicinity.

In the mean time, his orphan daughter had so gained upon the sympathies and good graces of his neighbours, the Misses Hughes, by her beauty and sparkling precocity, that they sought to withdraw her from the sway of her stepmother. They easily persuaded Pierre to relinquish

the charge of her to them, when he took the charge of a second wife upon himself. They accordingly formally adopted her, by having her christened *Rosine Laval Hughes*, and declared their intention of educating her as their own, or, in their own words, "to make a lady of her." They have succeeded in it, as we shall by and by see; although it is an undertaking in which multitudes of fond fathers and mothers spend so much money without success. But little do these worthy ladies dream of what they have been laying up for themselves and her, by snatching her from the humble sphere in which her destiny had placed her.

As for Pierre, for fear some inquisitive reader may hereafter inquire what has become of him, we may as well, in this place as any other, dispatch him at once. The poor fellow, not finding his second spouse at all to his taste; and finding that she liked a drop of *de sacré viskey* too well, determined to be divorced from her in the most

most delicate manner that it can be accomplished, and accordingly took French leave of her, one fine morning, and was never heard of after. It was rumoured that he returned to Paris, at the restoration of the Bourbons, and in quality of *emigré*, obtained a considerable post about the court. But we could never trace this report, and it is improbable enough in itself, to any responsible source.

At the time of Rosine's adoption, master Hugh Hughes, junior, was still a child of eight or nine years of age, although quite a man in the eyes of his three aunts, who considered him an epitome or miniature edition of the "admirable Crichton." Of course, he was too great a favourite to be contradicted in any thing he chose to fancy; and having conceived, from the first, a great esteem for Miss Rosine's playful humours, he, in the sixth or seventh year of her age, insisted upon her joining him in his studies, and they accordingly became fellow-students and in-

separable companions at home and at school. The dear creatures seemed to be so attached to each other, and both so good and faultless, that our worthy ladies encouraged their affection to the utmost of their power. But when master Hugh had reached his fourteenth year, his uncle, who seldom interfered in family arrangements, happened to be seized with the humour of educating his nephew under his own eye, and away from home; and after a stout resistance from the young gentleman, and tears in abundance from his adopted cousin, together with sly projects of nullification, if not of rebellion, from the sisters, took him from his aunts' custody, and brought him to town, as we have before recorded. He was there compelled to seek consolation in his books, and his only revenge consisted in writing every week a long letter to his dear cousin Rosine, complaining of his uncle's despotism—of the hard tasks inflicted upon him by his different masters—and the

the want of her assistance to lighten the dreadful toils they heaped upon him. But he looked forward to his vacations to repay him; and for one week before they occurred, he spent sleepless nights in thinking of the pleasures of his home, and the delightful society of the White Cottage. It is probable that these intervals of separation contributed more to increase their youthful friendship, than if they had remained constantly together. The letters of master Hugh did not remain unanswered; and those three old maids amused themselves in encouraging Rosine, at the age of twelve or thirteen, to reply to the tender letters of their nephew, with that unreserved simplicity and tenderness which will ever reach the heart, while it remains alive and true to nature.

To the heart of our hero, they certainly found an easy avenue; and this somewhat dangerous correspondence continued in all its luxuriance, until Rosine was sent to a fashionable boarding-school, to perfection-

ate her education, and to acquire several accomplishments which the less celebrated, unpretending village academy of Rockville had never aspired to teach. There the correspondence received some check, as the letters of the young ladies were obliged to pass under the inspection of a female assistant, a rigid old maid, who commented severely on the freedom of style adopted by a young lady of fourteen or fifteen, towards a young gentleman who was neither brother nor blood relation. But still the young people contrived always to spend the vacations together, and that afforded the lively Rosine abundant leisure to explain to her dear cousin Hugh the coldness and constraint of her letters, with which he did not fail to reproach her.

The time gradually approached when he was to fill a more important part, for after completing his classical studies, and going through the formality of spending three years in a lawyer's office, it was

was his uncle Hugh's intention, that he should spend a year or two in Europe. He accordingly notified his nephew of this wish, which he had reserved as an agreeable surprise; and the proposal was received with the highest satisfaction. But so truly and sincerely was he attached to his adopted cousin, that he would not leave the country without first going to the seminary to take leave of her. He did take a most affecting one: poor Rosine, as if she was about to be left alone in the world, was almost overwhelmed with her grief; and as she never took the least pains to conceal her emotions, where her cousin Hugh was concerned, she shed an abundance of tears. If the truth must be told too, our hero was forced to make a precipitate retreat, to hide his own emotions. Aunt Rose, who accompanied him, and witnessed the parting scene, staid for some hours with Rosine, and said and did all that she could think of to console and compose her; but Mrs. Crumpet, one

of

of the respectable washerwomen and cooks of the establishment, who witnessed the farewell embrace of the cousins, through a keyhole from an adjoining room, has declared to ourselves, that—"she thought the young folks would have broke their hearts on the spot." The ingenious reader, however, will perceive that our informant did not understand the science of calculating the tenacity of young people's hearts.

The parting was certainly tender on both sides, and to Rosine the separation appeared eternal. She was now approaching womanhood, and gave promise of a beauty equal to her talents, which all her teachers vaunted as of the rarest order. Joined to her wit, vivacity, and sensibility, it was enough to attract and secure admiration from all who beheld her. But in addition to that, she had received from nature that certain nameless grace, which is as irresistible as it is indescribable. If she had been brought up as profoundly ignorant

ignorant as Pocahontas herself, of all polite learning and accomplishments, and of all the severer studies to which she was passionately attached, she could not have been more absolutely free from all taint or touch of affectation or pedantry; and if she had never heard the name of the philosophy and metaphysics, into the mazes of which she boldly ventured, Rosine Laval would still have been, by the mere force of her native endowments, a woman of acknowledged superiority. She possessed that rare genius, which in arriving at its high results, stands in need of no assistance, were it not for the obstacles which the errors and ignorance of its predecessors have accumulated in its path. It were better, perhaps, for man or woman, if we look at this gift in the vulgar point of view, to be born without it; but dangerous as the boon may be, it is like the gift of beauty, a present about which the receiver, who is most interested, has nothing

nothing to say, and nothing to do, but to make the best of it.

From his voyage to Europe, of which Continent we cannot just now afford to make the tour with him, Hugh returned with ideas considerably different from those he carried on shipboard. He had now "seen the world;" and though his principles remained uncorrupted, his practice, to say the truth, was not such as we can conscientiously approve or vindicate. He had imbibed some notions of gallantry abroad, which, we are sorry to hear, are becoming too prevalent in our own times and country. But what we trust the most indulgent reader will not easily pardon is, that on his return, after two years of absence, and an atrocious neglect of the correspondence with Rosine for the last six months of the period—after his return, when it might have been expected that the first visit he made would be to her, he went not near her. It was a cruel neglect to one who had been waiting his return

return so long and anxiously. It would have been no more than his duty to have given his earliest attention to a youthful friendship which he and she had so often promised each other should be eternal. But instead of that, he contented himself with a cold, hasty visit of ceremony to the White Cottage, which he now found dull and intolerable, and making a few inquiries after Rosine, her studies, and her looks. As she was still at the boarding-school, though in the last month of her stay, aunt Rose kindly offered to accompany him thither, and to bring her home to spend the time with them, while he remained. But he replied, with an air of great *nonchalance*, that he would with pleasure, but his engagements in town would not allow him to remain more than one night at Rockville. He accordingly set off for the city, early the second day after, having made a promise to a lady, to whom he was become extremely attentive, that he would not remain out of town more

more than three or four days. If he could have had but one glance on that very day, at Rosine, it is doubtful if he would not have soon convinced himself that such a promise as that he had made to his city dame, was not binding in the forum of conscience.

For our heroine was now, as to her face, in the very height of her beauty, and her person was every day ripening into such a figure as might have served for a model for a youthful Cleopatra. There was an expression, a radiance in her countenance, which struck you instantly as the stamp and impress of her character, and not the mere result of her style of features. She had black, sparkling eyes, and a complexion slightly inclined to brunette. Rosy cheeks she could scarcely be said to possess in ordinary, though they appeared so when contrasted with the dazzling white of her forehead; that was faultless; and the Grecian contour of her delicate features, reminded you of those of a goddess

dess upon an antique gem. Her hair, dark as her eyes, would have puzzled even an artist to decide whether it was most luxuriant or beautiful. Her form, though a little under the ordinary stature, was of such exquisite symmetry, and so free and graceful in its movements, that you would never wish to change it in the slightest degree from what nature had been pleased to make it.

Such was the faint outline of our heroine, and such her charms, when her cousin, who formerly loved her so well, did not think it worth his while to snatch a few days from his city pleasures to visit her. True, he was not "in love"—that was a word he had never used to Rosine, and never had thought of using. But it is provoking to think that a friendship so pure and tender as that he had formerly entertained for her, could be so easily swallowed up in the vortex of amusement and dissipation.

But he must be pardoned now, however,

ever, as she who only has a right to blame has already forgiven all his neglect, and his peace is made. One single glance, one hurried embrace, has restored him to her good graces, and their friendship more ardent, but as pure and inviolable as ever, resumes fresh empire over both. Henceforth a new drama is to commence. The destinies of our hero and heroine are, from this hour, interwoven with each other, and love, with all his train of joys and pangs, is waiting his moment to appear upon the scene.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

" Povero cuor! tu palpiti,
Eh a torto questo di';
Si tratta O! Dio, di perdere
Colui che ti ferie."

THERE is a virtue—a power in a single kind glance of a lovely woman! There is a charm, a fascination in her smile, when it is meant for him who beholds it, that is irresistible; but what a magic—what a spell—what a mighty conjuration in the impress of her rosy lips, when her heart palpitates for the object who receives it! Resistless influence! The prudent—the cold—the selfish—the calculating may reason or rail as they will, your power remains the same. From the beginning of the world, at least as far back as authentic history goes, these things have been ever so. So may they ever be! Love should now

now and then assert his empire, and vindicate his sway. He makes sad work, it is true, occasionally, but it is only the excess of noble—of generous and tender sentiments; and pity and contempt rest on him who would crush the sweetest flowers that can embellish existence, for the sake of planting ignoble weeds in their place, and all for what? For fear our hearts may exercise too much control over our heads. Alas! that is not the foible of "the age we live in!"

We therefore, on this occasion, take leave to excuse our hero, although we may have doubts of the expediency of his conduct, from all censure or reproach for his abrupt tenderness. To be sure, it might have been as well, if he had said, "*avec permission*," or "*pardonnez moi*," before or after the operation, to give it the air of a French salutation; but mighty truth compels us to state that it was not intended or received as such. It was a round sweet kiss of friendship, and Rosine,

sine, instead of making resistance or uproar on the occasion, submitted with the prettiest grace in the world to the infliction. There again she was right, even if her inclinations had been the other way—for as the song goes—

> "If a body kiss a body,
> Need a body cry?"

The innocent girl blushed enough to make a charming addition to her complexion; but it was the glow of pleasure, not of confusion. Hugh, of course, never thought of apologizing to his aunts for such a familiarity. They, in fact, would have stared more at such an apology than they would at half a dozen such liberties. They believed, and believed rightly, that the only attachment he felt for her was a brother's love. The embrace was as pure as those they had so often exchanged in childhood. If he was altered in some respects, by his intercourse with the world, his heart was incapable of an idea inconsistent

sistent with the purest and tenderest friendship for her. Much as he found her ripened charms excited his admiration—delighted as he was, during the three hours he passed that morning in her company, with her wit, her gaiety, and her unconcealed regard for him, the effect was only to renew the fervour of his former attachment, but never once "gave him some sensations like a villain!"

As soon as the first bustle of our hero's reception was over, his aunts having all in turn embraced him tenderly, and sufficiently admired his person, they proceeded, of course, to scold him regularly for having so long neglected them. They set up, what appeared to him the most extravagant pretensions, and insisted that, in future, he ought to spend at least half the year at the Cottage. They urged the claims of relationship with extreme eloquence, and argued that it was unjust that he should bestow on uncle Hugh, alone, that society to which they had equal

equal claims. Our hero hinted to them that there were other reasons, besides uncle Hugh's society, agreeable as it was, which induced him to prefer a city life; but the powerful arguments he read in Rosine's eyes finally led him to acquiesce in their united entreaties and expostulations, and the result was a promise to remain two months for the present. At first he mentioned a month, but happening to cast a glance at Rosine, and seeing that her look plainly expressed—"What, only one short month?" he yielded instantly to the renewed entreaties of his aunts, and extended the period of his visit to two months. To Rosine's exclamation of the eyes, he replied, in the same language—"My lovely cousin, it is the pleasure of your society alone that persuades me to do it." Her response was a smile so winning, that we cannot translate it into the written language of any ancient or modern tongue with which we have the honour of being acquainted.

Thrice happy were his maiden aunts, at the success of their appeal. They were now to have their darling nephew for two whole months to themselves, as they thought. They were to have the felicity of seeing him eat and drink three times a-day—of hearing him scold the domestics at least as often, and to watch him as he mounted his horse or got into his carriage for a ride; to bid him good night when he went to bed, and to wish him a good morning when he came to breakfast. This was nearly the sum total of the pleasure which they could fairly anticipate; but they were as delighted as if they, instead of our heroine, were to constitute the attraction that detained him at the Cottage.

Aunt Agatha retired to her closet, and on her knees returned thanks to an overruling Providence, for having preserved her nephew thus far through the trials and snares of a wicked world, and restored him once more to his own roof and fireside. Aunt Leonora, with the "Complete

plete Cook" in her hand, is soon seen bustling with the mighty preparations for dinner. She herself draws the corks and decants the wine, from bottles which appear to bear high pretensions to antiquity, and strong claims upon the attention of enlightened judges—we mean of connoisseurs, not particularly the judiciary department. In the mean time, aunt Rose, who seldom meddled with household affairs, was amusing herself with listening to the conversation of her nephew and niece, during a walk in the garden. Our hero, notwithstanding reminiscences of the past furnished the chief topic of conversation to them, did not scruple to inform Rosine that the little girl of other days, had grown up the most beautiful creature of the present time. Many other compliments, no doubt equally flattering, were slipped in from time to time; but aunt Rose's memory being none of the best, there are, unfortunately, no means

of informing the reader precisely what they were.

Anon, our hero's "turn out"—a splendid new barouche and fine span of horses, arrived in the charge of his "gentleman's gentleman," monsieur Alphonse Savon, formerly of Paris, and the accompanying baggage enabled him to dress for dinner. We will take the liberty to follow him to his chamber, for the sake of profiting by his reflections, and the conversation with his accomplished confidential *attaché*.

"Well, Alphonse, so you found the way again without any trouble? Apropos—did you deliver the letter to the lady, which I gave you the morning I started?"

Alphonse, with a polite shrug, informed monsieur that he did give it to "ersef"—that the lady "ver much affect"—that she "write one reponse ver longue in her shambre." She come in "*enfin, apparement*—she ave been veep plenty"—and that she handed him a letter, which he took

took the liberty of supposing must be her adieux.

"I should not be astonished," thought our hero, "if it were, as it is the third time she has sent me her last adieu, inviting me to see her once more!" But he said to Alphonse, in a different tone—"I shall not stand in need of your help to inform me what it contains, so as I don't want you till dinner, you may go."

Alphonse retired, reserving a shrug for the other side of the door; and as he performed it, accompanied it with the reflection that "lovers were the most droll sort of people in the world."

Our hero proceeded to read the epistle of his ex-*chere amie*, in three sheets of gold-edged perfumed letter-paper, for which document we have not room at present, even if its contents were sufficiently interesting to induce us to give it to the world. It contained the usual number of reproaches for his inconstancy and neglect, and ended with bidding him an eternal

farewell, unless he would accord her an interview that evening, for the last time, &c.

But Hugh read it all, long as it was, and not without emotion either. He must be a heartless wretch indeed who could end such a *liaison*, wicked as it is, and weak as the attachment may have become on his part, without some emotion of regret and tenderness.

When he had finished it, and the first feeling had subsided, he made the following reflections.—" Well, it must be confessed that women understand better how to end an intrigue than we men, if they do make more difficulty in beginning it. Here have I been this six weeks, labouring with all my might to escape handsomely from this fair lady, towards whom I have had no feeling these six months but a settled indifference; and after all, I have to send her a third farewell letter by my servant, and run into the country to maintain the separation. Yes, I am so awkward, that I have been obliged to abscond

scond from a woman who never interested my heart in the slightest degree that I could ascertain, although at first I thought otherwise, I confess. But suppose it had been she who wished to end our intimacy —that she, from any cause, had resolved to dismiss me? Why, she would have completed it between her breakfast and one o'clock—made a promenade with a light heart and a merry eye—gone to dinner with an excellent appetite—and in the evening received a new lover—listened with pleasure to his vows of constancy, and God knows what beside. But I see, by the length of her letter, that the separation will cost her some regrets. I must not judge too severely; a woman may regret a lover who abandons her, even if she cared nothing for him. *Allons*—there is no danger of her coming here, as she did to uncle Hugh's. But what a beautiful creature Rosine has grown! How engaging! ay, irresistibly engaging! What looks—what gaiety—what perfect

amiability and playfulness! and she seems to possess so much heart! Hah, may not such a neighbourhood be a little dangerous to a heart so very susceptible as mine? Is it in me to see such a fascinating being as she certainly is—to see her every hour in the day—to be so exposed to the influence of her charms, and avoid making love to her? Halt there! by Heaven, if I thought it was in me to trifle with the feelings and affections of such an angel, if I thought I was capable of injuring her, I would almost put that pistol to my head, and——"

"Blow out my brains!" he probably would have added, but was here interrupted by Alphonse, who came to announce to him that dinner was ready to be served. He finished his toilette in haste, and handed his aunt Rose and his cousin Rosine to the table.

We must beg the reader's pardon, for passing over the long blessing of aunt Agatha, in which, of course, she invoked a blessing

a blessing on her nephew, as well as on the dinner.

We are also compelled to postpone an account of the various dishes, the meats, sauces, &c., the cook having by some accident mislaid the bill of fare, with which she had promised to furnish us. We were not a little chagrined at this disappointment, because, as it is the fashion with all our American Walter Scotts and Walter Scottesses to give the minutest details of such like matters to their readers, we had intended to follow their example on this occasion, both for the sake of being in the mode, and because a dinner is, of all subjects, the one which interests the greatest number of readers, though there be those who never dine. But we have it in our power to state, on what we consider the best authority, that both our hero and heroine did excellent justice to the cookery. We are further authorized to declare, that the party did something more than taste the wine. Even aunt

Agatha, pious as she was, recollecting the saying of the wisest of men, that "wine maketh the heart glad," did not scruple to try the experiment. The "genius of temperance" had not then begun to make his daring encroachments on that innocent, if not laudable custom of drinking good wine at our dinners.

Our hero, though very polite to his worthy aunts, continued to direct most of his attentions to Rosine, with whom he laughed and jested incessantly, to the infinite delight of the audience.

"*Apropos de bottes*," said he to Rosine, "speaking of our first introduction, do you recollect when I first had the pleasure of your agreeable acquaintance, you could hardly speak a word of English, and I taught you how to speak it myself?"

"Oh! I have not forgotten it, I assure you, although I came very near forgetting my French since: in fact, I had to study it again at boarding-school. I assure you I did

I did not know the language had half so many words in it."

Here the three aunts joined in, and informed Hugh that Rosine had studied several languages besides; that she could read Italian, and even Latin, if not some Greek.

Hugh pretended to be alarmed—"*Oh! mon Dieu!* Rosine, you frighten me! What! Latin and Greek! my dear cousin, *exorciso te.* I adjure by all the living tongues not to speak to me in those dead ones. They have been dead indeed to me for these seven years: *mais, que tu es savante!*"

"*Mais, que tu es mechant,* cousin! But is it possible that you have forgotten *all* that Latin which I helped you, you know, to learn when we were at the academy together? What a pity! and it cost you so much labour to acquire it!"

"Come, come, don't be saucy now; but I remember you did study Virgil with me. I ought not to have forgotten the

Latin which we learned together. That is a most ungallant thing. I have a great mind to put myself under your tuition again, and then we'll read that beautiful story of Dido and Æneas together once more, which made you cry so. Shall I be your pupil?"

"Oh! with all my heart; but I shall insist on the pedagogue's full rights. If you neglect your lessons as you used to do, I shall be more severe than our good-natured master was."

"No, no; if I am inattentive, I am sure it will be *your* fault, not mine. *Entends tu, ma chere!*"

"Perfectly, perfectly. By the way, I perceive that you are in possession of a very large chapter of compliments. But don't waste them on me; I can't make the least return. I have tried to learn how, but when I attempt a compliment, it is always so formal and exaggerated, that my friends accused me of paying ironical

ironical ones. So I have renounced them entirely."

"Yes, yes, I understand—I see how it is; you are inclined to satire. I always thought you would turn out so. But don't indulge in it; it is not amiable, my dear."

Here the two elder aunts interposed, taking this *badinage* for serious, and declared that Hugh was entirely in the wrong, that Rosine was not at all satirical, that she was always amiable. They never heard her speak an ill word of any body in their lives

"Ha, ha, ha! not speak ill of any body!" said Hugh, laughing; "I hope she don't carry it as far as an amiable old lady I have heard of, who was such an enemy to speaking ill of people behind their backs, that she would not allow the devil to be spoken against in her presence"

"Fie, fie, nephew!" said aunt Agatha.

"Pshaw, Agatha! now don't be frightened,"

tened," said Leonora, while aunt Rose and Rosine laughed heartily.

In such conversation the dinner passed off, and as the sun, "who never stops to dine," as M'Fingal happily expresses it, was descending behind the distant mountains, and not before, they rose from table. The dinner-hour had been changed at the cottage, that day, from two to four o'clock; and thus, by an easy computation, the inquisitive reader may ascertain the exact duration of the sitting.

After tea came some delightful music from Rosine, whose voice our hero pronounced the sweetest he ever had heard. For this compliment he was threatened with a box on the ear, and accused of being a gross flatterer. But for all that, he did not scruple to repeat the offence. The truth was not very palpably violated, however, by the assertion, for our heroine had so sweet a voice, and warbled her notes with such flexibility and ease, that she was pronounced, by the music-master

at

at her boarding-school, to be incomparably the finest voice among his pupils.

Hugh could have listened till the "setting stars had persuaded to sleep," had not his careful aunts insisted most earnestly, that he was in great need of repose, after travelling near two hundred miles on horseback; and it was in vain that he protested it fatigued him no more than sitting in an easy-chair; they insisted upon his going to bed betimes; and as they broke up the sitting accordingly, he was obliged to submit. He did not do so, however, without avowing that he would ride out again before breakfast next morning, and asking Rosine if she ever rode on horseback? To which she answered, that she did almost every morning at six o'clock.

"That's early," said he; "but, however, for the sake of your agreeable company, I'll be stirring with the lark—so good-night."

Our hero was an excellent sleeper; and in

in spite of the intrusions of his fair city correspondent upon his thoughts, and in spite even of the image of the lovely Rosine, he was soon fast asleep. He dreamed a dream, but unfortunately, when he awoke, he could not recollect a word of it. We are not therefore at liberty to assert that he dreamed of Rosine, though we think it highly probable. We shall see anon, whether he has any romance or sentiment in his composition. Thus far appearances are rather against him.

Rosine went to her apartment, and at one o'clock the light was still visible through the windows. She is not only awake, but still up. We shall take the opportunity of the next chapter, to lay her proceedings before the reader in her own words.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Quelque rare que soit le veritable amour, il est encore moins que la veritable amitié. *La Rochefoucauld.*

Rosine to Caroline Grey.

" Rockville, ——, 1823.

" MY DEAREST CAROLINE,

" I believe you owe me a letter, but I am in such excellent spirits to-night, that it is the time to write to you. Besides, I have some great news to tell you, and I do not know when I shall have time to write again. Cousin Hugh has arrived at last! He came this morning, and is to remain two months, on a visit. I wish you had been here to-day; it would have done you good to see how much you were mistaken in your opinions about him.

" You know how you abused him for his neglect

neglect of me, in not coming to see me at the seminary, when he returned from Europe. I confess I thought myself that he would have come, and I was hurt that he did not. I cherished no resentment, however, and imputed no fault to him. But you accused me so violently of want of spirit, and of being untrue to the cause of our sex, that I believe I half promised you to quarrel with him, at least that I would not be old friends again with him, would call him 'Mr. Hughes,' and would pout, until he had made a suitable apology and explanation. Well, what will you say? he has not made any apology—has not made the slightest explanation—and yet, wo is me! I have forgiven him every thing, even before he has asked it. What could I do? He took me entirely by surprise; I had not time to call up my thoughts, much less my looks, when by his very look—the look of by-gone days, the same accents with which he used to pronounce my name—the very same smile

smile with which he always welcomed me when he came home, he completely disarmed me! and to tell you a little secret, I was so very glad to see him, after so long an absence, that I do not believe I could have quarrelled with him for ten minutes to win a crown; or to speak more intelligibly to *your* feelings, to win a husband. Notwithstanding your prediction, he still calls me 'cousin, and 'dear cousin' too, if you come to that. So you may see, Miss, that he has not, according to your good-natured supposition, determined to treat me with studied neglect, and to make me 'know and observe the distance between a poor orphan and a grand gentleman who has travelled,' as you used to repeat so often No, my dearest and wickedest Caroline, he is, like myself, still the same—my first, my best of friends—my brother. He is changed, it is true, in his manners, a little; but it is in his manner, his exterior only. To use the oath you have taught me, 'I dare swear,'

swear,' that his heart, which was always so excellent, is still the same as ever: I know it is; I cannot be mistaken.

"When he arrived, he came quite unexpectedly; for though he had written a week ago that he was to set out next day, he has so often written us such letters, that we had done paying any attention to his promises. We had entirely given him up, and all of us began to think he used us very ill.

"We, that is, aunt Rose and I, were at work in the little back parlour, when our dogs announced, in their usual language, that some stranger was at our gates; and before we had time to ascertain what illustrious knight or beauteous damsel had honoured our cottage with their presence, aunt Leonora and he entered our room. Aunt Rose sprang up, as if she had been electrified, and ran to embrace him. I did not know exactly what part to play, and rose up quite unconsciously—and then recollecting myself for a moment,

a moment, was about to sit down again. Then I thought that would not be polite or ladylike—and so—as you express it—I advanced, 'with a proper mixture of conscious dignity and affected modesty.' If you had been at my elbow, then was the time to prompt me. You would have whispered—'Now show thyself a woman.' I had some thought of playing the part you prescribed for me—that is, it just crossed my mind as I caught his eye. But what will you say? at that very moment, he called me 'Rosine,' in a tone that went to my heart, and—and—he caught me in his arms. Now you may reprove, and scold, and laugh as you will—of course you will do all these—but I will tell the whole truth—he gave me instantly such a kiss that it quite *unmanned* me. Could I prevent it? No! and when he pressed me to his bosom, as he has done so often, when we were in our childhood, could I forbear to recal those delightful emotions of youthful friendship to my remembrance? No—

No—shame on me if I had, and I am glad that I forgot all your lessons exactly at that moment. Though I did intend to make him confess his fault, and ask me for pardon, I am so glad I did not. Pardon, indeed! what a word for me to use to him! and how unmercifully would he have rallied me afterwards, if I had pouted! for he is, like you, so full of *badinage*, that I can hardly tell when he, any more than you, is in earnest. Mind—I do not pretend to say that he has so much *esprit* as you; but I must tell you he reminds me of you constantly. He is extremely like you in his manner of saying and looking things.

"Well, he kissed me, and our aunts witnessed that too. I think—that is, I hope I blushed 'celestial rosy red,' but I scorned to put on airs, and so of course the pardon was sealed. Ah! I see you sneer!—I see that saucy curl of your lips, which I have seen annihilate some people. But pray spare me, your 'best of girls,'

as

as you allow—your own dear Rosine! Recollect, that we are like brother and sister; that he is the only remaining friend of my childhood; that he is my cousin by adoption; and when you have well considered all this, ask yourself if even you could have stopped to play a part, to behave like a spoiled girl upon such a sudden occasion, without the least notice! Would you not have done the same thing, and forgotten all at such a moment? Yes! with all your affected insensibility, I know your heart is capable of every thing tender and affectionate, as well as every thing generous and noble.

"Of course we have spent the whole day together. We talked of a thousand things that took place in our young days, and of the feelings they excited. He was so amusing, so interesting, so gay and so sensible, that I have been wishing all the while that you had been here to hear him. You would instantly have renounced your prejudices against him.

"*Enfin,*

"*Enfin*, and finally, my dearest Caroline, you must come immediately, and pay me the visit you have promised me these three months. I am resolved that you shall like what I like. As you always compel me to go by your likes and dislikes, I think it is my turn for once. You *shall* like him; indeed you cannot help it. You may quarrel with him as much as you please, but like him you will find yourself obliged to; after all, I shall insist on it. If you will come down soon, I will manage a surprise, and you may make a conquest of him before he can have time to put himself on the defensive. I know he will fall an easy prey; he is so much like you, that you cannot fail to make a grand impression.

"I hear it repeated every day, that you are so deeply engaged in politics, and that you wrote and published, in the papers, a furious philippic against that unfortunate gentleman who was set up as your father's competitor at the late election.

tion. Do send it to me; though I know nothing of such matters, I want to see how abusive you can be. I wish I was a man, to be of your party. I wonder that there can be any opposition to one, of which you are one of the 'leaders,' as they call you. But, alas! the age of chivalry is gone.

"*Apropos*, cousin Hugh, no doubt, will enlist under your banner, and conquer or die. If you do not touch his heart, I will then be almost ready to agree with you, that he has none. You have never seen him yet; you judge only from his letters which I shewed you, and my report; come and judge for yourself, and you will find that he is worthy of even Caroline Grey's esteem. Our aunts will be so delighted to see you too; for although you quizzed aunt 'Nora and Aggy so incessantly when you was here, you are a decided favourite with them both. As to aunt Rose, who likes a little mischief as well as you, you are aware

that she has declared you the only woman of her acquaintance that she could not wish to change in some respect or other. *Mon Dieu!* I wish I could get such fine compliments from my friends; but so it is—

'So shines a *good girl* in this naughty world.'

"Stay, I knew I had some more news to tell you; they say so many fine things about you, that one can never remember all. They say then (*'Monsieur on dit'* is my authority), that you have captivated the heart of the amiable young man of whom you used to make such sport, I mean your father's *ci-devant* student, and now his partner. The same respectable authority adds, that you are not averse to entering into partnership with him. How snug that will be! But to do you justice, I do not give the story entire credence. I doubt it. Do take pity on my cruel suspense, and tell me all, even your most secret

secret intentions, upon this most interesting subject.

"Ah, how I long for you to-night, to talk of that, and of so many other things besides. But as we cannot see and converse with each other in the body (deuce take this 'time and space,' I wish they were annihilated indeed), why, I will go to bed and dream of you, and keep my dream for your benefit, till I see you. '*Bon soir, ma chere.*' It is one o'clock. Bless me, I have half promised to ride out with my cousin at six; and I must begin to court repose, if I sleep at all to-night. Adieu!

"*Comme toujours.* Your faithful admirer, "ROSINE.'

Well, six o'clock is arrived, and Rosine is up, and equipped for the ride; her milk-white steed (a present from her friend Caroline), caparisoned as becomes his rank, is champing his foaming bit, and

with symptoms of impatience pawing the ground. Hugh's horse is there also, but he, laggard that he is, does not come at the hour.

Alphonse, who was directed the evening before to see that his horse was at the door at six precisely, stood there wondering how his master could keep a lady waiting, and tried to make the best apology for him that the circumstances would admit of.

Rosine finally told him, that he had better run and call him.

He did so, and found, to his utter amazement, his master fast asleep. When he had waked him, and explained to him the critical situation of affairs, after yawning furiously, he began to scold Alphonse still more furiously for not having called him sooner.

Alphonse defended himself, upon the ground that it was not conceivable that a gentleman of monsieur's known gallantry could fail to awake at the hour appointed,

to

to ride out with so charming a young lady, and so beautiful as mademoiselle, cousin of monsieur. He here insisted that it would have been an affront to monsieur to suppose such a thing possible.

Hugh dropped the subject, by asking Alphonse if he thought mademoiselle was handsome.—" Oh!" said he, " *plus que jolie, elle est la plus jolie du monde.*"

Hugh thought Alphonse was very near right, but did not stop to discuss the subject. He was ready in a few minutes and at the starting-place.

We feel disposed to excuse him for this peccadillo: saying nothing of his fatigue of travelling, we know so well the charms of morning slumbers, that we appeal for this offence to the reader's indulgence; after this we shall be more severe upon his conduct, if he is caught napping.

When he came in sight of Rosine, who was already on horseback, she affected to apologize to him for having disturbed his morning slumbers, and expressed a world

of regrets for not having gone off without him, and left him to enjoy his repose.

"Ah, cousin!" exclaimed he, laughing, "no more of that now, if you love me. I acknowledge my twofold offence with tears in my eyes, and I'll beg your gracious pardon on my knees, if you will give me time. But if you go to wounding my sensibility, by reproaching me, I will go to bed again, and cry myself fast asleep, instead of riding with you."

And so saying, he gaily leaped into the saddle, and off pranced their steeds, bearing the two happiest beings which the fair sun that morning shone upon.

"What a beautiful animal you have there, and what a fine movement he has!" said Hugh; "where did you get him? who trained him?"

"It is a present from a gentleman or a lady of my acquaintance, I don't exactly know which, for both claim to have given it. He was given me at two years old, and, would you believe it—he is so gentle and

and docile, with all his spirit, that I myself gave him all the breaking and training he ever had: but then Candide has a very amiable disposition."

"Candide is his name, eh? Is he as great a philosopher as his predecessor—I mean as his owner?"

"Oh! I don't allow him to speak to me of such abstruse questions, but I assure you we have a great deal of conversation together, and a very agreeable talker he is, although rather reserved before strangers. But he never sees me without saying how glad he is, and inquiring after my health, and if I wish to ride."

"Bless me! and I suppose he saddles and bridles himself too! Why you almost tempt me to turn horse-thief," said Hugh. "But, pray, may I presume to venture to inquire who is the gentleman, and who the lady, that dispute for the honour of having made you this present?

If it would not be too impertinent, I should like to have all the particulars."

"Oh, there you must excuse me; there is a little mystery connected with it. Do I blush? I positively can't tell it if I would," said Rosine, laughing.

"How!" said Hugh, looking more serious, and really interested, "a mystery! and you refuse to explain it to me, to your cousin, your best friend—to me, who should, if right prevails, be your only confidant! Tell me, who or what is this gentleman that makes you presents?"

"Oh, if I tell you that, I shall have to tell who the lady is too, and that is what I wish not to disclose just now, for very private and important reasons; but you shall know all in proper season, I assure you upon my honour," said she with a most provoking seriousness.

"Rosine, don't oblige me to exert my authority—I demand to know who this gentleman is? A present from a gentleman! that's alarming; and a lady claims to

to have given it too—very mysterious! Now answer me, and give me up the truth —has not this same gentleman some pretensions to you, Rosine?"

"Some pretensions to me! why, my dear cousin, I should rather think not, as he has a wife and four children already."

"Oh ho! Well, who is he then? Surely there can't be any secret in it worth keeping so close, if that's the case."

"Indeed! well, if it is not worth keeping, surely it is not worth telling," replied Rosine.

"I did not know you could be so provoking; I will know when I go back to the house however, for I will examine the whole family, one after the other, but I will master this secret."

"Oh, you have me there—I did not think of that. Well then, if you promise me to put no questions to any one on the subject, I will tell you who gave it to me, and why, and all about it."

"I have a great mind to be as obstinate

as yourself; but since you appear disposed to mend your manners, I will do as you ask me, and I promise and engage, neither by word, or sign, or gesture, to put any question about what you are going to reveal to me, you teasing creature. Shall I swear to it, by those bright eyes of thine?"

"Oh, for pity's sake, no! Don't swear so grand an oath on so trifling an occasion," said she.

"Well then, come, quick, let me hear this mighty secret. I declare I almost dread to hear it," said Hugh, laughing.

Rosine went on—"Thus then the story runs. Twenty miles, perhaps some twenty-five, from this place, lives a gentleman, by name Edward Grey, a man of some fifty years of age, a lawyer by profession, and ——"

"Oh, enough of that—you mean colonel Grey," said Hugh, interrupting her. "I know who colonel Grey is; he has been these three or four years member of congress

congress from this district—if you mean him."

"'Tis he I mean; but if you interrupt me in this way, I shall never finish. Well, this same colonel Grey has a wife, a charming woman, a handsome woman, named Mrs. Grey; and they two are two dear friends of mine; I like them more and more every day; and, if I may say so much without having my veracity called in question, they like me almost as much as I do them. One of their daughters was at the boarding-school with me, my class-mate, my room-mate; we were such friends that some of the girls nicknamed us 'Damon and Pythias,' and we adopted the idea. Well, one vacation she used to spend with me, and the next I would spend with her. So, on one of my visits, I made such progress in the colonel's good graces, and turned it to such good account, that when I took leave he presented me with this beautiful creature; and this is the true history of the affair; only as he

had previously promised it to his own daughter, intending that she should present it to me, it is still a fruitful source of contention between them, which had the merit of the present. So, are you satisfied? if not, interrogate me further, and I will answer—if I please."

"Thou vexatious, saucy girl, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for teasing me here all this while about so mere a trifle!"

"Trifle!" exclaimed she; "take care, if you speak so disrespectfully of my secrets, I'll never tell you another."

"Now, my dear cousin," said he, "I wish you would be serious a moment, and tell me one or two of them. In virtue of my privileges of cousin and friend, I should like to put one or two questions to you, if you have no objections to answer them."

"Oh! put any question you please, and I'll answer it, if I please," said she; "upon my honour I will."

"Well then, answer me this: have you ever

ever been in love? are you in love now, and if so, with whom?"

"In love! ha, ha, ha! excuse me, I assure you I have never yet seen any body to fall in love with. Besides, we ladies have no right to fall in love first, you know; and never yet has gallant gentleman or lowly swain said to me, 'I love you."

"Now be more serious," said he. "Have you not now some little preference, some liking, some palpitation for some one of your admirers? Come, come, I'll not be laughed out of this information."

"Why, you put such laughable questions to me, and yet expect grave answers. I assure you, upon my honour, no one ever admired me; at least, if they did, not enough to take the trouble to let me know it. And yet—but you'll laugh at me if I own it."

"Not I, upon my word; now, no hoaxing," said he.

"No, no! I am serious all the while," said

said she; "and as you are my dearest cousin and friend, I may as well confess to you as to another. Though I never was in love, in the slightest degree, I have sometimes felt that '*besoin d'aimer*' they talk of; and I assure you it is a very distressing sensation. It is truly 'an aching void' in the heart, and one might almost regret then, that their heart was not entirely insensible. However, do you know how to conquer it?"

"Not I; pray have you discovered the secret?" said he.

"I think so; but perhaps it will not answer for all cases. It is to study the authors who have written of the most difficult subjects; in particular, I think metaphysics quite an antidote, and even a remedy for love itself."

"Yes, I should suppose so, by substituting one species of madness for another," said Hugh, smiling at her earnestness.

"How, you speakly lightly of metaphysics! and of love too! you are no better

better than a heathen; but now I have made my confession, will you please to be as frank as I have been, and tell me if *you* have ever been in love? and if you are now in love, and if you are, who is the idol of your passion?"

"Upon my word, you want to compel your confessor to take his turn too, like Voltaire's Huron Indian, eh? Well, I don't object to it, as I have nothing to confess I wish to keep secret.—'Have I ever been in love?' I cannot safely say yes or no: and I must therefore answer you accordingly—'Very often or never, I cannot say which."

"Why, that is very droll," said Rosine; "I find no difficulty in saying 'no' at once. I suppose you have fancied yourself often in love. Is that it? Well, if you'll describe the effects to me, I dare say I can decide for you, whether it was real or only imaginary."

"What *you!* who never felt it at all, who only know it by name, set up to enlighten

lighten *me* on the subject! What presumption! Pehaps you have read a great deal on the subject. But let me tell you, my learned cousin," said Hugh, "you can't learn much love by studying it in books, as you would your metaphysics."

"Do you mean," asked Rosine, "that it is necessary to have been in love before you can tell what love is? I deny it, and I can prove, if that were the case, that you could never tell if you were in love; for how could you tell, when the first love was in question, whether it was love or not, if it is necessary to have been in love beforehand, to be able to decide? and if you could not decide on the first, how could you any better decide on the second passion, and so on to the end of the chapter: answer me that, if you can?"

"I cannot; I submit to your argument, which is fit for a professor of metaphysics; and for fear of such another poser, I will go on with my confession, though, after all, I have little to confess, except what I have

I have already. I have admired many handsome and some ugly ladies in my time—brunettes and blondes, gentle and simple. I sometimes thought I had fallen in love, and then the lady appeared for awhile to be absolute perfection. But I have always been cured by taking it in time."

"What, by absence, I suppose?" inquired Rosine.

"No, exactly the contrary—by being for a short time as much as possible in the company of the fair 'deceiver."

"Fair deceiver!" echoed she. "Now I should not wonder if you meant that as a reflection on my sex; and if you do, I must tell you you are an impertinent and an insolent! to insinuate that ladies will not stand the test of an intimate acquaintance! I demand an apology," said she, "in behalf of the whole sex, and one for myself in particular."

"Oh! Heaven forbid that I should say any

any thing so rude of that divine sex, which has the honour of possessing you amongst its members. I only mean to say, that I have liked a great many ladies at first exceedingly well, whom I was not able to like afterwards; though, on the other hand, I have known some I could not bear on first acquaintance, that I came to like very well; but somehow, I always stopped exactly at that point of light and shade where friendship begins to fade into love."

"*Fades* into love! an impertinent expression. But if you had ever been in love, you would not jest at it in this manner. Ah! perhaps you have a quarrel with our sex on account of some coquette or other?"

"Oh! on the contrary, I delight in coquettes. All the agreeable ladies I have ever been acquainted with have been decided coquettes. Why, I think coquetry is the ornament of your sex, and the security to ours."

"Cousin,

"Cousin, it is lucky for you I am so amiable, or I would call you names. But I pronounce you innocent of ever having been in love. Do you know I begin to suspect you yourself of being a male coquette? However, I don't believe you mean what you say; you are not in earnest—I see you are not."

"My dear cousin," replied Hugh, gaily, "I cannot say whether I am in jest or earnest. I am always puzzled when I talk of those subjects with a lady, to decide whether I mean any thing, or if any thing, how much."

"Listen," said she, with much gravity, "you will be ere long punished for this. You will have a bitter atonement to make to the little god of love, for treating him with such profane levity."

"Pray Heaven your prophecy be fulfilled!" said he.

'Much rather I should die,
Than your prediction prove a lie,'

spiteful

spiteful as it may be. But I should like of all things in the universe to fall desperately in love with some piece of angelic perfection; to sigh by the hour, and to know all the joys and woes of real, genuine, romantic love. Alas! I begin to fear that I am incapable of it, or else that the blind little god has got his eyes open in this age of intellect. His sceptre has departed, his wand is broken." He added—"I am afraid Byron was right, after all, melancholy as the reflection is—

> 'Oh! love, no habitant of earth thou art,
> An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,' &c.

Heigh ho!"

"Oh! there are some hopes of you yet, if you quote Byron, and sigh such gentle sighs. But speaking of Byron, you saw him in Italy, and you wrote me a most delightful account of your visit to him. But now you shall tell me more about him when we get home. But stay—see what o'clock it is."

"Seven

"Seven to a moment, says my watch."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Rosine. "Then turn your horse's head, and follow me. Ride for your life, for breakfast will be ready in twenty minutes, and our dear aunts will be in the depths of despair on your account and mine, if it should get cold."

And wheeling about, she gave the signal to Candide, and he started off like the wind. Hugh, after staring for a minute to see her flying along at such a pace, bethought himself that it was time to spur up his proud bay, and he put him to the top of his speed.

But he gained nothing on the light-footed Candide. It will require a fleeter steed to overtake him. Our hero began to feel his honour and that of his horse at stake, as he saw he was falling behind, and he cheered him with his voice, and spurred him in turn, till the poor fellow strained every nerve to gain the point. All in vain; he still falls behind, and Rosine,

sine, looking round, entirely at her ease, sportively beckoned him to come up. At length, at a turn of the road, he was fairly run out of sight, just as she came in view of the cottage. She then held up and galloped slowly to the gate, where she sat laughing at Hugh as he approached at the most furious rate possible. He did not slacken it till he came to her side, and his horse was panting and covered with foam.

After a hearty laugh on both sides, and Hugh had scolded her for running away from him, and she in turn had scolded him for riding his horse so hard as to distress him, they entered the house and found breakfast waiting for them. They went to the table with such appetites, as we idle city epicures can never, never know.

CHAP. VII.

Yes, subtle love will lurk for years,
Lie hid, with all his hopes and fears;
And all the while th' envenom'd dart,
Is fasten'd in th' unconscious heart.
Cupid's Pilgrimage. Canto . .

ROSINE and our hero were now completely re-established in their former intimacy and confidence, if not even something more; but if her feeling for him was warmer than a friendship of so early a date should be, she was entirely unconscious of it. That she loved him in their childhood—that she loved him now, she knew; and yet that precise idea, if it had presented itself to her in all its force, could not have probably led her to put the question to herself, whether it was her duty to love him as much as before. If she had also inquired whether it was exactly

actly the same kind of love, she might perhaps have fallen into a train of thought, that would have admonished her to love wisely, if she did love well. But the idea of any danger to her heart in her affection for her cousin Hugh—pooh! she would have only laughed at it, and long and loud would have been her mirth, for a laughter-loving damsel in sooth she was.

Her cousin Hugh was also of pretty much the same way of thinking; but he knew something of those matters by experience, and infinitely more of the world and of human nature. It did faintly occur to him, therefore, as she took him by the arm, "*quam familiariter*"—"Oh how familiarly," after breakfast, and said—"Come, cousin, and see my library," that there might be some little danger in the entire confidence, and the half-romping playfulness of the lively Rosine. It did cross his mind, more than once, as she was tripping about her little boudoir, which she called her study, as light and as graceful

ful as a fairy, "sweetly speaking, sweetly singing, and sweetly smiling," all in the same breath, talking of her favourite authors, defending them against his criticisms, while she laughed at their ludicrousness: in the midst of all this amusement, he could not help thinking, "what a dangerous girl would this be to any other man; and what mischief might she not do even himself, if their relative positions were different, and they had not been brought up together so like brother and sister!" When he came to that reflection, he said to himself, with a great deal of satisfaction—"Ah! there's my security; I shall ever consider her as a sister," and Miss Prudence, who had been trying to excite some disagreeable misgivings, was immediately ordered to be quiet.

And so down they sat together upon the sofa, among the books scattered upon it, and sat laughing and talking together, taking no note of time, for half-an-hour,

when Rosine recollected that aunt Rose wanted her for something in her room that morning. But before she rose up to go, our hero reminded her that she was engaged to teach him his Latin again, and called eagerly for the Virgil to begin. She looked it up from among the number of her old school-books, when behold, it turned out to be the very identical one they had studied together, with plenty of dog's-ears, defaced pages, and torn leaves. Then was the dispute whose it was, who had used it so badly, and fifty little reminiscences of the tasks and blunders of those days. Finally, she told him to begin his task, and that she would lock him in while she went to aunt Rose's room, so as he might not run out to play.

"Oh, you may lock me in if you like, but I shall not play truant, I assure you: besides, I am going to read the story of Æneas and Dido."

"Are you?" said Rosine. "Well, don't go to sleep over it now, for it is the most

most interesting beautiful love-story in any language. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, I think it is too tragical, or rather, perhaps, I should say a little unnatural. To make her kill herself for love of such a chap as that 'pious Æneas' too. But the age of love's miracles, like that of the miracles of religion, is past—gone for ever, I suppose, unless the millennium shall restore them both."

"Now, cousin, do you know I dislike any sneers at either of these subjects? If you don't leave them off, I shall quarrel with you one of these fine days."

"Why, Rosine, I begin to doubt whether you are not a little fanatical too, as well as aunt Agatha. By Jove, if this Presbyterian bigotry is so contagious, I must be off, for I know if you once fairly catch it, there is no hope for you—it is incurable."

"Come, come, you shall not go on at this rate; I must tell you, that aunt Agatha has lately begun to entertain great

hopes that I am in a state of conviction, and then you know conversion follows of course," said Rosine, with a sly smile.

"Now, Rosine," said Hugh, "if you go to playing any pranks with aunt Aggy, I'll expose you. Poor aunty, she is crazy enough already; and you want to turn her head altogether, you little sly hypocrite. But all this is not half so interesting as the heathen gods and goddesses we shall read about here in Virgil—*allons*."

"But I must go—you shall read alone and tell me all about it when I return; I dare say you will find a great deal of amusement in the book by the help of the translation, which you used to like so much better than the original."

"Oh! certainly it is much finer! I always thought so," said he, laughing; and then they had to go back to their childhood again, to talk of the mischiefs and mishaps of those joyous days; and "do you remember this?" and "do you remember that?" was interchanged so often, that

that Rosine quite forgot her important business with aunt Rose. Suddenly recollecting her engagement, she looked at her watch, and exclaimed—"I must go —*mon Dieu*—I am half-an-hour past my time; but I will be back soon."

"You must go—well, I will go too, and study afterwards; I have no idea of staying here all alone."

"Ah, rebellious truant! is this your docility?"

"Will you give me a kiss to console me in your absence, and then I will sit down to my book?"

"A kiss! and asked for with such a doubting look and tone?"

Rosine would have given him a thousand with pleasure. She gave him one long, sweet kiss of friendship and innocence.

Heavens, what carelessness! what *dangerous inconsequences* do thoughtless young people commit! and all without the least suspicion in the world! But,

tremble not, good reader—all is safe while a friendship so tender and so exalted remains between our hero and heroine; and pray what should disturb it?

When the kiss was finished, Rosine darted out of the room; but stopped on the outside, and locked the door after her from mischief.

She found the three worthy aunts assembled in close divan, in aunt Rose's room, consulting together upon some domestic affairs of no importance: when she entered, they all inquired at the same moment—"Where is Hugh?"—"Where is Hugh?"—"Where is Hugh?"

Rosine had to tell the whole story of his undertaking to read Virgil under her instruction, and of her locking him in her library, whereat the old maids were mightily amused, and even aunt Agatha cackled audibly for the first time in many months. She reproached herself for her sinful levity for two hours afterwards.

The locking up, however, they all, upon full

full deliberation, thought was carrying the joke too far, and the tender-hearted Rose was for going at once to release him; but she finally acquiesced in his durance, upon Rosine's promising to set him at liberty in half an hour.

Hugh, left to himself, soon found that even the loves of Æneas and Dido were not sufficient to command his attention, and in five minutes he laid down his book, and fell into a profound reverie.—"This is a strange freak of destiny—to make out of the daughter of a poor French barber, out of a destitute orphan brought up by the hand of charity, the most beautiful, the most lively, most *spirituelle*, fascinating creature I have ever seen in this country, ay, or in any other, and so entirely free from pretension. It is true she is not quite so grand a beauty as '*la bellissima* M—i—' at Rome, who set us all crazy, nor perhaps so devilish piquante as the witty little comtesse at Paris, who was beautiful to boot; but the *tout en-*

semble, eh! I see no comparison. And yet, poor girl, she is entirely without fortune: will she ever get a husband worthy of her? I doubt. She says she has had no admirer yet—a shame! our sex is getting so prudent, that such an angel stands but half the chance a rich simpleton would—out upon it! she ought to have a fortune. I must look after this—she is one of our family, and she shall have a fortune and a husband! I wonder if I could not persuade my rich aunts to give her a fortune. I believe they intend to leave her something handsome, and why not give it to her at once, and announce it everywhere? then she would have hecatombs of lovers dying at her feet. I'll broach it to my good aunts to-night, or the first opportunity. 'Tis but just that they should provide for their adopted child. For my part, I don't want their hoardings, and I will offer to relinquish half, if it is necessary, to give her so much, to make her independent. To be sure,

sure, by what uncle Hugh says, they are rich, and it will be probably what they intend when they have done hoarding it; but it is not good to wait for wills and dead men's shoes, and still worse for maiden ladies' slippers. Rosine shall be provided for by the family—*c'est une affaire decidée—je le veux.* But let me consider:—Suppose I were to take an inventory of my own estate, real and personal, and, instead of troubling my aunts, should give the dowry myself. (A long pause.) That would be more meritorious than to be generous at other people's expence, it is true, but then it would not look so well; and uncle Hugh gave me a hint, not long ago, that he was in advance to me a few thousands, which he wished to give me a receipt for, if I would but examine his accounts as my guardian. Deuce take me, if I don't suspect I have been extravagant, although he never told me so. Well, I shall be more economical in future, and if it is necessary, I can sell

my four horses, give up driving my barouche, 'retrench the lazy vermin of my hall,' and at the end of three or four years would not feel twenty thousand dollars a great deal. (Long pause again.) I'll inquire into the state of my affairs; and, in the mean time, I'll see what can be done with the liberality of my aunts, before I resort to such desperate measures."

Thus end a thousand generous projects in this selfish world. Though our hero had no particle of selfishness in his whole composition, he rather preferred to do the generous act he had at heart, without inconvenience or sacrifice to himself. While he was deliberating on the best means of accomplishing it, he was disenchanted from his reverie by the turning of the key in the door, and the entry of Rosine.

Our hero sprang forward to receive her, as she opened the door, and, forgetting the caution we have before given him, received her in his arms, and bestowed another kiss. *Quelle etourderie!* If it were not

not for the pure, inviolable friendship that subsists between them, we would not be responsible for the consequences. It is all well enough, if it ends well. Our hero is a man of strict honour; and we hope for the best. We trust he is also a man of excellent principles, although we would not in general stand security for any mere man of principle's practice.

But here is some further danger to be encountered, for in a joking, laughing manner, they are exploring together the beauties of the beautiful story of the loves of Dido and the pious Æneas. Rosine found fault with the trick of which the poet makes Dido the victim, played by Cupid, in the disguise of the boy Ascanius. She thought there was something so awkward and unmeaning, so clumsy in the fiction of making Dido fall in love with Æneas in that manner. But our hero, on the other hand, commended the exquisite skill and delicacy of the poet in

making her forget her vows of fidelity to the memory of her first husband by such a circumvention only; as if it required all the art of Venus to contrive, and all the power of the god of love to execute, combined, to overcome her scruples. But as the dispute is not likely to be very interesting to the 'general reader,' we omit the many fine things urged on both sides in favour of their respective opinions.

Little did either of our unsuspecting cousins dream that Cupid was then busy with their hearts, and in the disguise of friendship, was by the same process of innocent kisses laying the foundation of a passion on one side, at least, if not the other, near a-kin to that of the love-sick queen of Carthage.

The discussion having terminated in a walk through the beautiful grove, which was laid out in walks on the west side of the Cottage, we will take leave of them for awhile, as there is now waiting to make her

her courtesy to the reader, a young lady, who may hereafter have some particular claims on our attention.

CHAP. VIII.

Vive la jeunesse,
Vive le printemps—
C'est le tems, c'est le temps,
De la tendresse. *Regnard.*

" *Caroline Grey to Rosine Hughes.*

" Belmont, 1823.

" MY DEAR ROSINE,

" You have almost broken my heart. Your letter put me out of humour with all the world, for it made me downright angry with you. So, you have no spirit after all, when the hour of trial arrives! To think that you should so far forget the proud prerogatives of our sex, as to yield your just resentment at the first

first look; not to pout; not to compel the offender to kneel and sue for pardon for such neglect, such insult! a resentment too, which I had taken such infinite pains to inspire and to nurse, in the hope of producing some grand effect. Behold all my labour lost! Well, I put no more trust in girls. You say you 'almost promised me' that you would not be friends with your dear cousin—(of whom anon) —and that you would 'treat him coolly until he made a suitable apology.' Why, how dare you write such news to me? Did you not most positively promise—ay, most faithfully engage, when I took up the quarrel and pointed out your wrongs, that you would be avenged for his rude neglect? And did I not take pains to show you how to look awful—how to speak such chilling words, that you might turn him into ice? And how do you repay my tender solicitude for the honour and the offended dignity of our sex? At the very first word, at the very first look, to

to forget all your wrongs, and grievous ones they be, to make peace before you are asked, and, as near as I can judge by your own account of your behaviour, to throw yourself into his arms! is this the lesson that I taught you? But if I am astonished and grieved, I am yet more alarmed for you. Why, Rosine, do you know that you are in love with this amiable, affectionate cousin of yours, who himself has no heart? Ay, in love, 'hurt past all surgery.' I see it as clear as I see that the object of it has no claim to your esteem or regard.

'Why what a poor and *peasant* rogue *art thou!*'

to kiss the hand that wounds your pride so deeply, to give your heart, unasked, to a man who cares so little for you, as not to take the trouble of visiting you after two years of 'cruel absence.' Sooner 'burst my mighty heart,' sooner let me die, unwept, unhonoured, and unsung, than betray such fatal weakness. But I forget—

forget—you cannot help it—it was ever your nature; be pleased, therefore, to accept my pity—I reproach you no more. But if you are not too far gone to hear good counsel, listen to my sage advice. Take back your heart, I charge you, and then keep strict watch and ward over it. He is totally indifferent, incapable, as I believe, of love; and think then what anguish you will prepare for yourself, if you indulge in these delicious but dangerous dreams. Child, take care of your sensibility; you are too good to be unhappy. Rouse the woman then within your heart, and surround yourself with a seven-fold shield of indifference.

"If I was there, I would snatch you from the precipice; for, dearest Rosine, I love you so well, that I will not have you unhappy. You are the only being on earth that understands me perfectly: our hearts were made for each other; I imagine that I do nothing well, when you are not with me to say it is well. I want you

sadly

sadly to help me to think when I am in a thinking mood, and to laugh when I am gay. I declare I had been so unused to think without your assistance, when we first left school and separated, that it was a month or two before I could resume the free use of my own faculties—before I had a single thought that I could fairly call my own. The only way I could set my thinking machinery in motion was, by asking myself, 'now what would Rosine think and say about this or that?' and then ideas would begin to flow; but they were yours, and not my own. You are my property in some measure, therefore, and I shall think it my duty to look well to you, I assure you.

"Next Monday then, as papa is obliged to come to Rockville to attend the court, I shall be with you, and give you more good advice, if it be not too late. I shall see your dear cousin for the first time, who you dare to tell me reminds you of me: I suppose he resembles me as much as

as you resemble Portia, or queen Tomyris. I have set him down for one of those nice, commonplace, 'perfect gentlemen,' whom I long ago declared perpetual war upon, and various individuals of which species you have helped me to reduce to their proper insignificance.

"By the bye, I have a nice little quarrel with you, for your supreme impertinence in associating my name with that of that smirking, self-satisfied creature, my father's respectable partner. 'Sdeath, is it come to this? That Caroline Grey, with the largest fortune in the country, and at her own disposal when she comes of age, a period, thank Heaven, not far distant, with such blood in her veins on paternal and maternal side, with a host of admirers who only dare to adore at a distance, not to approach with a whisper of love; is she really thought so little of, that she is given to a mere drudge, who knows nothing more than he has been taught, and but indifferently taught too; who thinks he is an Apollo,

Apollo, because he is always so precise in his dress and in his manners! Out upon it! I feel my cheeks tingle with the blush of resentment at the bare idea! They shall see what choice Caroline Grey will make, how she will dispose of herself when it comes her turn to fall in love.

"But a fig for love just now! I have a higher theme. I am, at least I was born to be, a statesman; I feel a call that way so strong, I hardly know how to keep out of the public meetings. I would give all my jewellery and finery, my grandmother's diamond necklace, and all, to have one chance to make a grand speech in a public meeting. Papa laughs at me, but I have the vanity to believe I could speak with more effect than he, although he astonished me and every body else at Washington the last winter—I know I can be more eloquent. I have a speech now composed, that is better than any I heard upon a subject that was before the house last winter. Laugh if you will; I will

will read it to you, and then I dare say you will laugh the more.

"Pray give my love to aunt Rose, my humble service to aunt Agatha, and my best respects to aunt Leonora. By the way, did you ever see three such melancholy monuments of single blessedness? When you contemplate them, have you not some desperate thoughts of winning a husband, to save yourself from such a destiny? I vow to Heaven, if I thought I was likely to be such an old maid, and drag out my existence, without ever meeting some kindred spirit that might ask me to be his, I should be almost tempted to borrow a sword and shield, and make a dash among those vile creatures, the lords of creation, and try to capture a husband, by making him a prisoner. However, I will talk further to you of that project, before I put it in execution.

"What is that you write me about touching the heart of your cousin? Have a care how you provoke me twice with such

such subjects. I do not know what I might do in the zenith of my rage. You know I have been once celebrated for applying a horsewhip to the back of an insolent domestic. Take care that I don't begin to practise on young ladies, when they are too free with me; but no, I jest, it only made me laugh to think that you could wish me for a rival! never fear. I am determined to make war upon him from the beginning, and if I can really vex him, I shall be so contented! But if he dares to bate one jot or tittle of the respect, the attention, ay, even the gallantry due to our sex, and to me, and you individually, you shall see and hear what can be done.

"God preserve your excellence a thousand years, and may you love me as long as you live. Expect me, as I write, accidents excepted. Adieu.

"CAROLINE GREY."

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

——— ——— ——— Is aught to fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
The summer's noontide groves, the purple eve
At harvest-home, or in the frosty moon,
Glittering on some smooth sea—is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the honoured roof
Whither from highest heaven immortal love
His torch etherial and his golden bow
Propitious brings, and there a temple holds?

Pleasures of the Imagination.

We left our hero and heroine wandering in the tuneful grove, plucking flowers, and engaged in the assiduous cultivation of that tender friendship, which will bear no further increase without changing its nature and its name. They heeded not our good advice, but day after day they were, every morning and afternoon, strolling there or elsewhere, arm-in-arm, and ever in familiar conversation. More often, to be sure, aunt Rose was in their company, but

but she was as blind to the progress of the intimacy as the parties themselves.

Ah! if we had been there, how soon would we have changed all that! Miss Rosine would have been sent off on a visit to her friend Caroline, instead of waiting to receive one from her; or master Hugh would have been at once told to pack up and be off, *nolens volens*. But people of nice discernment and proper energy are so rare! the rest leave events to take care of themselves, and, waking when it is all over, are astonished to find them entirely beyond their control, or, if not, they have not sufficient strength to rouse their faculties to meet the emergency. No matter; the world must go on its way.

One day as aunt Rose and our hero happened to be walking alone, Rosine having been detained at home unexpectedly, it occurred to him that it would be an excellent opportunity to speak to aunt Rose on a subject which he had begun to think of

of very often, and that was the future situation of Rosine in regard to fortune. He accordingly opened the discussion thus —"Aunt Rose, can you tell me what you and aunts intend to do with Rosine? She is now a young lady, and a very charming one too; and I think, as you have given her our name, adopted her in form, and bestowed an education on her which forbids her returning to her original sphere, it is time for you to think of the future, and to make some suitable provision for her."

"Why, my dear child, what *do* you mean? Is Rosine not sufficiently well provided for already? I believe she is not discontented with her situation. Surely she is happy, if ever a human being was happy, and we are as happy to have her always with us. What can we do for her, or with her, more than we have done?"

"To tell you the plain truth, aunt, I think, since you have done so much more than your duty to her, you have increased her

her claims as you have gone on. I am of opinion, that you ought, after what you have done, to give her such a fortune as will enable her to get a husband. Do you know that she is old enough to be married?"

"A husband!" cried aunt Rose; "now for goodness' sake, don't be putting such ideas into the girl's head. I don't believe she ever thought of a husband, or if she has, do you think she could not get a husband without a fortune?"

"Ha, ha, ha, my dear aunt, in the name of all that's wonderful, do you think she could?"

"You certainly pay a pretty compliment to your own sex," said she, after he had done laughing, "by such a question. However, if Rosine should choose to get married to a man whom we approved and she loved, I assure you we should do every thing for her that you could desire. We should give her enough to place her above dependence; and since we are upon

the subject, as she was named Rosine, you know, in compliment to me by her mother, I have always intended to leave her a very handsome legacy, if you agreed to it, for I shall leave all to you and her."

"My dear aunt, don't speak of these things at your time of life. I thank you for your kind intentions to me, but still more towards Rosine; I feel for her situation, and if you wish to do me a real kindness, you will endeavour to prevail on your sisters to join in settling some property upon her. They can afford it; they spend almost nothing, and aunt 'Nora, I must say, it is scandalous how she conducts about money-matters; I don't say she is miserly, but she is so abominably greedy of getting, that it gives me pain to see her constant fever about money: make her launch out for poor Rosine. To think there is not a living being in the world that she has any claim upon; an orphan, without fortune and without protector, brought up too in the most

most delicate manner, and with far too much sensibility to contend with the cold, heartless, selfish brutes she would meet with if she were by any accident thrown upon the world. Ah! I think we ought to make up among us a little snug property for her that she can call her own, and if you and aunt Nora and Aggy will give five thousand dollars a-piece, I will engage for myself and uncle Hugh to give ten thousand more. Come, what say you?"

"Me! I approve of it entirely, my dear child; but you must speak to 'Nora about it; she manages all the money matters of the family. I have no idea at all of what she has at command of our common property; I suppose as much as that could be spared without any great inconvenience; but I never look at her accounts."

"Now, shall I tell you how much uncle Hugh pretends she has laid up, all the while she has been making improvements

on your farms and village lots—Seventy thousand!"

"Seventy thousand! nonsense, ridiculous! Hugh is always teasing her about it—it is his standing joke; but I don't believe that she has laid up twenty thousand dollars since the death of your father, and that is now twenty years."

"Oh! I think she has more than that; let us call for her accounts, and see how they will look in black and white. If she has laid up half that sum, Rosine shall have a good slice; I am resolute. Let us make her disgorge. She shall put in twenty thousand dollars out of the joint fund, and uncle Hugh and I will make up ten thousand between us; for you know Rosine is a great pet of his too; and then she will be quite a fortune, and who knows but may get a good husband immediately."

"Fie! I wish you would leave off talking about getting husbands—'tis such nonsense! However, you are sure of my vote

vote for half of our loose funds, as 'Nora calls money at interest; but you won't find her so tractable, I am afraid."

"I'll try it to-night; we shall see. You occupy Rosine in your room about something, and I will debate the matter, in high style, with aunt 'Nora and aunt Aggy too; by Jove! I think she'll join us."

"Oh! if you get 'Nora's consent, you are sure of Aggy's voice. It is not worth while to speak to her at all about it; she will only read you a sermon on worldly-mindedness."

"Thank you for the hint; I'll leave her out of the negotiation altogether."

The little plot was accordingly arranged for that evening, and as soon as tea was over, and aunt Agatha had retired to her evening devotions, Rose called Rosine out of the room. Hugh had already contrived to engage aunt 'Nora in a conversation about the ways and means to make money most productive.

Aunt 'Nora delivered her sentiments in

half a whisper, for fear some uninitiated ear might catch a sound, upon the relative advantages of farms, of village lots, of city property, of bank stock, mortgages, &c. &c., to which Hugh pretended to listen with the most profound attention. He found they all ended in this—" never to risk your principal, except for small amounts, and then only for the prospect of great profits." After she had finished her lecture, Hugh asked, in a careless way, how much she had put out in the different ways she had mentioned.

Aunt 'Nora shyed the question altogether, and merely replied—" Not much; I wish it was more, for your sake."

" Oh! never mind about me, dear aunt; but really I wish you had enough to feel able to do something for the adopted child of the family, poor Rosine."

He proceeded, as aunt 'Nora opened her eyes and then her mouth, as in the act of swallowing what he said, to make a considerable appeal about Rosine's friendless and

and destitute situation; but aunt 'Nora understood not one word of it, for she did not suspect what he was driving at. Hugh finally came down with a plain intelligible proposition, that some suitable fortune should be settled upon Rosine; he thought it was due to her, and to the family which had adopted her.

Aunt 'Nora was speechless for a moment, and then the first word she uttered, was—"Fortune! what does the boy mean? Talking of Rosine and a fortune to be settled on her! What ails you? Is she not well provided for here? What does she, what *can* she want that she has not now? If any thing, she has only to name it. But she don't spend what we give her for her pocket-money, and so forth. She lays out more for books than any thing else; but if she wants more, she shall have three times as much, if she says the word."

Hugh was obliged to go into a further exposition of his views, and to explain that a girl like Rosine ought not always

to remain single, and that her chance for getting a proper husband was desperate, unless she had a proper marriage portion.

Aunt 'Nora now stood aghast. If it had been proposed to her to bid for a husband for herself, she could hardly have been more indignant.—"Why, what—you want us to settle, as you call it, a fortune on Rosine, then, so that she may pick up some fortune-hunter for a husband? Never—never."

"My dear aunt," said Hugh, with great moderation, "you don't look at this in the proper point of view. If you knew how little chance for a husband a poor orphan stands in the world, even with all Rosine's charms of mind and person, you would see it very differently. It is hardly possible, now-a-days, for a young lady—no matter how beautiful or any thing else—to attract the notice of a gentleman of any pretension, unless she has a fortune in possession or expectation. In a word, if you do not wish to compel Rosine to join the

the blessed sisterhood, you must give her the means of getting a husband, and that is—money."

"Of buying one you mean: the world is coming to a pretty pass indeed! May I inquire what is considered a fair price for a husband, as times go?"

She said this with such a sarcastic, sneering tone, and toss of the head, that Hugh resolved to put her in a passion, which speaking to her of getting married in any shape never failed to do. He accordingly retorted by asking—"Do you wish to know on your own account, or on Rosine's? Which do you mean? It would no doubt make some little difference."

"For myself indeed! Are you not ashamed? I should like to see the man that would dare to speak to me about marriage."

"So should I, by G——" rose to the tip of Hugh's tongue; but, from policy,

he did, like lady Townly, in the play, "give a great gulp and swallowed it."

"Well, aunt," said he, changing his mode of attack, "if you won't do what I consider an act of duty—yes, I say of duty—I'll do it for you myself, and I'll not trouble you any further on the subject. I believe I can raise twenty thousand dollars, with uncle Hugh's help, without any great difficulty, and without mortgaging. That shall be her portion, whether you contribute any thing or not. Rosine Hughes is her name, and she shall not be deserted while my name is Hughes, I'll swear to that."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" exclaimed aunt 'Nora. An awful pause succeeded. "The boy has gone mad. Did ever mortal hear such folly? Why, Hugh, what in the name of common sense possesses you? I tell you the girl has not one single wish, and shall not have one, ungratified. We all consider her as one of our family. I believe we love her as well as

as we do your own precious self, and yet you want to force twenty thousand dollars upon her, which she has no occasion for—which she don't know how to manage—and which, in fact, I know she would not accept."

"She shall not have it in her power to refuse. Do you think I am obliged to ask her consent to it? Not at all; I'll ask nobody's consent, and nobody's assistance. You shall keep your money to yourself," said he, with an angry tone, for he began to be impatient at being so thwarted—"and I'll keep the pleasure to myself of doing it alone."

Aunt 'Nora, who really doted both on her nephew and Rosine, could not stand this. She shed a scanty flood of tears at this rudeness; but they were all she had in store, and in fact generally, when deeply affected, she shed dry ones.

"Oh, Hugh! that is the unkindest thing you ever said to me. Your uncle

never gave me an angry word in his whole life.—Booh-hoo-hoo."

"More's the pity," thought he, but seeing her appear so moved, he began to think of making his peace, and waiting for another opportunity to press his suit.

"Dear aunt," said he, "I am very sorry if I have wounded your feelings. But, come, forgive this hasty word. We will say no more of it. Don't cry, aunt, I am sorry, very sorry, for what I said."

But aunt 'Nora still kept her handkerchief to her eyes, and continued to exhibit the same symptoms of weeping, though without much success in the way of tears. She was resolving to do the generous thing in style; but it cut her to the heart to part with the money.

Hugh advanced, and took her bony hand, begged her to think no more of it, and he would never speak of it again; but aunt 'Nora had yet to make her pathetic speech.

She went on to say, half crying and half scolding,

scolding, that she would rather lose every every thing she had in the world, than have an angry word with one of her family. (Hugh did not whistle, but he laughed in his sleeve at the extravagant expression).—"All I have," said she, "will be yours; you may do with it now as you please: I am sure I have never thought of myself in the little savings I have laid by—it was only you."

"Dear aunt, don't reproach me with that: I deserve it, I know; but let us forget this subject has ever been spoken of."

"No, I wish to speak of it," said she. "I believe you are right, after all. Rosine is our adopted child, and one of our family from infancy; she bears our name, and I see it is no more than proper that we should do something for her. I take it on myself, and instead of twenty thousand dollars, it shall, with your approbation, be that in cash, and the farm at Wild Cat Hollow, which I set down at full twenty thousand

thousand more: we could take that for it to-morrow."

"Now it is my turn to remonstrate, aunt. You may go further at the moment than your means will sanction."

But 'Nora was now as strong the other way, and snapped her fingers at the idea of the twenty thousand dollars being a heavy drain upon the exchequer of the three aunts.

"But, aunt, it is a pretty large sum: it was not my wish that you should advance more than half: uncle Hugh and I will take care of the other."

"It won't put us to any inconvenience, I can assure you. We might call in four times that sum if we liked, and have our bank stock left, and that is fifty thousand dollars more; but you need not be telling it all over the house. We need not disturb any of the bonds or mortgages; we can just make them over to Rosine, and give her a deed of the farm in the Hollow."

Hugh stared in his turn; he did not know whether to be most amazed at the liberality

liberality or the secret wealth of his aunt. He said, when he was a little recovered from his astonishment—" You amaze me! I begin to suspect that uncle Hugh is right, and you have some secret gold mine that you work at night, when the rest of us are asleep. Aunt, I doubt you are imposing on me."

She was not, however, as appeared by her answer, except that she still concealed the amount of various other property which she possessed, and which was every day becoming more valuable. She became a little communicative upon the subject of her financial resources—" Why, I don't know what should astonish you so much," said she; " my father left us property that netted us ten thousand dollars a-piece, near forty years ago, and the property we purchased here has become twenty times as valuable as when we bought it. The village property has become very productive, and our rents on the Hotel Block amount to about ten thousand dollars a-year;

year; we sold a great number of lots, and took mortgages, and nearly every one was paid off in four years. I don't see any thing so wonderful in it. When we got the bank here, we took nearly half the stock; and now, by buying in with our dividends, we own two-thirds, and can sell out any time at a great profit, besides getting always seven, and sometimes nine per cent. To be sure, we have had some losses, but we have been rather lucky."

"Aunt, I believe I shall have to appoint you my man of business; uncle Hugh is always grumbling in his way, about the trouble it gives him to manage my little affairs here in the village. He wants me to sell my property here, and buy public stocks or bank stock, because it is so troublesome to collect the rents."

"Well, if he finds it so troublesome, what do you think of me, who have always taken the trouble off his hands, and he only has to receive it from me, and then it often lies in the bank here to his credit

credit three or four months before he draws for it."

"The devil!" thought Hugh; "I think I can correct that without much trouble, if I go on spending money as I have for the last three or four years."

"Well," said aunt 'Nora, "now I have told you what I intend to do, you may as well call your aunts and Rosine, and I'll acquaint all parties with my plan, and see if they approve it; step and call them, if you please."

He needed no second hint; he ran off to aunt Rose's room; when he arrived there, he caught first her and then Rosine in his arms, and kissed them; danced about the floor in such an ecstacy, such a transport, that Rose saw at once he had carried his point; and Rosine, not knowing what to make of it, exclaimed, when he came round for a third kiss—"Why, what kissing fury possesses you to-night? aunt Rose, make him behave himself; he is getting too bad to be endured."

"Dear

"Dear Rosine, don't scold me, if you please; I am so happy—I have carried the day—I have triumphed—my eloquence has prevailed over terrible obstacles; but come, come to the parlour—aunt 'Nora is waiting for you; make haste," and off he ran after aunt Agatha, to witness the scene also.

Rosine suspected it was only some prank of Hugh's, and said to aunt Rose —"Now, is not that so much like Caroline Grey, when she used to play her tricks upon us?"

"Well, do you know," said aunt Rose, who generally agreed with Rosine, "do you know that idea has struck me twenty times; and this very morning I was on the point of exclaiming, at some of his nonsense, 'That's Caroline Grey for all the world."

"Oh, have a care," said Rosine; "we must manage our little surprise. He has heard of her, and that is all; but I think he

he will fall in love with her at first sight —that would be delightful."

"I should like that exactly best of all things in the world," said aunt Rose. "Caroline is such a splendid girl, and so amusing; a little too gay, perhaps, and mischievous; but I don't know, I was almost as much so myself at that age, and see what a sedate old woman I am getting to be."

"Ah, dearest aunt Rose, if Caroline Grey, at your age, is as good and amiable and handsome as you are, her husband will have cause to bless his stars."

"Now, you saucy thing, there's another of your ironical compliments. But never mind, I'll take it for sincere for once."

"Dearest aunt," embracing her, "you know I think you quite perfect—that is the reason I love you so much better than any body in the world."

A monitor within whispered—"Except cousin Hugh, and perhaps Caroline Grey;" but

but Rosine paid no attention to his prompting.

Aunt Rose, who really loved Rosine as she did herself, patted her cheek, and accused her of some design upon her, with her compliments and caresses, and led her into the hall of audience, as aunt Aggy and Hugh were just taking their seats. The session was opened in form; aunt Leonora presiding in the great arm-chair. She announced that she was prepared to communicate to the assembly why she had requested their attendance.

As her speech was somewhat prolix, we omit the report of it, and come to the effects it produced; which, after all, did not depend materially upon the eloquence of the speaker. Till the high resolve of aunt 'Nora, in favour of Rosine, was distinctly promulgated, a solemn silence pervaded the meeting.

As the developement proceeded, Rosine was confused and bewildered. She looked first at one and then another, to read

read in their countenances the explanation of the scene; and though she listened most intensely, and caught every syllable, when the annunciation was completed, she was for an instant as much lost as before. She then flew into aunt Leonora's arms, and hid her face in her bosom; her power of articulation was entirely suspended. She was so much the creature of impulse and sensibility, that the act of generosity in contemplation had overwhelmed her feelings, and her tongue refused to obey the impulse of her heart.

Vehemently did Rose and Agatha applaud the intentions of their sister. Agatha wondered that she had never thought of it before, for though worldly matters ought not to occupy our minds to the exclusion of matters of everlasting concern, yet it was their duty to "provide for their own household;" and she quoted an authority which settled the propriety of the proceeding beyond dispute.

Poor Rosine was at length relieved by a flood

a flood of tears—tears the purest which mortals can shed—the tears of gratitude. Flow on, bright crystal drops! such tears are from a sacred fount, and then the tears of gratitude are so rarely shed in this ungrateful world!

They did flow on—and her emotion became contagious. Aunt Rose came up to her, and clasping her in her arms, bedewed the neck of Rosine with her own, while she was entreating her to suppress her tears. Aunt Agatha was affected also, but not to weeping; she only clasped her hands, cast up her eyes to heaven, and invoked a blessing on our heroine. The rest of her devotion, we may presume, would not particularly benefit the reader, and we take leave therefore to omit.

Rosine at length found her utterance, and in broken sentences, poured forth her whole soul in thanks; but having done that, she positively refused to accept the intended gift.—"It was cruel," she said, "to torture her with such a proposal—to burden

burden her with more kindness, to which she had no claims; that she was already ashamed to have received so many more than she could ever deserve. It was useless to think of it any further; she never would consent to it—never—never;" and then the tears began to flow again as fast as ever.

Our hero, who had been gazing at her in her tears, as he stood in the background, with the most lively admiration, now began to feel a little queer about the pericardium himself; and not knowing but he might be called on to shed a tear, turned abruptly aside to a window, to be prepared to shed it unseen. Is it not droll that it should be thought unmanly to exhibit that token of sensibility? And yet it is thought, all the world over, to be so. We have often thought that it was a greater weakness to be ashamed of being seen to shed a tear upon a proper occasion, than it was to shed it; and yet, we are constrained to confess, we know not how it

it is, that we do not wish to be observed when we shed the tear of sympathy. As to the tears of gratitude, never having had, so far, any occasion that called for them, we cannot speak from experience; but were such an one to present itself to us, as this of Rosine's, we should endeavour to shed a briny ocean of tears, nor care a fig who saw our weakness.

But very unlike the behaviour we should adopt in another respect, was the conduct of our heroine. She was immovable in her determination to decline the golden shower which was ready to pour into her lap. The reasoning and the persuasions of Rose and 'Nora were all fruitless. It was still her answer—"Never—never."

Our hero stepped forward to remonstrate—"Cousin Rosine, you are wrong; you ought not to refuse our aunts this request, which they have set their hearts on. You have been always, and you are, and we wish you to be always one of our family. You bear our name; you are just

just as dear to us all, as if the ties of blood existed between us. We claim a right, and we discharge no more than a duty, in doing what my aunts propose. You disappoint and grieve us, by your refusal."

"Oh, cousin Hugh, spare me! spare my feelings, for mercy's sake! you drive me to distraction—I can support it no longer! Dear aunt Rose, come with me to your room. I am unwell—very unwell."

Aunt Rose conducted her in all haste (for she was pale as ashes) to her room, and Rosine threw herself on the bed in the most violent agitation.

Aunt Rose remained at her side, endeavouring to compose her.—"My dear Rosine, for Heaven's sake, calm yourself. Surely this is childish, to treat the matter so seriously. Come, come, have done with your weeping—it distresses me."

But the poor girl could not command her emotion any the better. Her heart was touched; and her gratitude, bound-

less as it was, appeared to her to be too poor, too limited, to repay such generous benefactresses. A crowd of agitating reflections and recollections were struggling in her bosom. She thought of the devoted tenderness of her aunts, their anticipation of all her wishes, their maternal solicitude for her happiness, their constant watchful care over a poor orphan and a beggar, and then this last overwhelming act of munificence—it all seemed like a load upon her heart which it must sink under. She tortured herself with the thought that all these obligations must go for ever unrequited; and, with her face hid from observation, she only felt herself less miserable, as the pillow was moistened with her tears.

Suddenly she ceased to weep, and looked up; a new thought struck her.—"This last act of generosity was the suggestion of cousin Hugh. He must have proposed it to his aunts." And the moment the idea flashed across her mind, it was adopted

ed with all the confidence of feminine intuition. She started up, and catching aunt Rose by the arm, exclaimed, eagerly, "Ah! I know it—I see it all now: this is cousin Hugh's scheme. Tell me."

After pretending not to understand what Rosine meant, aunt Rose was at last obliged to acknowledge that Hugh had started the project; and finally, she gave him, after a severe questioning, the entire credit of having carried it into effect.

Rosine shed not another tear. But in the place of that gratitude which had melted her heart, she now felt for the first time in her existence, that indescribable, delicious *flutter*, which is the first movement of love in the heart of an unconscious lover. Alas for our heroine! Rosine, your heart is gone; it is all over with you, though you do not dream of it yet. She thinks it is nothing but gratitude that produces that new emotion. She even tries to be angry with him for his officious-

ness, and resolves to reproach him with it at the first opportunity.

We have before mentioned that it was evening; and it was one of those charming moonlight eves, which have been, from time immemorial, sacred to lovers and poets, and which, therefore, we need not further describe. Rosine was left alone. for she did not dare to return to the parlour until she had mastered her feelings more completely; and she could not let aunt Rose stay away from the family on her account. The windows were open, and the air seemed so balmy and fragrant, and so refreshing, that she rose and took a seat at one of the windows which looked into the garden. How was it that the scene around seemed to be invested with some new and brighter aspect, some novel charm which she had never felt in gazing on it before? And yet she had gazed a thousand times on the same scene, when the moon shone as lovely; a thousand times before she had seen the silvery

silvery tops of the trees wave as gently and as beautifully to the zephyrs that fanned her—a thousand times before had heard the leaves rustle with as low and sweet a murmur as on that very eve. But never had that scene touched her heart as it then did. In a few moments, however, the scene, with all its charms, lost its power over her. She gazed on it still; but her thoughts were fixed on one, who now appeared to her to realize all her ideas of what was noblest and most perfect.—"Ah!" thought she, "if he but knew how much pain his generous plan has cost me, I am sure he would renounce it. I would not have caused him so much for the whole world. But I shall persuade him to give it up. He won't refuse me, when he sees how much unhappiness it costs me."

Our hero may speak for himself, for there he comes. Just then he sallied forth from the house into the open air, to take a moonlight walk, alone—probably to in-

dulge in the sweet fancies, without a mixture of the bitter, in which the performance of a noble act enables us to luxuriate, or to revel in one of those reveries to which every man, capable of exalted sentiments and feelings, must occasionally surrender himself.

As he descended the steps of the piazza, he saw Rosine, sitting at the window, in the pale clear moonlight, as lovely as Diana herself, when she bent to kiss the sleeping Endymion. That is all the comparison or description we have time to offer. It is true, we were not personally observers of the scene between the Queen of Night and her unconscious swain, but we have seen a picture of them, said to be very correct; and we hazard the comparison chiefly upon our recollection of the painting.

Our hero, without regard to our caution, walked round to the window, to inquire after the fair Rosine's health; and he could not, of course, help doing it in the

the tenderest tone possible. He had the high pleasure of being informed that she was quite well; but her pensive air, and her manner of saying it, so touched her cousin's heart, that he could not forbear accusing her of melancholy, and endeavouring, at the same time, to banish it by that simple and innocent means—another kiss! Rosine was leaning her face upon her hand, and remained unmoved in her position, while, with the bright moon only for its witness, it was again repeated.

Alas! that second kiss had something more than the mere fervour of friendship in it. It thrilled through the heart of Rosine; long, long and often will she remember that moment, and at every recollection the impression will grow more vivid—the pleasure of dwelling on it more delicious and more dangerous to her repose.

And did she not then begin to suspect something of the state of her heart? Not in the least. She imputed it to the

effects of her gratitude to her cousin, for the new proof he had just given her of his friendship, and his generous regard for her welfare.

She was beginning the expression of her thanks to him in fact, but he would not listen to a word of it.—"Come, we will talk of that another time. Let us take a walk down the lawn. I was just going to take a sentimental stroll, to worship the moon alone; but if you will bear me company, you know you can help me out with my invocations."

Rosine, without waiting to reply, ran to her own room, and in a moment returned bonnetted for the walk.

Now is it not a pity that there is no good friend, like ourselves, near these moon-worshippers, to just hint to them, in the most delicate manner, something like this—"Do you know, good people, that you are committing fresh follies at every moment, every time you meet? Miss Rosine, you had much better stay within

within doors, and go to bed in good season, than to be exposing your health in this pernicious moonlight walk. If you will be so close to the side of your cousin all the while, let it be by daylight—by broad sunlight. Ride out every morning with him—walk out every afternoon laugh, talk, jest, quarrel, ay, even kiss by daylight, if you must; but not by the light of that moon which now sheds its mild beams upon your lovely face. I warn you that the peril is forty fold."

But when do lovers ever heed such good counsel? When it is too late—"when the battle's lost and won."

So unaware were our unconscious lovers of their danger, that Rosine did not suspect that she was leaning a great deal more than was necessary on her cousin's arm; nor did he perceive it either, or that she pressed his arm in a manner different from what she was wont to do. And when she resumed the forbidden subject of the proposal of aunt Leonora, and

looked up into his face with that expression of tenderness and entreaty, irresistible as was the charm it imparted to her features, he did not dream that there was any thing in it of the magic spell of love.

Rosine began with expressing her emotions of gratitude for the project of enriching her; and never did tones breathed by an Æolian harp sound so sweet, so soft, and so touching to his ear, as those in which the gentle maiden at his side poured forth her soul. He listened to her without offering to speak, until she concluded with her positive refusal to accept of the donation of his aunts. He then said, after a moment's silence, addressed partly to her, and partly to himself—"Ah, Rosine! you were not made for such a world as that we live in. How little can that world conceive of such a being, or appreciate such a character!"

Rosine blushed at the exclamation, and her heart beat a little more violently than was agreeable to her. But she did not relinquish

relinquish her subject: she begged him, and through him, his aunts, never to think of the scheme again.

"Why," said Hugh, assuming the tone of remonstrance—no, not the tone, but the language—"I am surprised at your obstinacy in resisting the wishes of our aunts. I thought you were a more dutiful girl. Truly you are a strange one. Here is a trio of worthy people proposing to make their adopted child a little present, and she is making an outcry against it, as if they were going to do her a great injury! I assure you, it would not be safe for them to make the same offer to me; and *bien ou mal*, you *shall* accept it too."

Rosine could not comprehend why she should be distressed with such a burden upon her gratitude. She insisted that an orphan, who had been always receiving the highest favours and kindness from such benefactresses, and could never repay them with any thing but her poor thanks, ought not to submit to it. That it was

revolting to her sentiments, and so contrary to her notions, that she never could look upon herself with respect if she did accept it, and therefore they must not think any further of it.

She turned round her face again with such a look of entreaty, so touching an appeal to his feelings, that he was quite vanquished. He was obliged to bestow a kiss upon her lips, before he could proceed with his side of the argument.

He then resumed—"Now, my dear cousin, if you will promise me not to laugh, I will give you a most serious and convincing reason, why you should consent to this proposal of our aunts."

She interrupted him—"Proposal of our aunts! I know whose proposal it is. But go on—I'll listen to this serious reason which I am not to laugh at."

"Well, then, you must know, my child, that it is the fashion in this country, as in many others, although our worthy aunts appear to have never liked the mode, for young

young ladies, when they have arrived at a certain age, to look out for husbands; and you must know, further, that to stand a fair chance in the lottery, now-a-days, it is quite important that the lady should have a little fortune to tempt the speculators, or she runs a great risk of being entirely overlooked. In short, it is as a marriage dowry that this gift is intended. You may rely on it, it will greatly extend the circle of your admirers."

"Cousin, you are making fun of me. I see it is time to drop the subject."

But he protested he never was more in earnest in his life; and, to her infinite surprise, went into a cool discussion to convince her, that in the world, as it is at present, a young lady, however beautiful, however amiable and sensible, however possessed of talents, stood an even chance —indeed, was almost certain to pine away her days alone and lonely, unless she had some fortune!"

The world, as we all know, has been changing

changing for the better since, and this being near ten years ago, we may suppose it has become quite reformed in this particular; however, the reader is at liberty to differ from us, if he doubts our assertion, on grounds that he deems sufficient.

Rosine did not controvert the position, but warmly insisted that it was still more foolish to bestow a fortune on her for such a purpose; for she declared she had not the slightest wish to be married—she meant to remain always single.

"Nonsense!" said Hugh, "that must not be; you shall have a husband worthy of you—if he can be found," and again he stooped and took a kiss, probably by way of reconciling her to the idea.

Rosine begged and begged that he would never talk to her of getting a husband; the subject was not agreeable to her.

"It shall never be mentioned again," said Hugh, "if you will accede to this proposal; but I ought to tell you, that you may as well do so with a good grace, for

for whether you do or not, it can and must and shall be done. The necessary papers shall be drawn and executed before to-morrow's sun goes down. Now be a good girl, and do as we all wish."

By dint of persuasion, and faithfully promising her never again to teaze her about getting a husband, and several other things which were of minor importance, our heroine at last consented to submit to the painful sacrifice of receiving from the hands of her benefactresses the fortune which they destined her.

We are afraid that her behaviour in that respect will find many more admirers than her persisting in her refusal would have done; and, indeed, we do not ourselves see very well how she could avoid accepting it as long as she did.

The treaty being concluded, and ratifications duly exchanged, they returned to the house, and Hugh announced to the aunts that Rosine had consented to their wishes. They all cordially embraced and kissed

kissed her, and that was a happy evening at the White Cottage.

When Hugh found himself in his own room, he sat down, and with a cigar to assist his meditations, he went into some profound speculations upon the future destiny of his angelic cousin. As he concluded, he gave a thought to himself.—"I wish that Heaven had sent me such a woman, I would have been married before this."

"Well, why not marry Rosine?"

"Oh, no! I am not in love with her; I shall love her as a sister always; but marriage—poh, poh! I am sleepy, I'll to bed."

Reader, if during this tedious chapter you have felt any inclination similar to that of our hero, you can now lay down the book and follow his example. You have high authority for it besides our hero. "*Quando bonus dormitat Homerus;*" but that is not to say that you are

are at liberty to lay your somnolency to our charge.

CHAP. X.

Hark! a brisker, merrier glee,
The door unfolds—'tis she—'tis she! MILMAN.

THE next morning, after all the strange and agitating events which have befallen our heroine in the preceding chapter, as our family party were sitting at breakfast, the folding-doors were suddenly thrown back by a servant on the outside, and enter a young lady.—"Caroline Grey!" exclaimed Rosine, springing up so as to have come near upsetting the table; and the lady, who was in fact Caroline Grey, had just time to exclaim, with the same earnestness—"Rosine!" and in a second they were in each other's arms.

After the ceremony of kissing the other ladies

ladies had also been gone through in regular form, Miss Grey was formally presented by Rosine to Mr. Hughes, as was also colonel Grey, who by that time had entered the room.

Caroline Grey was, at this period, the prodigy, the talk, and the wonder of the county. She was universally allowed to be handsome, and with those who admire a blonde with hazel eyes, and can forgive a slight expression of mischief, and a rather more marked one of *hauteur*, her features and complexion would have passed for faultless. Her form was rather inclining to tall: blondes should be so.

She was a little taller than Rosine, but in symmetry and delicacy of form, not at all inferior. Her features were quite as regular, that is, with the exception of her nose, which was *un peu retroussè*, but so very little, that it escaped your attention, until you began to search for faults. There was a certain piquancy about the animation of her countenance, an expression playing

playing about her mouth, that seemed to warn those who approached her that her gaiety was not entirely harmless. In fact, she had the reputation of being rather too much inclined to make sport of every thing and every body that fell in her way, without paying the slightest attention to what people thought or said of her expressions or conduct. She was not generally allowed to possess an amiable disposition; but those who enjoyed her intimacy and could put up with her sallies, voted her the best-hearted creature in the whole world. But as usual with young ladies of that turn of mind, she did not always govern her propensity by the strictest rules of discretion. She would not intentionally have said a rude thing to any body; but, on the contrary, she said and did all her mischievous things merely for her own amusement, and without the slightest wish or idea of inflicting pain. It was more the effect of a lively imagination and an exuberance of spirits, than

than any inclination to satire. As to malice or envy, there was none in her disposition.

She had pursued very much the same line of study, of education and reading, as Rosine, while they were at the boarding-school together, and the greatest accord of taste and sentiment prevailed between them. But in energy of character, and in a certain audacity of romance, Caroline Grey went far beyond her chosen friend. Accustomed from her earliest years to be petted and indulged by both her parents, nothing but the innate goodness of her heart had prevented her from becoming tyrannical and capricious. She had, however, by the precept and example of her mother, in later years, been taught a certain degree of self-command, so that, except on extraordinary occasions, she was more apt to suppress than betray her true feelings. But when she was roused, and provoked to show her temper, as she would sometimes be, she still showed that there

there were stormy elements in her bosom, which she could not entirely control. Various anecdotes were in public circulation about her wrathful violence on some occasions, all intended, by the good-natured people who repeated them, to show that her imperious disposition and uncontrollable temper made her quite unamiable; and yet, so unjust in most cases are the opinions of the public with respect to individuals, who are conspicuous for something out of the ordinary track; for all that, Caroline Grey was one of the most amiable girls in existence. If she took a fancy, nothing could exceed the fervour of her attachment to her female friends; but if she had an antipathy to any body, she did not merely dislike—she hated fiercely.

Her influence over Rosine was almost unbounded; though, in her turn, Rosine stood first among the very few whom Caroline permitted to exercise any influence over herself. But the manner of their exerting

erring it respectively, was characteristic of their difference of disposition. With Caroline it was issued in the form of a decree—"Rosine, you shall!" or—"Rosine, you shall not!" and when she had thus finally proclaimed her will, she would have been as much startled at any symptoms of rebellion in Rosine, as some wives would be at signs of insubordination in their husbands. On the other hand, Rosine proceeded entirely by coaxing, and those arts of persuasion, in which persons of a more yielding temper themselves are apt to excel. Not that Rosine was, by any means, of too pliable a disposition, but there was something in it, which, while she was ready to sacrifice all to those she loved, made her equally capable of influencing those who loved her, to yield their wishes to her persuasions.

But, to conclude our description of Caroline, however favourable might be the effect of her beauty upon the eye at first sight, the impression was certain to be greatly

greatly increased, when she began to speak. Her voice instantly arrested all your attention; it was so full, so sweet, and mellow, that you were all ear till it ceased; if you saw her features, you perceived such a play, such an eloquence of expression about her lips, that you would be ready to wish that she might be forced to speak on for ever. Her tones were so varied, so beautifully modulated, that the idea might occur to you, that it was in some measure the result of art, and that she spoke as much by rule as impulse.

But a moment's attention was sufficient to correct that error. She had too much pride to stoop to the least affectation, and was evidently so perfectly indifferent what impression she made upon those around her—so plainly accustomed to consider herself privileged to be agreeable or not, as she pleased, that you would instantly acquit her of all such artificial behaviour. The character she supported was, in fact, that

that which nature had indelibly stamped upon her mind and disposition.

Our hero was an entire stranger to her, and when formally presented to her, as—"Mr. Hughes," "Miss Grey," made a dignified courtesy-bow; and Mr. Hughes, of course, returned it with a distant bow-courteous.

They exchanged with each other a keen, prying glance—Caroline, because she knew something of him before which she did not like; and our hero, because, though he did not squint, he was "*observateur par etat*," and fancied that he could read peoples' characters in their faces, like a great many other people, who often find themselves mistaken.

Caroline aside—"So this is Rosine's paragon of a cousin. He don't look at all as I thought he did. He is rather good-looking—very good figure—about the right height for a gentleman—almost too tall for a lady's man. He looks a little too saucily at me for the first sight. I must

must trouble him if he takes airs with me. He shall know that he has not my gentle Rosine to deal with."

Hugh aside, at the same moment—"What a beautiful girl, by Jove! What a beautiful mouth! Heavens, what ripe, luscious lips! But what a lofty air and manner! Come, there's a little too much defiance in your looks, my lady. Never mind, her figure and complexion nobody can find fault with. 'I hate a dumpy woman,' as well as my lord: but she is just tall enough; one inch more of height would injure her figure. I must draw her out, and see if she is a raw country girl, or something corresponding to her ladyship's exterior."

And while the colonel and Rosine and the old maids were going through their civilities and mutual inquiries, our hero opened a dialogue with Miss Grey, upon the subject of her morning's journey, which concluded with the following sensible and pertinent observation—"But I

beg your pardon, Miss Grey; you have not breakfasted this morning, it is so early;" and he placed her a chair at the table, and handed her to it, with all due politeness.

Caroline had been riding since sunrise; she was mortal, and the proposal was by no means unacceptable.—"A very considerate young man," thought she, "upon my word; I must encourage his attempts to make himself agreeable and useful;" so as she took her seat, she commissioned him to bring her a glass of water. When he had performed that, she handed him her hat, to lay on a side-table; and when he had deposited that, she coolly, and with an air of the utmost indifference, begged him to lay her gloves in it. By the time that was done, she handed him her empty glass, for a new supply of cold water.

"Upon my honour," thought Hugh, "this belle exacts some attention; I suspect

pect it is a personage of consequence in this country."

Caroline paid no farther attention to him, and appeared to have forgotten he was present, and went to talking with all her might to Rosine and the other ladies of the company. The colonel and Hugh talked of the last foreign news, or something of that kind.

By-and-by, the colonel happened to express a wish that Hugh would become an inhabitant of the county again, after so long an absence; and insisted that he properly belonged to it, and ought to make it his permanent residence.

"Ah," replied our hero, "I am afraid, sir, I should soon desert it again for my old haunts, if I should attempt it. I find the city air suits my complexion best, about eleven months of the year."

"There you are wrong," said the colonel. "I assure you I have tried it. When I was a younger man, and a gayer one than I am now, I resided many years

in the city; and I thought too that I could never vegetate in the country; but when I got married, and removed to my present residence, I soon discovered that I had never known before what happiness was."

"Ah, you were married—that alters the case vastly. I can easily imagine that a wife would make all places pretty much alike;" and he laughed slightly as he said it.

"Come," said the colonel, smiling, "that is an attack upon the sex which I cannot sanction: I think it is better to get even an indifferent wife, than to lead a bachelor's life in town or country."

"An indifferent wife," replied Hugh, perverting intentionally the colonel's meaning, "that is exactly what I should desire in town or country—one that neither loved nor hated me—a negative in every respect. I think that must be the best chance, colonel, for 'matrimonial comfort,' as it is called. But then one can have so many resources in town to combat with the fiend *ennui*,

ennui, which the country does not furnish."

Caroline had listened to every word of the dialogue, although she had appeared to be engaged deeply in listening to aunt Rose's account of Rosine's conduct since Caroline paid them her last visit. She heard Hugh's wish about an "indifferent wife—a negative woman," and she bit her lips to prevent herself from saying someing saucy. She wished to herself—"May Heaven send you such a one for your torment!" and looking round suddenly, saw the sneer upon his lips. If she had then spoken out her feeling, it would have come very near to this—"I hate you!" but she suppressed her pique, and waited for an opportunity to pounce upon him.

The colonel still argued against our hero's prepossessions about the country.—"Well," said he, "as to your taste in wives, I cannot say I admire your maxim at all. I am not quite sure, in fact, that you would not find, upon experiment,

that it was better to be even hated, than entirely an object of indifference; but, however that may be, I do maintain that the country, after all, offers as many inducements to an intellectual man, as the city itself, provided he is happily married to an agreeable woman, and near agreeable society."

"I do not exactly deny that," said Hugh; "but to live in a dull country place, and have a dull wife to boot, I should like to see the mortal man that could survive it three months."

Caroline was looking full in his face as he uttered this, and with a very careless air she said—"Why, I have always heard that dull women were universally preferred by the wisest and wittiest of your sex, when they look for wives; it is said they make far the best: and as to dull places, I can't understand why any pleasant country situation should be dull, where one has books, if nothing else, to amuse them."

Hugh

Hugh aside—" Hah! here is a learned lady, by all that's blue. I'll have some amusement out of this before it's over." He replied with the most imperturbable gravity—" But, Miss Grey, that taste for books is so difficult to acquire, and then the labour of reading so much trash as one is obliged to, to get a few tolerable ideas, it seems to me is enough to frighten sensible people away from books altogether. In fact, I thought reading, as an amusement, was gone quite out of fashion."

Rosine, who saw the drift of this dissimulation, laughed outright.

Caroline, with a slight shrug—" Oh! books were never intended for such sensible people as those who find it too much trouble to read them. But I suppose the country may furnish amusements adapted even to their taste."

" Pray tell me," said he, " what they are. I assure you, Miss Grey, you will do me a most particular favour."

" Oh! a thousand things: shooting,

fishing, riding, eating, drinking, and sleeping. And then, a gentleman of that taste could easily find another one like himself, I presume; and if they were not disposed to those country sports, why, they could sit and yawn together, and vote the country a bore till dinner-time; and then, by the help of a good dinner, good wine, smoking and dozing, they would be quite happy till bed-time came round, and wonder how the hours had passed so swiftly.

Hugh, aside—("I dare say now she thinks that's a palpable hit.") He resumed—"But suppose, Miss Grey, the poor solitary can find out no such Godsend, as this companion certainly would be, what is he to do then?"

"What shall he do then? Let me see—he should seek out some pure crystal fountain, in some nice shady place, where he can sit alone—not lonely—unobserved by rustic eyes——"

"Eh! and there drown himself?" said our hero, quickly interrupting her. "Yes, yes,

yes, I approve the plan," added he, laughing, as did the rest also.

"And," said Caroline, pursuing her discourse without heeding the interruption, "there let him sit the livelong day, and admire the images reflected in that fountain, and his own in particular: that will console him, and will go far even to delight him in his solitude. Days will seem hours, and hours minutes, to him;" and then, aside—"I think that will nettle him a little."

But our hero was too much a man of the world to be nettled by such *persiflage*. He joined in the laugh, which now went against him, and asked what the poor solitary should do in the evenings, when the spring was no longer of service?

"Oh! in the evenings, a mirror would be an excellent substitute; but if you intend to follow my prescription," said she, "take care to get one which is entirely true, or you will be a loser," bowing to point the compliment.

Our hero was taken a little by surprise, and after the laugh which was raised once more against him had passed, he exclaimed—"That's personality—personality. I call you to order, Miss Grey;" and both appealed to Rosine.

Rosine declared that she knew nothing of parliamentary rules; but as Caroline had attended two sessions of Congress, she had no doubt she was perfectly in order."

The colonel, being also appealed to, thought Caroline ought to apologize, for certainly she appeared to him to be any thing but in order now.—"Look," said he, "at her hair, her dress; the dust yet upon her shoulders—disorder most apparent—and not 'most admired disorder' either."

"Thank you, papa," said she, "for the hint; I only wonder you have delayed it so long. Come, Rosine, have you finished your breakfast?—I will change my dress before I am twice affronted."

"Dear Cara," said Rosine, "papa is only

only teazing you—finish your breakfast. You have hardly eaten any thing."

"No—half a broiled chicken is but a trifle for a delicate young lady, that is certain; come with me. I shall have a very good opportunity to eat again at dinner."

"And away went Rosine and Caroline, arm-in-arm, so gay and happy and buoyant, that they scarcely touched the carpet they trod upon.

The instant they got to their common apartment, for Caroline would have no other but with Rosine, and the door was closed, and they had had a good laugh at the scene which had just passed, Rosine eagerly inquired—"Well, now, how do you like my cousin? tell me quick, is he not agreeable?"

"Very agreeable!" said Caroline, drily, "to judge by his own account of himself; but I think I shall have some sport yet with this hater of books and women, eh!"

"But tell me, do you like him or not? answer me sincerely, or I will never tell you another secret."

Caroline, assuming a mock tragedy attitude and air, answered in the words of Jaffier—

——————"Name but such a thing
Again, by Heaven, I'll shut these lips for ever."

Rosine, singing, replied in the words of the song—

"Thou art ever the same, and so shall remain."

"But, my perverse, tell me, do you not like him?"

"Better than I expected, saucy as he is, but not so well as I might, I assure you," said Caroline.

"Poh, poh!" said Rosine, "I hope you don't allow such nonsense as he has been speaking to prejudice you. Come, you shall like him, if it is only for my sake. I would have you love all I love, as I have often done for you."

"Rosa,

"Rosa, I have no secrets for you. You know I like him all the better for this *méchancetè*. But I hope to be yet acquainted with some paragon whom I shall find much more to my taste. I like him, though, if you will keep the secret, for all our sharp-shooting."

"Ah ha! that's candid: well, you shall fall in love with him. I have set my heart on it; and he *will*, he *shall* fall in love with you: and then we shall have a wedding, and the two people I love best in the world, will be as dear to one another as they are to me. Then I am willing to retire to a nunnery." Then she sung gaily—

"I *will* be a nun, I *must* be a nun,
I'm so fond of *music*, I must be a nun."

"Music! you are a droll creature—that must be a musical existence indeed, singing about the dreary confines of a nunnery, to the tune of '*Sancta virgo—ora pro nobis*."

"Ha,

"Ha, ha, ha! Did you think I was in earnest? Catch me in a nunnery! no, no —I know what I will do, set up a splendid seminary of my own, to teach young ladies how to dance," and immediately she began, while laughing and singing, to dance about the floor.

"Rosine, *es tu folle—petite folle que tu es?* Be done with your nonsense, and help me to dress myself. If you go on at this rate, I shall be obliged to employ another dressing-maid, if I stay here."

Rosine was in her gayest mood.—'Well, I don't care how soon; you have never paid me my wages yet. I have helped you dress twenty times to your helping me once, and I think I have some right to be saucy. Pay me my wages!"

Caroline declared she had not money enough in the world to discharge it, but she would give her something "on account," and so the account was balanced by mutual consent, by embraces and kisses,

es, and they went on dressing, and laughing, and talking together for hours, totally unconscious of the progress of time.

Meanwhile, the colonel had invited Hugh to walk with him to the court-house, as the session commenced that day. He interrupted him in the midst of an interesting meditation; and, as it seems more germain to our matter than the proceedings in the county forum, we will first record it.

His soliloquy ran thus:—"Caroline Grey! How happens it now, that Rosine has never told me a word of this girl before, and they so intimate? She is well worth talking about; she is a woman of some talents. *Elle a du caractère.* She is handsome too—devilish handsome!—just the right form to a hair. And what a walk! '*Vera Dea patuit in gressu,*' as my new-found friend Virgil has it. Begar! I think I shall like this saucy girl. Ah, why not have a regular flirtation? It will make the time pass agreeably, as she

is

is to stay a month. I will touch her on the chapter of love, of poetry, and romance: I think I know a little of those things. Yes, yes—flirtation is the word, with such a little she-gladiator. I'll teach her to banter me!—I'll sigh, and languish, and swear; but I'll not break her heart."

At that precise instant the colonel had come in, and he proposed to him to go along to the court-house. Hugh had taken rather a fancy to him, and he accepted his invitation with great readiness. He accordingly walked inside the bar with him, and, after undergoing the ceremony of presentation to various dignitaries, colonels, generals, majors, judges, sheriffs, and the Lord knows what, he took his seat, and after awhile had the pleasure, for the first time in his life, to hear commenced a great trial, for breach of promise and seduction, in which counsellor Grey was engaged on the part of the plaintiff. The report of it may be found in the "Rockville Herald" of that week, the village newspaper,

newspaper, and will amply repay the reader's perusal. The colonel's speech was so vehement and eloquent in behalf of damaged innocence, that the fair plaintiff recovered the largest damages ever before given in that part of the state; and she even had something left after paying her lawyers!—in fact, so much of a dowry, that she soon after tempted the cupidity of some Benedict, and made a "better match," as the world said, than the one she had lost.

Our hero was immensely amused by the evidence, and still more by the result. His respect for the talents of his new friend rose to admiration-point, after hearing the conclusion of his eloquent appeal to the jury as the guardians of female innocence. He perceived that he was looked up to as one of the oracles of his professional brethren, and he determined to be better acquainted with him. His respect for the colonel's talents, however, did not hinder him on his way home from making

making a brisk attack on the species of suit in which he had been engaged, and criticising the propriety of such actions. Our hero maintained that they were utterly absurd; that it was ridiculous to bring such matters into a court of justice for damages; and that, if the law could not be changed in that respect, juries ought to discourage them, by giving trifling damages. He laughed at the idea of making the inconstancy of a lover a ground of legal proceedings; and maintained, that a young woman might as well be allowed to bring an action on the case against a young man to whom she might take a fancy for not reciprocating her sentiments, as to sue him for changing them, after having once plighted his affections to her. —"Ah," said he, "they manage those matters better in France: and then, the idea of giving a woman compensation for having parted with her virtue! Why, surely it is preposterous—what is it but a premium? Colonel, you must allow that it won't bear the test of reason."

"Not

"Not of ridicule, perhaps, which you know is not always the test of truth," replied the colonel. "But it answers very well in practice. Besides, I think that these actions are defensible, on the ground of public policy, as they serve for an example to you young fellows. But I will give you a reason which, as a man of the world, you will admit is unanswerable. Certainly you would agree that every man of honour is bound to make the most liberal provision for a young woman under the circumstances of my fair client. And is it not well enough, when the offender has no such sense of honour or justice, that the law has furnished this mode of compelling him to do what his sense of honour is not sufficient to induce him to perform?"

"Colonel, I believe you are right after all. That reason commends itself to my understanding and my feelings both." And here the discussion ended, for they were at the door of the White Cottage.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Plaire à que sait nous charmer
Est de biens le moins frivole,
Avec l'heureux temps d'armer,
Le temps des plaisirs s'envole. PIRON.

ROSINE had full leisure during the morning to explain to Caroline, among a thousand other things, that her cousin was only in jest about his dislike to reading; and that he was, in fact, very much attached to literature, although he affected the contrary. Of course, she did not omit to celebrate his just taste, his literary attainments, and his entire absence of pretension.

Caroline began, after a while, to relish the joke which he had played upon her in that respect, but vowed a deep revenge. She studied a few moments what it should be; and without fixing exactly on any particular

particular plan, she gave Rosine her lesson as follows—" Now, Rosamundi," as she often called her, among twenty other appellations she had invented for her, " mind what I am going to say to you. 'Tention! Do you be sure to join me at dinner, in contradicting your affected cousin in every thing he says, no matter what; and if we happen to come off second best, leave it to me to laugh at him for his pains. '*Delenda est Carthago.*' We must demolish him, and then we shall see if we can't make something better out of the ruins."

" Why, Caroline, dearest, what pleasure do you take in such mischief? Now, I don't know how it is; this is the day I had set apart for being sentimental."

" Out upon you!" cried Caroline, with a pretended fierceness; " talk of being sentimental when there is such game to hunt?"

" Ah, but take care," remonstrated Rosine, " you don't get into some scrape in this

this fine chase, Miss Cara. Suppose he should guess out our conspiracy, I would not answer for the consequences."

"What, you show the white feather already! What do you fear, with me to sustain you? You were not wont to be so chicken-hearted. I'll bring you off clear. *Soyez tranquille.*" And as usual, Rosine agreed to take the part assigned her.

They marched, after finishing their toilettes with a little extraordinary care, arm-in-arm into the drawing-room, where the gentlemen were waiting for them. Our hero paid them a great many elegant compliments, to which they affected not to pay the slightest attention. He had the honour of conducting Caroline to the table; while Rosine and aunt Rose, the colonel escorting, followed in the rear. Aunt Leonora and aunt Agatha composed the rear-guard. The procession was truly respectable!

The soup was hardly served, when Hugh,

Hugh, happening to say that he was very much surprised to find that the ladies had kept their room the whole morning, the *petite guerre* commenced.

"Why, cousin," said Rosine, turning round upon him, so sharply that he was quite astonished, "pray what do you see so very surprising in that?"

"Surprising! did I say surprising? I meant to say droll," said he, with an air of recollecting something he had been mistaken about.

"I think you are very droll yourself, or wish to be so," said Rosine, while Hugh stared at her captiousness. "Will you inform us, if not too much trouble, what you find so very droll in two young ladies happening to spend a morning together in the same room?"

"Upon my soul! Rosine, since you take the matter up so seriously, I will frankly confess that I see nothing at all droll in it; at least I should think it could not be very

very amusing, saving your presence, ladies."

"There again," said Rosine, "you are just as mistaken. For we had a great deal of amusement, and if I dare say so much, without offence, a little of it at your expence too."

Our hero did not know what to make of these sallies of Rosine. He suspected nothing of the hidden enemy he had to deal with. He replied with as much *nonchalance* as possible—"I am very happy to find, ladies, that though I am myself not amusing, I have been the cause of any amusement to you," and he bowed with marked respect to Caroline.

"And I should be sorry if our amusement gave you any thing but pleasure," said Caroline, bowing in return, and looking so serious that Rosine was ready to laugh out, but she suppressed her mirth, and affecting to scold him, went on—"Really, cousin, you seem to be quite piqued that we were able to find amuse-

ments

ments for ourselves without having recourse to you. You take it for granted, we must be dull, as you were not there. Never fear it. I assure you that two young ladies, like ourselves at least, can pass a morning very agreeably—a charming morning, without any gentleman to entertain us."

"Oh! I am not so sure of that, Rosine," cried Caroline; "you know we always have some gentleman or other to cut up for our private entertainment when we are alone."

"Well," said Hugh, with some emphasis, "that must be a charming occupation for two amiable young ladies, cutting up a gentleman's character. However, I should like to be present at one dissection."

"Oh, you may be present when we cut up the sex in general, as we often do; but we allow no spectators when we take individual subjects," said Caroline.

"Why, Miss Grey, I could suspect you of being a man-hater, by the way in which

you speak of the nobler sex," said Hugh; "and yet you seem too amiable to hate such deserving people as we generally are."

"You are right; so far from hating them, I like them so much, that I am willing to overlook a thousand defects, when I find one at all inclined to be agreeable," said she, laughing.

"A thousand! *Mon Dieu!* that would be a man of a thousand indeed. I should like to see a gentleman with half that number. I think he would be the 'observed of all observers."

"If he had any good qualities to counterbalance his defects, I should think him far preferable to such a negative character as that you professed to admire in our sex this morning," said Caroline.

"Why, cousin," said Rosine, "you think a thousand such an extravagant number of defects for a gentleman to possess—we enumerated this morning upwards of five hundred in yourself, which, of course, you are quite unconscious of, and

and then stopped, merely because we were tired of the subject."

"You amaze me!" said Hugh; "however, I can assure you, you would find the task of enumerating my good qualities much more fatiguing, if you should give me fair play."

"Of finding them, did you say?" said Caroline; "I have discovered one already, upon so short an acquaintance."

"I did *not* say of finding them," said he; "but since you have found out one, Miss Grey, pray what is it?"

"Oh! I take your word for it; it is your willingness to amuse us ladies, even at your own expence," said she, laughing, "which is very amiable."

"Young ladies," said he, "will you allow me to inform you that I am beginning to suspect you are disposed to pursue your morning's amusement still at my expence?"

"Take care, cousin," said Rosine; "you will forfeit the claim to that good quality

which Miss Grey has just allowed you, if you go to complaining."

"Complain! Me complain! Never; I did not think of such a thing—

"Go on, ye tormentors, your jests are in vain,
The son of Alknomek shall never complain."

"Though the son of Alknomek feels ever such pain," added Caroline. "You drop the last line; that is not fair quoting."

Our hero stared.—"There is no such line," said he; "that's an improvisation of your own; I'll be sworn it is."

"And I say," said Rosine, with a certain positive air she could affect upon occasion, "that it is genuine. I have read it a thousand times. I ought to know, I think. Now contradict us both, if you dare."

Our hero laid down his knife and fork, and with a mock earnestness addressed them thus—"What man dare, I dare; I say it's spurious, and I charge Miss Grey with the forgery, and you with aiding and abetting her."

"Good Heavens!" said Caroline.

"Good

"Good Heavens!" echoed Rosine.

"What is to be done?" said Caroline.

"Send him from the table," said Rosine.

"I'll not go," said our hero, resuming his knife and fork, and putting on a stubborn look of defiance.

"He is a rebel and an outlaw," said Caroline.

"Both," cried Rosine, "and a saucy fellow besides."

"Oh for a bolt red with uncommon wrath," cried Caroline, "to punish such audacity!"

"Take the best thunderbolts you can find," said our hero; and then changing his tone, "but spare, oh! spare the lightning of those eyes!" appealing to Caroline.

"Come, if you go to paying me such compliments, and looking so at me, I shall think it my duty to inform my papa of it," said Caroline.

The colonel was engaged in a deep discussion with aunt 'Nora and Rose, at the other end of the table, and only heard a

word now and then, of what was going on among the young people. He now looked round.—" Caroline, what is it you and Rosine are tittering about there at such a rate? Positively, I dread to have her come near you, Miss Hughes. If you don't take care of yourself, she will make you as mischievous as she is."

" Ha! ha!" cried Hugh; " I perceive you are a dangerous acquaintance, Miss Grey. Mischievous, eh? All ye good angels guard me! if it be not too late already."

" Oh! dismiss your fears; it is a scandalous accusation; and you, my papa," said she,

> ' You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
> Or else, by Heaven, those words'—

" you should beg pardon for."

" Caroline," said her father, " do oblige me by leaving off a little of your everlasting nonsense. At least, be so kind as not to interrupt me again with it," and he turned

turned to the aunts and resumed the subject of their conversation.

"Now, I have half a mind to be saucy to you," said she, slily shaking her finger at him, as his face was turned from her, and speaking in a laughing under tone, but so as to be heard; "no matter, we shall meet again."

Rosine and Hugh laughed again. The colonel affected not to hear; but smiling at it, said to the other ladies, in a low voice—"Was there ever such an incorrigible as she is?"

Aunt Rose took up her defence with great animation, and in the mean time, the conversation at the other end of the table had been tied again, and our hero was once more upon the defensive. He happened to say, in answer to a question from Caroline, that he did play chess, but unluckily added, "though I can't say I fancy the game at all."

"Not fancy chess at all!" exclaimed

Caroline, affecting great surprise. "Did you hear that, Rosine?"

"I heard it," said Rosine; "but I can never think he is in earnest."

"Why, I thought," said Caroline, "that chess was the only game that great minds could descend to; didn't you, Rosine?"

"Yes," said Rosine; "and now you mention it, I read some such thing in Plutarch's Lives; chess was a favourite game of Alexander the Great, I think."

"You think! Why, you know that it was not invented till several thousand years after! Come, this is too bad; I'll not endure it—I'll take refuge in silence if you go on at this rate."

"And do you think we have not a talent for silence too; ay, and expressive silence, let me tell you," said Caroline.

Our hero began to think he had caught a couple of tartars, and meditated a retreat from this "keen encounter of their wits." But say what he would, he was sure to be immediately in trouble; at length

length he said—" Is it possible I can say nothing, but I am instantly taken up?"

" You mean instantly put down," said Rosine.

Hugh was puzzled what to make of Rosine's persecuting him so too. He had never seen her in company of Caroline before that day, and did not know that she could make her drop her own character and take up hers when she pleased.—" I'll try once more," said he to himself; " I'll ask them to take wine—see if they will quarrel with me for that." He approached the subject very carefully, however, looking seriously, he said—" Ladies, will you allow me the privilege of addressing a few words to you, on a subject on which I flatter myself we shall not differ?"

" I know what he means," said Rosine.

" And I too," said Caroline.

" Well, since you anticipate me so easily, I presume it will be unnecessary for me to say any more upon the subject," said he.

"Entirely," said Rosine; "what will you take, Caroline—madeira, or sherry, or claret? He was going to ask us to do him the pleasure and the honour of taking a glass of wine with him."

"The farthest from my thoughts. However, since you have invited me, ladies, I shall be happy to join you," and he offered to fill a glass for Caroline. She turned hers down again on the table, and Rosine followed her example.

"Excuse us, sir; you are under a mistake, which we must correct. *We* are not in the habit of asking gentlemen to take wine with *us*," said Caroline. "*Ah, quelle horreur!*"

"No, cousin," said Rosine, "you must really apologize for this rude behaviour. It is singular that you have hardly spoken this half hour, without saying something out of the way."

"By Jove, I shall begin to wish I was out of the way myself; I never saw such a couple of malicious creatures in my life.

If

If times don't mend before long, I shall receive some letters after dinner, by the mail, which will require me to set off for town immediately," said he, laughing.

"He threatens when he should apologize," said Caroline; "mark that, Rosine."

"I have already; I blush for him; come, cousin, make your apology, and then try to behave pretty. Recollect that you are in the presence of good company, and of ladies in particular."

"I am sorry for it, for I do so long to swear a few good round mouth-filling oaths."

"Oh, very well," said Caroline, "swear an apology or two; we'll excuse the profanity for the sake of the apology."

"I see it's all over with me. I will apologize, and I do hereby apologize in the humblest and fullest manner, for any and every 'out-of-the-way' word or deed which I have been guilty of, or may hereafter be guilty of, or may have been or may hereafter be supposed to be guilty of,

and it gives me great pleasure to make the apology, as I know it is entirely uncalled for; and deuce take me if I know what it is about."

"Ample, ample," said Caroline; "we accept it."

"And then," said Rosine, "it is done with such a good grace too. We pardon all the past, and some part of the future."

"I do not engage for the future; that good grace comes of practice; we must make him do it often. But, come, let us be amiable; we will take wine with him; let us shake hands and be friends for five minutes," said Caroline, but without offering her hand.

"Ladies, you do me infinite honour; allow me to fill your glasses; and now a hand of each."

The ladies pretended to make some difficulty—insisted that such things were not to be understood "*au pied de la lettre*," and made him argue five minutes about it, before he succeeded in kissing the hand of

of each. They were determined to be particularly provoking that day. At length our hero had kissed their hands, but not without remarking that Caroline had the most delicate and beautiful one he ever had seen.

"Miss Grey is the toast," cried our hero; "the *fairest* excuse for a bumper that ever was seen;" and having, as in duty bound, made a bumper of it, he threw his glass against the wall, and dashed it into a thousand pieces.

Every body started; but before they had time to ask what it meant, our hero cried out with an appropriate theatrical flourish—"That glass must never be profaned by any other toast! I have consecrated it; save the pieces carefully."

Rosine and Caroline screamed with laughter; but aunt Leonora did not altogether relish the joke—"Upon my word, Hugh, that may be the newest fashion of drinking a young lady's health, but you will

will find it rather extravagant if you practise it on all occasions."

"Aunt, don't scold him for the only civil thing he has said or done, since he has come to the table—pray don't," cried Rosine.

"Oh, Rosine! I am sorry you said that, after such a gallantry; I feel in honour bound to take his part," said Caroline, with an air of protection.

"Miss Grey, your generosity touches my heart. But I can't allow you to expose yourself to any perils on my behalf," said he, with a tone, half serious, half bantering.

"Rosine, I like not that. There's something in his eye which looks like a lurking devil—there's irony in it. I abandon him to his fate," said Caroline.

"But, ladies, I crave a truce. I did not begin this war: I am one of the most inoffensive, peaceable men in the world among ladies, if they will only let me alone," said Hugh.

"Yes—very peaceably disposed, like many

many other people, no doubt, after being well beaten," said Rosine; "but you will please to recollect that you did begin the quarrel with a very ungallant reflection on myself and Miss Grey. Did he, or not, Caroline?"

"Of course he did," said Caroline.

"I am innocent of any such design. Vouchsafe, divine perfections of two women, to explain to me wherein my offence consisted!"

"Why," said Rosine, "did you not tell me with a sneer—a well-bred sneer, if you please—but still a sneer—that there could be no amusement in two young ladies passing a morning together?"

"And did you not speak disrespectfully of our whole sex?" said Caroline.

"And are you not in the habit of railing at the divinest part of creation?" cried Rosine.

"For Heaven's sake, ladies, just give me time to plead guilty, and sue for pardon."

"Rosine," said Caroline, "he looks so helpless,

helpless, I believe we must pardon him, upon condition of good behaviour in future. Do you think he will abuse our clemency?"

"Oh, I think he will not dare; but still I am for exacting a vow, that he will never more sneer at our sex," said Rosine.

"Ladies," cried Hugh, "I'll promise any thing you desire; only spare my ears —my life, I mean."

"Rosine," said Caroline, gaily, "see if the tears do not stand in his eyes!"

"Yes, they do!—quite visible to the naked eye. We must forgive him for the present; but he must thank us, of course, for our clemency," said Rosine.

"And on his bended knee, if I am to decide," said Caroline.

Our hero was obliged to say that he did thank them, from the very bottom of his heart, and upon his bended knee; but of course he was excused from going through the motion. They agreed to take the word for the deed.

"Now,"

"Now," thought Hugh to himself, "may I take a deep revenge, by overwhelming them with compliments, if I get a chance."

"Ladies, may I inquire what you propose to do after dinner? walk, or ride, or drink, or sleep?" said he, carelessly.

"I am for a walk," said Caroline; "I've had my ride for the day," giving a sly look to Rosine, which she perfectly understood.

"I am for a ride," said Rosine: "I've had my walk to-day. So you must choose which you will escort; and if you choose me, I will go with you and take a ride, if this lady will go; if not, I'll stay at home."

"And if he chooses to walk, I'll walk, if you will go with us; if not, I'll stay at home," said Caroline.

"If I do not go mad to-day with such treatment, it will be my good fortune that will preserve me; for never, since created man, had any saint so much need of patience. If I choose the walk, of course one lady will not go, and then both refuse;

fuse: if I choose the ride, the other lady refuses, and then neither will go. Ladies, I am your humble servant, but I never will decide, one way or the other, if we sit here till the 'crack of doom."

"I never yield," said Caroline; "I am firm for a walk."

"And I am for a ride, if I sit here till to-morrow morning," said Rosine.

"Was ever fool so fortunate as I?" exclaimed Hugh. "Ladies, you may divide me, if you please, laterally or longitudinally, but I will never decide this question. I had just begun to adore you for your goodness, but now I'll renounce that form of worship for ever, if you do not in ten minutes settle this between you."

"Oh, take care how you renounce that religion!" said Caroline; "you might have a much worse idolatry than that. However, we must not lose our proselyte, Rosine. We will walk to-day, if you please," giving her a significant nod.

"Certainly, with all my heart," cried Rosine;

Rosine; "I am for the walk, decidedly."

And thus their bantering ended. Our hero shook his head at them, and gave a threatening nod, to let them know he was up to their tricks, and would be revenged at some other more propitious season. The conversation then turned into some commonplace topic, which strayed down from the other end of the table, and our informant shortly after rose and took his leave.

CHAP. XII.

Oft, at first sight, has Cupid's lance
Been darted from some beauty's eye;
A spell may lurk in one bright glance—
A thousand vows—breathe in one sigh. *Anon.*

We have often had occasion to observe how easily, how almost instantaneously, two young people of different sexes, but of congenial tastes and minds, become acquainted. We have even suspected, at times,

times, that there was a kind of freemasonry about it. We have seen such persons for the first time introduced, and by a single expression, appear to furnish each other with a key to their whole characters. Their very thoughts would seem, in a few moments, to be as familiar to each other as if they had been for years intimately acquainted; and they appear to speak to one another at once, without the mask which almost every body wears in society. If they drop it, in fact, as our hero and Caroline did, during the walk which succeeded the last chapter, they make as much progress in a few hours, as ordinary people would have made with either of them in the same number of years. We have seen many famous flirtations which were born, came to maturity, and expired during a few hours first acquaintance.

Our hero had already resolved upon having a regular flirtation with Caroline. It was now fairly commenced, and he promised

mised himself no little pleasure in pursuing it to the very verge of declaration. Here he intended, of course, to halt, although he had taken so much fancy to Caroline, that he said to himself, as they were getting ready for their promenade, "I think I must be a dull dog indeed, if I can't get rid of the rest of my time here agreeably enough, with two such charming girls to flirt with. I must take care not to make love to this Godsend Caroline, too much in earnest however. She is so *espiègle*, so full of mischief, and so very handsome, I feel half inclined to play the devil with her heart, if I could. But then, I must secure a clear retreat, and I'll run no hazard of refusals or engagements. I feel no particular vocation towards matrimony yet; and even if I did, a wise man will take a year and a day before he decides on an affair so important. But there she comes, as beautiful as ten angels, and she walks as a princess should walk."

The

The truth was, our hero was what is called "smitten." Caroline's prejudices against him had entirely worn off also; and during their absence, she acknowledged to Rosine that she no longer disliked him, that there was something—the certain *je ne sçai quoi*, in his manners and looks which she rather liked. Rosine insisted that she had made an impression on her cousin, and that she could perceive he admired her.

"Oh, I shall think the better of his taste, at least, for that," said Caroline. "But I'll leave off this *badinage* on the walk," said she, "and be Caroline the sentimental, perhaps——"

"*Vague la nacelle*," said Rosine; "but if you wish to appear to the highest advantage, be, as you sometimes are, *Caroline la grande*."

"Rosine," said she, "you are a silly child to waste your compliments on me; leave it off, or 'never more be officer of mine.'

mine.' But come, we are keeping our beau waiting for us."

They walked forth with our hero, one on each arm, chatting by the way; he admiring each in turn, as he turned his head to answer the one or the other. They soon arrived at the banks of the most gentle and beautiful of the streams tributary to the rapid Susquehannah. That clear and quiet river, by whose side they stood, winds its way through meadows and villages, hills and forests, alternately, but never, through all its meanderings, had it flowed, or ever shall flow, at the feet of two more lovely beings than the fair Rosine and Caroline; and yet beauties, both rustic and refined, are by no means rare in these regions.

They stood in the midst of a vast plain, which stretched towards the north, with occasional elevations, until it ended at the foot of a lofty range of mountains. The village was a part of the landscape, and there were flocks and herds still grazing in

in the fields near them, though the sun was fast declining behind the western hills. The rich, gorgeous clouds, that rested like a canopy over him, as he threw his last rays on the scene, and the dark blue ridge that frowned on the north, formed a contrast, that a painter would have loved to seize upon.

"What a beautiful scene," exclaimed Caroline, "and what a pity now that those glorious clouds, and those beautiful tints in the landscape, could not be transferred to canvass in a second! Is it not a shame that such glowing colours as those in the clouds yonder, such a beautiful crimson tint as the sun sheds now upon this scene, cannot be imitated by art?" turning to our hero, with a most animated expression of countenance.

"Ah!" said our hero, gazing at the face instead of the landscape, "even if an artist was skilful enough to catch those beauties, there is still one here which he could never reach."

"What

"What is that?" asked Caroline, quickly.

"It is one," he answered her, without taking his eyes from her face—"it is one which *you* would be the last to perceive."

"How you are puzzling me! what *do* you mean?" looking round again to see if she had overlooked any thing.

"Oh!" said he, laughing, "you look in the wrong direction; in short, you will need a looking-glass to see it."

Caroline was so taken by surprise, that she absolutely blushed at the compliment, instead of laughing it off, as she was accustomed to do. But she quickly recovered herself.—"Thank you," cried she; "I'll really preserve that compliment. If it is not sincere, it is, at least, so unexpected—and to think I should have been so dull as to need an explanation!"

"Oh!" said Rosine, who was enjoying Caroline's slight disconcert, "you might find a compliment in ambuscade in every thing he says to you, if you would only take the pains to look for them."

"After this," said Caroline, "I'll be on the look-out. But see, Rosine, how beautiful our convent-hill looks at this distance."

"Convent-hill!" said Hugh; "I did not know you had any convent in this quarter."

"Yes," said Caroline, "one on a grand scale too. It is not yet finished, as you may perceive; but we have selected the site upon that woody hill there, that you see crowned with those ancient trees."

"What! you are going to found a nunnery there, eh? Surely you have no idea of taking the veil yourself, Miss Grey?"

"Oh yes," said Rosine, "we have resolved upon it a hundred times. We are quite tired of the world."

"As long as you keep resolving so often," said he, "there is no danger, Miss Grey."

"Don't call her Miss Grey," said Rosine; "it sounds too formal. Call her Caroline, or cousin, as she and I are cousins,

sins, by mutual adoption; and, Cara, dear, you must give him some pretty *nom de guerre*, or be content to call him your cousin too."

"What say you to Narcissus for a *nom de guerre?*" said Caroline to our hero, with one of her arch smiles.

He would have given a great deal to kiss that smile from her lips, in revenge for the insinuation.—"Ah, my new-found cousin," said he, "that is the second time that you have hinted that I am a self-admirer. You are very unjust, I do assure you. My motto is, '*nil admirari*,' and I begin with myself."

"What!" said Caroline, 'to admire nothing,' as you interpret it? what an unhappy existence that must be! Why, the chief pleasure of life lies in that one word, 'admiration.' Now, don't look so saucy; I don't mean in receiving it, but in bestowing it. What is there that we derive any great pleasure from, except by the force of admiration? We ought to cul-

tivate the talent. This very scene, why do we pronounce it so delightful, so enchanting at this moment? That setting sun—all the glories it sheds around us—why do we find delight from all this, but from that admiration which you discard? Oh! you ought to discard that motto, and admire every thing you can to the utmost."

"Well, I discard it from this moment, so far as you are concerned," said he, looking under her bonnet, and in a sort of half-whisper, which Caroline fancied was intended to convey something more than a mere compliment. Rosine was plucking some wild-flowers, at a little distance, and did not hear it. Caroline and our hero were seated upon a rustic seat, which had been placed there at Caroline's request, upon one of her former visits, under the shade of a beautiful willow. It was droll, that after she had studied a moment or two for some saucy answer to this compliment, she remained silent. Her arm was yet within his, and she did not think

think to disengage it. Is there any symptom here? We pronounce boldly—yes! strong, unequivocal ones of flirtation on both sides.—"Apropos of your nunnery," said he; "is it possible that *you* are so tired of the world as to think of founding a nunnery?"

"Oh, as to the nunnery," said Caroline, "we shall not, of course, be able to establish it this year. But, seriously, as to the world, I think it is about as dull as the routine of a convent can be. I care very little for the everyday people and everyday affairs, of which it is so full; they do not interest me in the least."

"But the gay world—you have seen of that. Do you find nothing to interest you there?" asked he.

"Not much more; and then, such dreadful fits of *ennui* as it gives me after the first two or three weeks!" said she. "I long for my country solitude again."

"I am not so much surprised to hear you say that; it is only 'common minds

on common things intent,' which can stand that sort of life, and find any pleasure in it. I have dropped out of it almost entirely myself, since I returned from Europe. But what would you give us, in the place of this commonplace round of existence?"

"Oh, something grand, of course! I would revive the age of chivalry, of jousts and tournaments; or get up some kind of crusade to rouse the souls of men, and make them worthy of winning the smiles of our adorable sex!" said she, with some enthusiasm.

Rosine had approached them so as to hear this reply, and no sooner had it escaped Caroline's lips, than she set up a merry laugh, and cried out—"Bravissima!"

"Ah! you may laugh, Rosine, as much as you please: you are just as romantic in another way. I dare say *you* will laugh at this for romantic nonsense too," said she to our hero, and eyeing him with a gaze so intense, that our hero felt as if she was

was perusing his mind in his features. But he was quite captivated with the strain.

"Me!" replied he; "I never heard one of your sex utter a sentiment so entirely in accord with my own feelings. I have long thought as you now say, but I should never have dared to give the thought utterance before a lady. I should have been afraid of being thought mad, if I had been taken to be in earnest."

"How?—our sex is supposed to be much more romantic than yours!" said she.

"They are well entitled to be discharged from the reproach in our country, I should think," said Hugh. "They appear to me to be in general so occupied and absorbed in some ambitious manœuvres to raise themselves in the factitious scale of society, that they look upon every thing else as empty vanity."

"I think the reproach is not entirely undeserved in general," said Caroline, "if I have not judged mothers and daughters too harshly. That everlasting scramble to

place themselves higher, and to displace others, is the bane of our society. It is like the pestilence in the atmosphere—unfelt and unseen, except in its effects. But there is one thing in particular that makes my gorge rise whenever I think of it—and that is, the scandalous scrambling, watching, waylaying, for rich husbands, that has infected them as deeply as the other sex, with that idolatrous respect for mere money. That is a spirit I despise and detest so in my own sex, that when I see the least particle of it, I look upon them as so many wretched, deluded creatures, who have set themselves up at auction to the highest bidder. I avoid them ever after, as I would the plague."

I did not think that you had been so severe an observer of the foibles of your own sex," said Hugh.

" Oh, to see what I speak of!" said she; " it is only necessary that one should not be blind."

" I think so too: but then, you know," said

said he, "these fortune-hunters, of both sexes, have the precept of holy writ in their favour—'Seek, and ye shall find."

"Ah, you profane! But, however—that may be the secret of their success, which sometimes seems quite miraculous."

"But I am afraid," said he, "unless you can revive the age of chivalry, things must remain upon their present footing. Who can undertake to clear out that vast unweeded garden—the wide world?"

"Why, shall we let things rank and gross possess it merely, without an effort to root out any?—the vilest weeds to flourish most broadly, and stifle every delicate flower?—never attempt to expel them, nor even to prune their luxuriant branches? I think you ought to attempt to inspire a nobler spirit in both sexes. For my part, if I were a man, I would wage an eternal war with folly, and ignorance, and presumption, wherever I found them shooting from their sphere; and I would neither give nor ask for quarter;"

and her brilliant eye flashed, as she spoke with all the enthusiasm which belonged to her character.

Hugh gazed at her with feelings of admiration for her lofty tone of sentiment. Neither did it escape his attention, that her eye and her complexion were brighter, and that her features appeared to more advantage than ever. She met his gaze, and awaited his reply. He said—"I admire, and I share your opinions upon those matters; but much as I should disregard any dangers attending that warfare, I cannot help thinking, after all, that those petty ephemeral distinctions of our society are not worth contending about—*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*"

"Ah, that is what I am willing to confess, if you mean as it is for the most part arranged: but I would aim at something higher. Not to contend for them as things are, but by stripping jackdaws of their artificial plumes, I would inspire the proper tone, task, and pursuits, which should prevail in the higher circles."

"Hercules

"Hercules had an easy task, compared to that. The office of such a reformer, for one, I should not covet. It is better, I hold, to '*laugh* at folly as it flies,' than to be shooting it. Yet, I must confess, it appears to me, that my young countrymen appear to me sadly deficient in that elevation of sentiment and aims which I have seen among such numbers of young men of other nations. It is that which inspires the young men of most European countries, of a certain class and education, with their passion for glory, and gives a dash of heroism to their characters. In a word—here at the north, at least, we lack a proper degree of enthusiasm."

"That's it—that's it," cried Caroline, eagerly; "that's what I mean. They want a dash of enthusiasm—a little infusion of the heroic spirit, to correct that most debasing spirit, that most grovelling of all passions in young men—the thirst for 'making money.' It absorbs the

wishes and faculties of nearly all your sex, from the time they enter active life."

"Have a care; *you* are *profaning* now—profaning the established religion of the land. I believe there is no country on the face of the earth where it is so much the custom to worship that idol—money."

"Well, for one, I'll never adopt that religion. Though, as you don't seem inclined to join in it, I won't proclaim my crusade against it just yet," said she.

"Ah! you do me wrong there," said he. "Under your banner I would undertake a war upon giants—upon all the human race, if such be your good pleasure.

'Pour meriter ton cœur—pour plaire a vos beaux yeux
Je *ferais* la guerre aux rois—je la ferais meme aux dieux."

"Rosine! help! help!" she cried, "he's complimenting and blaspheming at such a rate."

Rosine sat listening to their conversation with great attention, fancying that she perceived already a mutual liking between

tween her cousin and Caroline, and watching the progress of it with the deepest interest. She wished, at least she thought so, that Caroline might not only like, but love her dearly-beloved cousin, as well as she did herself; and if he should reciprocate her sentiments, she had concluded that it would make herself the happiest girl in the universe. She had not looked into her heart to see how matters stood there. She did not yet suspect how silently, and secretly, and swiftly that wicked rogue Cupid can convey a spark of love into a young lady's heart—how slowly it may kindle into a flame; and that when it has been kindled so gradually, and smothered so long, and at last bursts forth, it is for a time at least beyond her control.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in quest of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins course richer blood than lady Blanch?

King John

THE four weeks of Caroline Grey's visit to Rosine passed like a dream. What with flirtation, riding, walking, quarrelling—or pretending to, with our hero—visiting neighbours, dinner-parties, and evening parties, moonlight promenades, politics, and a few sermons from aunt Agatha, time had flown on his swiftest pinions. When her father came for her at the end of that time, he could not convince either Rosine or her that she had been any thing like a month at the cottage. He was therefore content to compromise with them,

them, as they demanded a month, and kindly extended the visit another fortnight, upon Caroline's *positive* promise that she would then return. It was also arranged, that Hugh and Rosine should return with her, and spend a few days with Caroline.

Colonel Grey had not been an hour at the cottage, before aunt Rose and Leonora unfolded their hopes upon a certain delicate subject, and declared that every thing went on to their utmost wishes. They were both in an ecstasy of delight at the prospect of their nephew's being speedily married, or "settled in life," as they termed it, and with so charming a girl as the colonel's daughter. They praised her to the skies, and our hero a degree higher still.

The colonel, on his part, was by no means displeased with the information that the young people had fallen in love, and he expressed his gratification with many compliments to the family, and aunt Rose

Rose and 'Nora in particular. Aunt 'Nora considered it as a settled thing, and talked of the wedding as if the day had been fixed already. She had observed, with the eyes of a cat watching mice, their flirtation and increasing intimacy, and she had heard Hugh speak of Caroline in such warm terms, that she had jumped to her conclusion rather more hastily than the premises warranted. She had, however, given her nephew several broad hints on the subject of marriage, and that he had an opportunity now to make a grand speculation, which might never again occur. But she was so constantly proposing improvements and speculations to him, which he never troubled himself about, but left to her, that he quite misunderstood her drift, and did not press for particulars.

But aunt 'Nora knew to a hair the precise state and condition and income of Caroline's property, better even than she did herself; and though Hugh was rich enough

enough to leave money altogether out of the question in choosing a wife, and had besides the sure prospect of inheriting the still larger fortunes of these maiden aunts and a bachelor uncle, aunt Eleonora was in a constant fidget, for fear that Hugh would let the rich lands and productive tenements that Caroline had inherited, slip through his fingers.

Far other thoughts occupied the minds of the parties themselves. They were become the best of friends, but not one word of love had ever been interchanged between them. They were almost constantly together during the mornings, when Hugh was not fishing or shooting, but almost always in the company of Rosine. They appeared only to seek for amusement, and "*vive la bagatelle*" was the order of the day; but notwithstanding all this gaiety, our hero began to fancy that his heart was a little touched. The more he saw of Caroline, the more he esteemed her, the more he liked her character

racter and disposition. He began to argue with himself, whether matrimony could be such a very bitter pill as some unmarried people think, and some married ones pretend. In short, he began to read poetry, and even to try to make verses himself.

An evening or two after the new fortnight had commenced, they were playing a game of chess together (Hugh and Caroline), and Hugh having been beaten, Caroline offered him to play another game, to give him an opportunity to retrieve his fortune; but "he preferred to remain vanquished," he said, "by such an antagonist, to running a second chance of victory. I'm not in the vein for chess tonight," said he: "I feel inclined to make poetry. I don't know why, but something whispers me that I was born a poet; methinks I heard a voice saying, 'thou art a poet."

"No," said Caroline, "you are mistaken; it was only Rosine said poh! but come,

come, let us have a few lines from your muse, however. You know you excel in *fiction;* I do not see why you should not succeed in poetry."

"Very true," cried Rosine; "we have caught him in several shocking fibs—he must be a poet born."

"Ladies, perhaps you think I can't write verses? You shall see; give me a subject worthy of my muse, and see if I don't astonish you, as I have often astonished even myself."

"Recollect that the last is much easier than the first," said Rosine; "but come, I'll give you a subject, that, if any thing can inspire you, you will pronounce worthy of your muse. Look there, at this moment—Caroline's eyes; did you ever see any eyes more brilliant?"

Caroline was, that evening, how or why it is difficult to tell (we cannot account for those things), not merely beautiful but resplendent. Could love have lighted up her eyes thus? Could he have imparted

parted that half-languishing expression to her countenance, which might have warmed a stoic's heart? Perhaps so; but if it was, she was not aware of it. She was as gay and as mischievous as ever, without dreaming of the fascination she carried in her looks that night.

But our hero has not replied to Rosine's interrogatory.

"Never! never!" said he; "I invoke the muses; I will write upon that theme, Minerva willing or not!" and he snatched pen and ink and paper from the secretary which stood near him, and in a moment struck off the following impromptu, in mere sport.

TO CAROLINE'S EYES.

Those bright, those lovely stars of thine,
Like diamonds sparkle, as they shine.
And do they shine when you're asleep?
By Jove, I'd like to have a peep!

"That's all my eye," said Caroline; "but give me the pen, and let me repay the

the compliment." She wrote in two minutes this response—

HUGH HUGHES AND HIS MUSE.

The poet seiz'd his pen and pray'd—
" Come all ye Muses to my aid ;"
The sisters Nine were gone to bed,
And so sent Morpheus in their stead ;
The god inspires the poet's jokes,
He sings of sleep, and sleep provokes.

" Ah, Caroline," cried he, laughing, " I appeal to your own conscience, whether you can justify such a lampoon upon such a friend as me. I wish I knew whether you intended to wound my feelings, by calling my poetical genius in question. If I thought so, I would sit down this very moment, and write a satire in revenge, equal to Horace's best : I can *write* ' daggers,' though I am too good-natured to *speak* them."

" Why, how sensitive you are, to grieve so about a poor epigram ! never mind," giving him her hand, " we'll shake hands —if you think we are quits."

" Oh,

"Oh, with all my heart," said he, giving it a gentle pressure; "but you have touched my sensibility to such a degree, that I demand further satisfaction—a kiss."

Caroline would not agree to it; and so it was proposed to leave it to Rosine. She decided that the kiss was necessary to establish a firm concord, and Caroline was obliged to submit to Rosine's superior judgment. Our hero accordingly gave her the first kiss he had ever imprinted upon her rosy lips. Caroline reproached Rosine for her decision; but Hugh commended her discernment, and offered to kiss her for it—"It is an age, by the way, since I have had a kiss from you; I'll go round, since you are in favour of kissing."

Rosine made no opposition, and he took a kiss to be remembered.—"Deuce take me," said he aside, "but her kisses have their own merit too."—"Ladies," said he, "you are so amiable—so charming—so delightful to-night, that if there is any thing I can do this evening to amuse or instruct you,

you, be it what you please, command me to the earth's extremest verge——"

"What shall it be, Rose?" said Caroline; "suppose he reads for us, with good emphasis and good discretion. I once heard a gentleman say that Shakespeare had written two or three good plays; suppose he reads something from him?"

The vote went for Shakespeare, and it was decided should begin with Hamlet. The book was produced, and our hero read several scenes with great applause. When he came to the part of Ophelia, he declined undertaking it.—"Here, one of you must take the book now."

"It must be Rosine," said Caroline; "she was made expressly for the part."

"Poor, poor Ophelia," said Rosine; "I do believe that part would suit my genius best. But what will you take, Caroline?"

"Oh, the ghost for a thousand pounds; that's the part for me!"

Hugh insisted upon a specimen, and pressed the book upon Caroline so pertinaciously,

naciously, that, with the help of Rosine, she was persuaded to stand out and enact the ghost.

She took the book, and recited the scene in which he makes his first appearance to Hamlet. When she came to the part of the play in which he recounts to him the circumstances of his murder—

> "Murder most foul as in the best it is,
> But this most foul and most unnatural,"

she threw all her histrionic talent into the speech, and gave it such effect, that her audience looked and listened with all their eyes and ears. Our hero, in particular, was so struck with its power—with the force and variety of her tones, the expressiveness of her features and attitude, that it inspired him with the same feeling of awe that he felt, when in his boyhood, he first saw the ghost, at the theatre, "enter in complete steel, revisiting the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous." He did not applaud, but when she had finished, and was about to take her seat, he did

as

as mademoiselle Clairon served David Garrick on a similar occasion, sprang forward, caught her in his arms, and kissed her once, twice, thrice. There was no Mrs. Garrick present to apologize to for the liberty. To be sure Caroline scolded him for it; but in such a tone and manner, that any body might see his offence was by no means unpardonable.

Rosine tried to laugh at her, but her laugh was not as light and merry as usual. That evening was the first time she had ever seen her "dear cousin" bestow a kiss upon Caroline. It was the first time she had ever seen his lips touch any but her own. She had never anticipated the effect it produced upon her. It gave her a slight pang, but so momentary, that she did not stop to inquire the cause.

Hugh begged Caroline to take the character of Hamlet, and let the performance proceed. After some solicitation, Caroline said—"Well then, I'll speak the speech, which I think is his best soliloquy.'

"What, 'to be or not to be?" said Hugh,

"No, 'tis where the army from Norway enters."

She began there, and went on to the soliloquy of Hamlet which succeeds. When she came to that, she threw away the book, and proceeded from memory, to give it in a style that Kean himself could not have surpassed; at least, so thought our hero.

"How all occasions do conspire against me
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast—no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse—
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unused; now whether it be
Bestial oblivion or some drawn scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
(A thought, which, quartered, hath but *one* part wisdom,
And, *ever—three* parts coward). I do not know
Why yet I live to say—"*This thing's to do!*"
Since I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do it. Examples gross as earth exhort me.
Witness—this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
Makes mouths at the invisible event!
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell! Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,

But

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour is at stake! How stand I then—
With wrongs to fire my reason and my blood—
And let all sleep? While, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy—a trick of fame—fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain?"

"Admirable!" cried Hugh; "admirable! admirable! The acting first, but the poetry *is* fine. I wonder I should have half overlooked, as I always have done, that powerful soliloquy."

"Fie on the acting!" said Caroline, "but are not the sentiments at once noble and just, heroic and philosophical? I took such a fancy to them, that I committed it to memory, many years ago, and I have never seen it since, but I am sure I shall never forget it."

Rosine embraced her as she sat down. —"Ah, Caroline! you were born for a heroine yourself."

"Not of a novel," said Caroline, laughingly; "you are made for the heroine of a novel. For me—I should like to be a

heroine of history. A plague upon these dull, sad, modern times, I say! these degenerate days! They allow us poor women no chance at all, to figure upon the grand scene of life. Rose, let's get up a rebellion against these male tyrants, and throw off the yoke; what say you?"

Rosine smiled and said—

"My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace;'

but, still, if you are leader, go on, I'll follow thee."

"Bravely resolved, ladies," said Hugh; "but, for pity's sake, don't talk of the tyranny of our sex, when all our pleasure, and all our ambition, are to be your slaves! and as to throwing off the yoke, I fear your party would be extremely small among your own sex. They would much sooner fight for the *yoke* than against it."

"That's impertinent," said Caroline; "but let it pass. The only excuse for the reflection is, that it is too true; and that's but a poor apology for attacking the weaker sex. Do you know, sir, I don't like your sneers at them?"

"Why,"

"Why," said he, "you laugh at them yourself. May I not follow your example?"

"No, that's quite a different thing. I do sometimes laugh at them, it is true; and, perhaps, pity 'tis 'tis true; but I'll not sit quiet, and hear one of your sex rail at them. They are, after all, far, very far, your superiors, in all the finer traits of character. They are more generous, more disinterested, more devoted, and only a little more frivolous, than your own sex."

"Oh," said he, gaily, "you may abuse the nobler sex as much as you please; I shall not take the slightest offence at it, as long as you are not personal."

"And if I were personal?"

"Then I shall be obliged to ask for personal satisfaction again—and I'll take it too; so you may go on as fast as you please."

"Do you see, Rosine," she said, "he presumes upon our condescension already. We shall be obliged to keep him at a more respectful distance in future."

Rosine answered, with as much gaiety as she could assume, that she would follow her example, whichever way it was: but there was something in all that had passed that evening, that gave her an undefinable sensation of uneasiness. She was not in a playful mood, but she could not tell why. She felt her spirits depressed in the most unaccountable manner. She began to fancy that she was not well.

Caroline noticed that she looked a little paler than usual, and as usual insisted, in the most affectionate tone, that she was not well, made her retire, and accompanied her immediately to bed.

Poor Rosine! your slumbers that night were fitful, and your sleep disturbed. Your dreams were wild and wandering: but you dreamed not yet of the deadly shaft which is beginning to rankle in the hidden recesses of your heart.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

O! coup affreux O! trouble extreme!
Quand j'avais crue toucher son cœur,
C'est elle, helas! c'est elle meme,
Qui vient de combler mon malheur.

La Lune de Miel.

CAROLINE began to find so much pleasure in the society of our hero, that her deportment to him was entirely free from restraint or reserve. There was a certain confiding frankness about every thing she said to him, as if she did not fear, but rather wished that he should see her exactly as she was—all her merits, and all her foibles. She gained with our hero, and gained greatly, by thus dropping the mask entirely. He saw perhaps some foibles, but he could hardly bring himself to acknowledge that they deserved the name. She was a little impetuous; and having been unaccustomed to contradiction, she often manifested an impatience

at it, which he amused himself with practising upon in the slyest manner, when he could: but she generally contrived to repay him, in some coin or other, with interest.

But if he was not blind to her little defects, he had his eyes well opened also to contemplate the bright side of the picture, and her talents, her tact, and the high and lofty tone of her sentiments and character. He began to doubt whether such a girl would prove an easy conquest; and as doubts and fears are the very aliment of love, he proceeded to the length, very shortly, of wishing that he might be fortunate enough to win her affections. He was perfectly free from the least taint of a mercenary motive, for he did not even know that she had a large fortune of her own, left her by her maternal grandfather in her infancy, and of which she was to come into possession on her marriage, or coming of age. She had even then the control of the income, her father seldom inter-

interfering in her expences. He had also determined to be very sparing of his interference with her choice of a husband, having the highest opinion of her discernment and good sense. He had begun, indeed, to be a little surprised that she was so long in the selection.

In our last chapter, however, the intimacy between our hero and Caroline had proceeded to such a point of mutual esteem and friendship, that her ladyship began to reflect a little on her side, also, on the critical position of affairs. Their conversation every day and every evening assumed a more suspicious hue. The badinage and flirtation were almost entirely dropped by tacit agreement; and love, in some shape or other, was getting to be a frequent topic of abstract discussion.

It was a few mornings after the period contained in the last chapter, that Caroline sat in her room alone, and, after thinking over every word and look that had passed between our hero and herself the

preceding evening, in a sentimental dialogue that had lasted two hours, she suddenly commenced interrogating herself how all this was to end? She frankly admitted to herself, that she liked him very well: that she was capable of liking him much better: that he was almost the only person of his sex she had yet met, that seemed to know how to appreciate her, and that she had never spent four weeks so agreeably as those she had passed in his society. "But," said she to herself, "after all, what of all this? It is not love. Oh! I must love the man who wins me as never one was loved before! I feel myself susceptible of it, and unless I thought I loved so intensely that to love more would be impossible, I would never marry; no, not even Hugh, if he should offer himself.—Heigh-ho! Offer himself, indeed! How do I know, what right have I to think, that he cares at all for me, except merely as a friend or an acquaintance; and yet, when I watch him sometimes,

very

very slyly, from a corner of my eye, how he does gaze at me! Then, I almost fancy I love him; at least, I think I *could* love him if he would throw himself at my feet, and swear he loved *me*, and would die for me. I am afraid I should believe him! But such things are quite out of fashion now.—Heigh-ho! What the deuce, am I sighing here to myself? It is lucky Rosine is not here, she would tease me to death. Caroline Grey to sigh for a lover! lover!—no, he has not even hinted at love! It cannot be, I deny it;" and away she ran to look up Rosine, and inquire where Hugh had gone. She wanted to take a ride on horseback that morning.—"Will you go?"

Rosine gave her assent, but not with her usual gaiety. She was almost in the mood of moping melancholy.

Caroline observed—"Why, Rosine, you told me you were perfectly well this morning; and yet you look so pale and languid, I am afraid you are not even fit to ride out—"We won't go."

But

But Rosine insisted she was never better, and that the ride would do her good.

"But I can't think so," said Caroline, "as long as you look so dejected and so wan. Come, call up your spirits: will they not come when you do call them?"

Rosine smiled, but her heart was far from being at ease. To affect good spirits, she commenced singing some lively air, but before she had gone through three lines of the song, it jarred so strangely with her feelings, that she suddenly dropped it, and took up a plaintive little one which Caroline admired very much. She listened to it till the tears glistened in her eyes. (We shall endeavour to procure the words and music for our second edition). When Rosine had finished, Caroline said —"What would I not give to sing like you, Rose, if it were only to sing that little song! It gives me such a delicious melancholy. Do you know that Hugh admires it as much as I do?"

"I have sung it for him often. I did not

not know it was such a special favourite. But I suppose he admires all you admire," said she, endeavouring to put on a smile and look unconcerned.

Caroline merely said—" Pooh!" patted her cheek, and in a hurried gay tone, said —" Come, let's to horse, I see our knight is coming. The ride I dare say will do you service. But don't look so like the giant despair, or I won't go; I'll break up the ride."

" By no means, my dear Caroline. I have set my heart on it this very morning, and go I will, if I perish in the attempt." She began to laugh and jest, more in the way they were wont to, and Caroline thought her low spirits were only the effect of the headach, of which she had complained the evening previous.

Hugh came in at the moment, and remarking that she looked still a little pale, began to recommend to her to stay at home, and remain quiet.

" *Que vous m'impatientez*," said Rosine —" I will ride. If I were indisposed, I think

think I should not be the last person to discover it. I only need a little exercise on horseback to restore my good looks," said she, affecting to jest; but her companions were making eyes at each other, and did not perceive that her looks illy sorted with her words.

They all mounted, and soon, from the effect of the motion, and the delightful balmy summer air, Rosine felt her spirits somewhat elevated. She suddenly became more gay and animated than usual. Caroline was overjoyed to find her recovering her good spirits again, and joining her in her laughing and quizzing, with the highest glee, not observing that there was a dash of unnatural exuberance in her gaiety. Our hero, who observed no more of it than Caroline, could not but be as lively as his fair companions. When they returned, he complimented them upon their successful efforts to make themselves agreeable to him during the ride, and promised to be ten times as entertaining on the next occasion. "Ro-

"Rosine," said Caroline, "did you ever hear such insulting compliments? as if it required an effort for us to be agreeable. The effort would be required if we wished to make ourselves otherwise: it comes to us by nature, and not by education—like reading and writing, don't it, my dear?"

"Who doubts it?" said Rosine. "But what vanity the odious creature has too, to think we would take the trouble of an exertion to entertain him in particular!"

"Fair young ladies—sweet young ladies, don't get in a passion now and come to hard words, I advise you. You have presumed already a little too much at times, on my good nature and my forbearance.

'I am not splenetive nor rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous—
Which let your wisdom fear."

"Fear," said Caroline, in the same strain—"talk to us of fear?

"Shall we be frightened when a madman stares?"

"Well, I am mad; but it is only with anger, not for love of two such vixens, let me tell you that!" "Did

"Did he call us vixens? Rosine, do faint."

"No; do you faint, Cara? I excel in hysterics."

The bantering here ended; and Rosine went to her chamber, leaving Caroline and Hugh alone in the parlour.

We will close the door upon them for a few moments, as Rosine requires our attendance, and we wish to know how she finds herself after the ride.

The poor girl found the effort had been too much for her: her unnatural flow of spirits, as might have been expected, was succeeded by a proportionate ebb. She threw herself on her bed, she felt that her heart was swelling with a painful emotion, which she dared not analyze too strictly, She fancied that a flood of tears would relieve her. Alas, poor Rosine! not all the tears a Niobe could shed, would quench the hidden flame that now consumes you! Too soon you will discover—too much will it then cost you, to subdue your unsuspected—at least your unacknowledged passion.

She

She took herself to task.—"What could it be that should give her such a disquiet at the idea of Caroline and Hugh becoming attached to each other! Did she not rejoice at the happiness of her cousin?—was it not in fact dearer to her than her own?—and Caroline, did she not love her next to her cousin, better than any other in the world? "And have I not encouraged her to love him, and him to make love to her? and now I am so pained at the idea of the match which I have been attempting to make, I am afraid that they will love each other better than me: that must be—it is the cause. Is it possible I am so selfish? I am—I ought to be ashamed of it; I will annihilate that feeling at once."

Rosine really thought she had discovered the true secret of her unquiet sensations, and rose up with fresh alacrity to go and join them in the parlour, on purpose, as she fancied, to take pleasure in contemplating their growing attachment.

She

She thought she should never experience any more of that selfish regret at resigning her cousin entirely to Caroline. She tripped along the hall which led to the parlour, with a light dancing step, and opened the door at the exact unlucky moment for herself and for the company she found there. Our hero had been saying so many tender things to Caroline, that whether it had softened her rigour, and she had accorded it, or whether he had boldly snatched the kiss, is to this day a matter of uncertainty; but he had by art or arms succeeded in his enterprise, and the kiss, "a long, long kiss of innocence and love" was at that moment in the course of consummation.

Rosine saw it—saw Caroline sitting with one arm of our hero passed round her waist, while he pressed one of her hands in his own. She saw the unresisting tender manner of Caroline at a second glance, and she started back more suddenly than she entered. A violent agitation,

as

as quick as an electric shock, ran through her whole frame; she had not been prepared for such a scene; she trembled; her heart beat audibly; it was with difficulty she supported herself back to her room. She had been so quick in her entry and her exit, that neither Hugh nor Caroline had caught a glimpse of her figure.

Caroline started up like lightning; blushed, stammered, and almost cried with vexation.—"Who is that?" she asked in great consternation. "Ah, I am well punished. How could I be so silly! It was Rosine, and I am so mortified; it was all your fault, and——"

"And you shall forgive me," interrupted our gallant hero. By the way, he is beginning to clear himself from the charge of heartlessness.

"No, I will quarrel with you," said Caroline; but her eyes gave the lie direct to her words, if our hero had seen fit to look there for his answer. She was looking the other way, however, and he is excusable for the oversight. "What!"

"What!" cried he, "quarrel with a friend, whose only offence is to admire your charms, your heavenly——" he was going on, and there is no telling where he might have ended, if Caroline had not snatched her hand from his, and darted out of the door, in quest of Rosine. "But you will return," our hero cried after her.

"Perhaps," cried Caroline; and he was obliged to submit to the chances which that perhaps implied. *En attendant* he sat himself down to thinking upon the charms of Caroline—her heavenly charms, and he thought anon also upon the charms of Rosine.

Poor Rosine! and it is your dearest friend too, who is about to snatch from you the heart that you have unconsciously wished all along should always remain yours alone.

"C'est elle helas! c'est elle meme
Qui vient de combler ton malheur!"

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

ROSINE LAVAL.

J. Darling, Printer, Leadenhall Street, London.

ROSINE LAVAL.

A NOVEL.

By R. SMITH, Esq.

Quell' amor che poco accende,
Alimenta un cor gentile,
Come l'erbe il nuovo assule,
Come i flo il primo albor.

Se tyranno poi si rende,
La ragion ne sente olteaggio,
Come l'erba al caldo raggio,
Come al gelo esposto il flor.

Cantone di Metastasio.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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1833.

"But come, by Jove, it is getting to be time for me to take an inventory of my intentions. This flirtation is assuming a serious aspect; it is fast reaching a point from which I can hardly retreat with honour, if I should wish to. Do I wish to, or not? Ha! I was on the very point of declaring myself her lover, a moment ago, and now I am in consultation to ascertain whether I was in earnest! This won't do! I must go no further, or go on to the last step. It is as well to think of this matter a little gravely before I take the step over the precipice. Do I love her? That's what I won't deny. Ay, and better than any, the fairest of them all that I have loved, or ever fancied I loved. What, better than Rosine? Pshaw! that's an idle question. If I do love Rosine better, it is a very different sort of love; and then she loves me so tenderly, and with such a pure sisterly affection. But, suppose now that Caroline Grey and Rosine could change places, that

that Caroline were Rosine and Rosine were Caroline — how then? Oh, then Rosine would have received the offer of my hand and heart before this; she should have been mine for ever. But poor, poor Rosine, it is a cruel destiny. I don't care if I say it, it *is* a most confounded shame that such a girl should have been only a child of charity. If she had been born like Caroline Grey, of the line of an illustrious family, and if she were like her, 'lion mettled—proud,' would she not produce a sensation? But I may as well admit that I find in her birth and station an impassable barrier: but no matter whether it is or not; there is no love between us, nothing but esteem and the warmest friendship; so I may as well drop her while I am deliberating upon my position, present and future, with regard to Caroline. But how very interesting, how touching Rosine's pensive air was this morning, while it lasted! It is well that she is so gay, and don't look so, often; if

she did, I'll swear I could not answer for myself; I might be tempted to fall in love with her. But come, truce to Rosine; Caroline's the word for a wife—heigh-ho! She is a charming, lovely creature. Could I be happy, very happy with such a woman? No doubt of it.—But the question is rather, could I not be happy without her? for I am not in a hurry to be married. Should I be not quite miserable to be separated for ever, and go to shooting or jumping into the river? Very like—shooting birds and jumping into the river to swim, not to drown. But I must not jest about it; it is a serious affair, and I love her, I swear I do. But does she love me? These girls are full of all sorts of coquetries; she may be at this very moment engaged to another. Rosine asserts, to be sure, very confidently, that she has never been the least in love, that she has never found any one worthy to fall in love with. That may be; and it may be that I am the devil of a fellow who

who is to have the honour of the conquest. Still, somehow, I think I should rather be sure, before I go to exposing myself by making an offer, that her heart is entirely free. I'll ask her. She'll call me impertinent; but I'll beg so many pardons that she will be obliged to forgive. I will. Things are approaching the terrible crisis. I may as well be a little better informed before I risk a formal declaration. Yes! my mind is made up, if her heart is disengaged. Yes! yes! yes! I'll dare the utmost then. Fates, be propitious!"

Such was his wise conclusion after a deliberation of full ten minutes, for he made long pauses which we have not marked; and he was now resolved to profit by the very first opportunity to declare his unconquerable love; and he fell to studying the speech proper for the occasion.

In the mean time, Caroline has found Rosine in her chamber, whither she had returned with pangs a thousand times

more acute than those she had before experienced. The fatal truth was now revealed to her: she loved, and with a hopeless passion. She reproached herself, after her calmness had in some degree been restored, for her folly and weakness; she accused herself of being little short of mad, nay, quite mad to think of falling in love with her cousin, and becoming the rival of Caroline, after having done her best to bring about a union between them. But after all her bitter self-reproaches were exhausted, after she had thought, also, of the indignant answer she had years before heard her aunts Rose and Leonora both make to a jest of uncle Hugh, upon the possibility of Hugh's making her his wife, she was ready to condemn herself to the severest punishment, for having so far forgotten what was due to herself and to the generous benefactresses for whom she ever cherished the truest and the warmest gratitude.

But the moment her self-reproaches were over,

over, the same desolate feeling pervaded her heart. She felt that the charm of her existence, the sweet illusion which she had for years unconsciously cherished, that the dearest friend of her childhood would never love any but her, had vanished, and in the place of it came a black despair. The world had nothing to offer her. He whom she had so long regarded as her other self, whom she had garnered up in her heart, was lost to her at the very instant that she became aware that she loved him almost to madness. The thousand innocent caresses they had exchanged in their childhood and their youth, the thousand endearing things he had said to her, which had sunk so much deeper than she had herself been aware, now rushed like a torrent into her memory. It was thus that the sentiments she was now contending with, had been sown in her mind; and, after having taken root there for years in a grateful soil, they had suddenly shot up at the last moment, into

the wildest luxuriance of passionate love. She now experienced its bitterest pangs, though she could not but experience also that delicious tenderness, that *attendrissement* which seems to melt and dissolve the heart—a feeling which none but the purest and tenderest love can inspire, which those who have never felt can never understand, and which those who have can never describe. But she felt so strongly the necessity of subduing her feelings, as far as outward appearances were concerned, that when she heard Caroline's step approaching the door, she tried to assume a semblance of gaiety, and resolved to even tease Caroline upon what she had seen in the parlour. She shut her eyes, and pretended to be asleep.

Caroline immediately concluded that it was not Rosine who had opened the parlour door so *mal-à-propos:* she approached the bed-side, and leaned over to see if she was sleeping soundly. She directly discovered the imposition.—"Come, come, you

you little rogue, you are not asleep," said she, tickling her nose with the corner of her pocket-handkerchief. "Are you coming round to the parlour? I am not going to stay there without you."

Rosine opened her two beautiful eyes and her pretty mouth, pretending to yawn.—"Oh, I wish you had let me finish my dream! It was very, very interesting."

"Oh, you were not asleep, you little sly-boots! you can't impose upon me so easily. Come, get up and come with me: you can tell your dream in the parlour. But you were not asleep?"

"What! not asleep! Now I'll tell you my dream;" and she proceeded with a grave face. "I dreamed that I was looking for you; and I had looked all over, and could not find you; so, at last I opened—I dreamed I opened—the parlour door, and looked in; and what did I see but you sitting on the sofa with a gentleman. I did not know him; but he had

one arm around your delicate waist, and in one of his he held one of your most beautiful hands; and he had his lips prest upon, not that hand, but upon your lips; and I thought I should like to have taken a sketch of the scene, you looked so happy. But just then, you must needs come in and wake me, and spoil the rest of the dream."

Caroline blushed crimson deep to the very tips of her ears. Rosine tried to laugh at her confusion; but she succeeded very indifferently in her attempt. She saw that she had touched Caroline in her tenderest point—her pride. She averted her face, walked to the window, and remained silent. Rosine was at once all tenderness and friendship again; so much did she ever yield to the impulses of her sensibility. She did not think of pursuing the joke; but sprang up, ran to Caroline, and caught her in her arms.

Caroline still averted her face, and half repulsed her caresses.

"Ah,

"Ah, Caroline! my dearest Caroline! forgive me! forgive me! I will never try to tease you again. You need not turn your face away so. I will kiss you, and we shall be friends again this instant."

Caroline's pouting was not of long continuance; it ended, as their little quarrels always ended, in three minutes; and was settled with a mutual kiss and a mutual embrace.

At that moment, so perfect was their friendship, so sincerely did Rosine love her, that she might have addressed to Caroline, with perfect sincerity, the words which an old poet, sir John Suckling, makes Isaura, in one of his plays, address to a rival, after they had just confessed to each other their love for the same object, the hero Thersames. Whether Caroline could have reciprocated the sentiment, is perhaps a little doubtful. She had too much of queen Statira in her veins, to have heard such an avowal with the patience necessary to utter such sentiments

as those, though Rosine could have uttered every word without dissimulation

But Caroline had not the slightest suspicion of a rival. Rosine herself had, the very first day of her arrival, been able to convince her, that she was mistaken in her idea of any attachment, except mere friendship, subsisting between herself and her cousin.

They proceeded, arm in arm, to the parlour, and disturbed our hero in the midst of his preparation for his speech and confession. He started as if he had been caught in some mischief. The exordium which he had just completed slipped through the fingers of his memory, as he cast a glance at Rosine. She was still so pale, and looked so interesting! He again took her hand, and expressed his anxiety about her health, and inquired if the ride had done her good.—"We must be careful of so choice a flower as you," said he; and as he said it, he, with the utmost *sang froid*, gave her a kiss, by way of impressing

pressing the like caution on her. It is very questionable whether the proceeding will meet with the approbation of the judicious reader. It certainly did not appear quite correct to Caroline, whose impartiality, it must, at the same time, be allowed was becoming very rapidly impaired. Two days ago it would not have annoyed her, as it did now. She whispered to Rosine, with full as much pique as gaiety, when she sat down by her—"This is the interpretation of your dream."

Our hero sat, for some moments, looking first at one and then at the other, till he came near falling into one of his former reveries upon their comparative merits. But fortunately, he happened to recollect, just in time, that he had decided already that he *had* fallen in love with Caroline, and that he was to ascertain, before further proceedings were had, whether her heart was entirely disengaged; and he set to thinking, for two or three minutes more, how to bring it about.

While

While he was pondering upon it, Caroline happened to observe his thoughtful looks, and accused him of an offence against all the rules of gallantry, in thinking of something entirely foreign to the ladies present.

"No," said he, rousing himself, "I was thinking of a question which has often been proposed to me by ladies—whether love was voluntary or involuntary. That interests us all. Whether we exercise any volition at all in the matter, or whether we fall in love as we get hungry, because we cannot help it?"

"And pray, how have you decided the question?" asked Caroline.

"Oh! that it is entirely involuntary; that is, that it is as involuntary as our admiration of beauty, or our love for ourselves. Love—I mean love for a charming girl, like yourself, for instance, is a compound, not a simple passion; and may have more or less ingredients, according to the character of the admirer and that of the

the admired. But as all the ingredients which go to make up love, according to a correct analysis I have made, are involuntary sensations, I maintain that the love itself must be involuntary. For example —could I help admiring a lady's beauty? and whether the beauty was real or fancied, you know, makes no difference. Could I help admiring wit, genius, refinement, and all the thousand charms which nature has lavished upon some of the sex? Impossible! Nature has constituted me otherwise, and when these separate admirations are a little warmed up together, they go far to make up the passion of love. So you see that love is, after all, composed of involuntary sensations. Does any body dare to contradict me?"

"What a grand discovery you have made!" said Caroline, gaily.

Rosine was listening with all her might, and assented to it with a half-suppressed sigh. Caroline declared she knew nothing of the matter—that she was

was wholly unacquainted with the subject—that she had never studied so deeply the metaphysics of love, and had always avoided love itself, in thought, word, and deed!

"Do you mean to say, do you pretend," said our hero, fixing his eyes upon her as if he would look through her, "that you have never been in love?"

"Yes, I do; and more than that, my chance of falling in love, I begin to consider quite desperate, if your theory is correct."

"How! you have never met with any mortal that came near enough to perfection, to excite the necessary admiration, and you think you never will?" asked he, without taking his eyes from her face.

"That is my present opinion; we ladies generally grow more fastidious as our taste improves and our charms diminish," said she, laughingly.

He smiled also; but he looked so ardently, so intently, into her bright eyes, that

that under the mask of that carelessness and levity, he perceived, or fancied that he perceived, a certain lurking expression, directed towards himself, that entirely contradicted her words. If Rosine had not been present, he would at that moment have encountered the risk; he would not have waited for further information of the state of her heart, but would have thrown himself at her feet, poured forth his whole soul to her, and protested "by almost all the holy vows of heaven," his tender passion and his everlasting love.

Lovers! put not your faith in your mistresses' words—Trust not your ears. If you have eyes worth anything, look into the eyes of your adored, and if you see no love lurking there, she has no love for you, worth caring for.

Poor Rosine was in torture; she saw by the altered air of both, that the flirtation was drawing near its close, and that she was soon to bid adieu to happiness and

and hope together. The scene was too agitating for her, and she bitterly regretted having left her chamber to become witness to it. At the moment she was hesitating whether she should not retire there again, aunt Rose called her out of the room for something, and she gladly made her escape immediately to her own as soon as she was released.

Behold once more the critical moment approach! our lovers were seated upon the sofa, precisely as when that unexplained kiss was snatched by our hero. He now took her hand again with a gentle pressure, and a look so tender, that it caused Caroline's bosom to rise and fall more rapidly than it ever did before: he said to her, in his gentlest tone, of course —" Ah! I will not believe what you say of yourself; I should never suspect you of being incapable of love. Can it be that one so lovely," he paused, and according to our previous advice, looked into her face and eyes for his answer.

He

He saw her rosy blush, her agitated look, her downcast eyes, but full of love and tenderness as he thought, and he waited for no other reply. Like a bold deserving rogue, he knelt at her feet, and made his declaration of love!

The speech which he had so carefully meditated never once came to his assistance. We do not feel authorized to give what he did say, word for word, because there is something in such an occasion that tends to make the most eloquent men stammer and stumble in their discourse. But the conclusion or peroration of it we must give, for it is necessary to the train of the history.

"If, my dearest Caroline," said he, "if I could hope, if I could dare to hope—if —that I might, that I may claim some return—some interest in your heart, that I am not entirely indifferent to you; if you will give me the assurance that your heart is—yet at your own disposal;—if I may hope you will make me the happiest—"

piest—" he paused, for Caroline withdrew her hand and turned her face from him.

The spirit of mischief at that moment inspired her with the idea of putting her lover's feelings to the test. She determined to put him a little upon the rack before she surrendered her heart in form.

After withdrawing her hand and turning her face from him, she remained a moment silent. Our hero was in an agony of suspense; he was for that moment, in a state bordering on stupefaction. He then conjured her in the most moving terms, to terminate his suspense, and let him know the worst: he even said something of her cruelty and indifference.

When he had finished, the mischievous girl said, in a voice not entirely free from agitation—" My dear friend, I will be frank with you. You shall not have cause to reproach me for coquetry, if you have for indifference: we cannot command our hearts. You have my sincerest friend-

friendship—my highest esteem; I hope I have yours: but my heart is not now at my own disposal;" and she held her face still more averted, and her eyes on the ground, as she said it.

A loud clap of thunder in a cloudless sky, would not have more amazed the impatient lover.—"How!" cried he, "already engaged! May I not even then hope?"

"I did not say that I was engaged either," said she; "I said my heart was no longer at my own disposal, and I can only offer you my friendship."

"And may I dare to ask, if the object of your preference has declared his also—if you have avowed yours already? if not—" and he paused again.

Caroline, almost in a whisper—"I cannot deny that he has spoken of love to me, and I will frankly confess that I have given him my heart."

"And your preference is unchangeable? Ah! do not say so!"

"I must

"I must say so, if I speak the truth. Unless he should forfeit it by changing from what he now is, my heart is his for ever. But do not ask me to speak any further on this subject: accept my best thanks for your flattering preference; for your sentiments I feel the deepest sensibility; I shall take a deeper interest than ever in your welfare. But, recollect, ours is only a short acquaintance, and this transient impression which you flatter me I have made on your heart, will fade, in a few days, from your memory, when you return to the gaieties of the city, and there will not be the slightest trace of its existence left upon your heart in one short month afterwards."

"Oh! Caroline, if you could but read that heart, you would see that it is yours, yours alone, and for ever! that the impression is indelible, and your image will ever remain dearest to the heart you reject! I did not know till this moment that you was so indispensable to my happiness,

ness, to my existence," said he, starting up. "But I must profit by your hint, and be off for the city. Adieu—Heaven bless you, protect you always: may you be ever as happy and as tranquil as you now seem!" He pressed her hand once more and was about to rush out of the room and call for Alphonse, on the instant, to make ready for his departure.

"But you are not going to leave us so suddenly, so abruptly?" and she held his hand to prevent his departure.

"Yes—I must be gone. I will shake hands with the family and be off in ten minutes. God bless you, Caroline; may you be always happy!"

"Ah! do not go: what will they say, what will they think? Do not, do not go;" and she stood up and leaned on his arm.

"Miss Grey," said he, "if I were made of marble I would yield to your request. But to remain under the same roof with you, exceeds my powers of endurance, after the cruel avowal you have just

just made me, that your heart was already bestowed on another."

"Bestowed upon another! Oh! no, I did not make any such avowal;" and she, in her turn, bent her eyes upon her lover's face, with a look in which her archness and her love were so strangely blended, that our hero was completely puzzled what to make of it. His head was in such a confusion that his ears fairly buzzed with the pell-mell. He exclaimed presently, with a tone of reproach and remonstrance — "Miss Grey, you trifle with my feelings. You seem to delight in the torture you inflict on me: did you not this moment tell me that your friendship was all you had to offer me—that your heart was no longer at your own disposal?"

"Yes—I said so, and it is true. Alas! must I confess all? It is no longer my own—I blush at my own frankness—it is already yours!" and as she said it, she still continued to gaze at him, as if she would give him an opportunity to read her

her very soul in her lately sparkling but now languishing eyes. He did read it—and quicker than electricity or light could travel, that glance reached his heart. He snatched her to his bosom, in such an ecstasy as a lover, who had been just sunk to the very abyss of despair, and in few short moments raised again, by such an avowal, to the very summit of a lover's bliss, alone could realize.

He kissed and embraced her most passionately, and repeated it again and again, to punish her for her mischievousness. He vowed eternal love and constancy, and made all those fine promises, which, on such occasions, are proper to be made, but, alas! as some at least pretend, impossible to be observed and performed in after times. No doubt, he said enough to convince the party concerned of his sincerity; and that was all that was necessary.—"Our hearts shall be but one hereafter," he said, among other things; "and nothing but death shall sever them.

You shall be mine for ever—repeat it once more; let me hear that sweet assurance of my happiness, my bliss, once more from your own lips."

But no sooner had he said that, than he appropriated those lips in such a manner, that he prevented her from repeating the vow he had solicited. When that was finished—"Now," said he, "tell me once more, and then again, once more, that you are mine for ever—your heart and your hand."

She repeated—"I am yours, yours for ever—my heart and hand; and here I seal my vows to you."

As she said it, she bestowed a single kiss, in return for his, that thrilled through his every nerve, artery and vein. Whether this was quite correct or not, is no affair of ours: everybody knows that there is no established etiquette, when such a catastrophe arrives. If, however, any captious reader should find fault with it, and accuse the young lady of being too

too forward, we beg leave to say to that reader, if a gentleman—"You would not have thought so, if you had been in our hero's place." And if it be a lady, fair and young, that shall cry out—

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much!"

why then we crave her pardon, several thousand pardons—"but our lady means to keep her word."

Let us leave the happy pair to themselves, while our hero goes through his entreaties to Caroline to name the joyful day, which she did thrice refuse, and let them settle it at once or dispute it as they will, for an hour. This time they were not interrupted; but as the arrangement which was finally agreed on was not immediately announced, the reader will be so good as to have a little patience, and wait for the unfolding of events in their regular order.

CHAP. II.

Nunc scio quid sit amor. VIRGIL.

I know thee, love! wild as the raging main,
More fierce than tigers on the Lybian plain.
Thou wert from burning Ætna's entrails torn,
Conceiv'd in lightning, and in thunder born.
POPE's *Translation.*

SOME critic, no matter about his name, has found fault with the description of love contained in the motto we have taken for this chapter. He calls the divine Mantuan bard to account for putting such big words into the mouth of a rustic, in one of his Eclogues, and pretends that the language is too artificial for any lover to use; if he had said, "any lover in his cool moments," we might have agreed with him. But we overrule his criticism entirely, when he insists that the language of love is not naturally the language of exaggeration and hyperbole. "When the blood

blood boils, how prodigal the soul lends the tongue vows,"—expressions which nothing else can inspire; and it is by the very prodigality of those expressions, that the force of the passion is to be in a great degree computed; therefore, without wishing to injure the reputation of the critic in question (we accordingly forbear to mention his name), if any critic, any poet, any literateur, any thing in the shape of a man that knows aught of *la grande* passion, says that this apostrophe or description of love, coming from the mouth of one who is suffering a lover's pangs, is extravagant or unnatural, we boldly tell him that he knows nothing about it, and probably never can know what is love. Look at its effects upon hearts that are susceptible of deep and tender and lasting emotions! Is it not in such the most uncontrollable of passions?—as the poet describes it, " wild as the ocean in a storm, fierce as the tiger of the Lybian desert." It turns the serene and gentle bosom into a vol-

cano; and it sometimes bursts forth, after being long pent up, carrying terror, and pity, and desolation, in its train: its flash is like the flash of the vivid lightning; and the thunder—why, the thunder is a very apt emblem of the uproar its doings sometime occasion in the world.

We trust that these few words are sufficient to vindicate the Roman bard, and what is more important to us, to justify the sentiments of our motto to those who understand them; to those who do not, we have only to say, that if they are not already convinced, we shall not trouble ourselves about them. We write for those who are content with the arguments we may happen to have on hand, and not for those who wish to find us in the wrong. We seldom, very seldom condescend to dispute seriously with people who differ from us in opinion. Why should we bestow our time and breath and "wit and words and worth," upon people who are only displeased at being set right, and who,

who, nine times out of ten, go about re-asserting their old errors and opinions more clamorously than ever? Let Sysiphus amuse himself with rolling his stone up the hill as long as he pleases, let visionaries attempt to enlighten all man and womankind, let theorists attempt to build up perfect constitutions of government; may Sysiphus, if he thinks he can, lodge his stone on the summit of his hill, may all the visionaries realize their Utopian dreams, we will believe all those fine things when we see them, and we will aid them in any way we can; but they must not call upon us to reason and argue with people who are of a different way of thinking. We know exactly how long it will take to lade the ocean of ignorance dry. We wash our hands of the project, and proceed with our history, which, by the way, we ought to apprize the reader, we hope will soon "grow interesting."

When Caroline went to Rosine's chamber after the interview, of which we have

given some particulars in the last chapter, she wore an air so new to her, so opposite to her ordinary expression of countenance, that the most careless observer must have perceived the difference. Her look was as happy, and her brow as serene; but her gaiety was sunk into tranquillity, her levity entirely missing. She did not walk with her sprightly buoyant step, but with a slow and measured gait. She was apparently absorbed in her own contemplations, and yet she seemed so satisfied and so happy. Every step, look, and gesture, seemed to announce to Rosine—"It is ended! He is now hers for ever! She is his bride-elect; and you are doomed to cherish a hopeless and an untold passion while you survive."

Rosine's feelings were harrowed up already to such a state of agony, that a single glance sufficed to interpret the expression in Caroline's face. She saw at once, that the half-formed hope that had began to buoy up her spirits, that Caroline

or

or her cousin might, one or the other, end with a flirtation, was but born to die. She read her fate quickly, suddenly, and was poorly prepared to sustain the shock.

The altered mien, the tranquil deportment of Caroline, told the whole truth. She saw there that her own, as well as Caroline's destiny, was decided. She still kept her eyes fixed on her: but she saw no more: she uttered not a word or a sigh. Not a motion of her lips, not the slightest movement of her features took place. A mortal paleness overspread her face. She had just time to imagine that her heart was breaking—to wish it might be so, when Caroline, perceiving her sudden change of colour, saw she was fainting, flew to her, and caught her in her arms, as she was dropping from her seat.

Rosine was the picture of dying beauty. Reader, have you ever seen a beautiful young lady faint?—Have you ever seen a gay young creature, like Rosine, suddenly stop in the midst of an interesting

conversation, and sink as suddenly as if she were transformed instantly to marble? If you have seen that, you have seen a sight, that, when we witnessed its first representation, frightened ourselves out of our characteristic presence of mind; indeed, we may as well confess it, as we were just "dawning into manhood" at the time, it gave us the most terrible fright we ever remember to have experienced. But still there was something lovely, even in the deathlike paleness and insensibility of that beautiful girl, at that moment, which haunted our recollection for some days—perhaps weeks—we cannot precisely remember; but we do remember that we came to the conclusion, that if it had been our fortune to have been born one of the weaker sex, we would have learned either to "faint best standing," like lady Teazle, or in some pretty falling attitude, on purpose to appear so intensely interesting as did that young lady.

Caroline

Caroline shrieked so wildly, for she too was terrified to the last degree, that in two minutes, every soul in the house, domestics and all, rushed into the chamber.

"For God's sake—" cried Hugh, who was the first to hear the alarm and to run to the chamber, "for Heaven's sake, Caroline, what's the matter?"

"Rosine, Rosine!" cried she, leaning over her still, as she held her in her arms. "Help! oh, help!" and she wept with terror and alarm, for the poor girl had the paleness and coldness of marble in her hands and face.

Hugh rushed forward—saw her pallid, inanimate features; and forgetting every thing in the world but Rosine, snatched her out of Caroline's arms, and supported her in his own.—"Aunt Rose, aunt Eleanor," he cried, "be quick! hartshorn—cold water! Alphonse, Bill, John, run! run for doctor Redman!" He was as much alarmed as the rest, but retained a little more presence of mind.

Such a sudden commotion was quite unknown to the peaceable walls of the cottage. One aunt ran one way, another an opposite one, for those different valuable restoratives, which are manufactured exclusively for female use. But Rosine's case did not seem to be one within their jurisdiction; for the volatile salts, the cold water, rubbing the temples with ether, and beating the palms of her hands, all failed to restore the suspended circulation. There was not, after ten minutes, the slightest symptom of returning life.

Hugh, as well as the rest of the family, grew at every moment more alarmed. He was so impatient for the arrival of the doctor, that every moment seemed an age.

At length Mulatto Bill, the head of the supernumeraries belonging to the establishment of the cottage, who had outstripped all his rivals in speed, both going and returning, rushed in, breathless and speechless; and partly by signs, partly by noises which did not deserve the name of

of words, signified that the doctor was coming.

"He will be too late," said Hugh, in a tone of such alarm, that Caroline, who was watching his looks with increasing terror, was frightened not only out of her propriety, but almost out of her senses. The shock was so sudden, that she gave a shriek as wild and piercing, as the last shriek of the drowning, when their foundering vessel gives her last plunge, and sinking to the unexplored depths of ocean with all her company, they bid their "wild farewell" to hope and life for ever. She concluded that Rosine had breathed her last, and rushed forth from the chamber, she knew not whither.

But that shriek has accomplished what all the restoratives of the 'apothecary had failed to do; it has waked poor Rosine from her syncope. That sound has touched a chord which the remedies could not reach, and roused her once more to life and sensibility. Her bosom begins to be slightly

slightly moved — her respiration recommences.

At that moment the physician entered, not less alarmed apparently than the rest; for when he saw her so pale, so apparently lifeless, he eagerly asked—"What shriek was that? not hers, surely!"

"No, no, it was Miss Grey," said Hugh. "But for God's sake, doctor, be quick; I believe she is dying."

The doctor hastily felt for her pulse—his alarm subsided.—"No, she is reviving! she will soon come to;" and he held the volatile salts himself, while he inquired if she had been sick, or if she had ever fainted before?

Aunt Rose assured him that neither was the case; that she had complained of a slight indisposition the evening before, but she was quite well that morning, and had rode out but a few hours before.—"But doctor," asked she, anxiously, "do you think there is any thing dangerous in the attack?"

Doctor

Doctor Redman was a prudent physician, as well as a sensible clever man of judgment and experience, and he accordingly replied — "I can tell that better when she comes to herself entirely: in the mean time, you may as well send away these people; they are not wanted here at all: turn them all out."

And aunt Eleanor put them all on the outside of the door with a single nod, except aunt Rose and Hugh, who still supported her in his arms on the sofa. Aunt Agatha was not excepted; she had come in with the general rush at the first alarm, but had seated herself after awhile on a chair in the corner, and was trying what effect a prayer would have in restoring the poor girl to her senses. As she was considered among the useless, however, she had to adjourn to her chamber to finish it.

As poor Rosine's consciousness slowly and painfully returned, the first words she uttered were—"Where am I?—What shriek

shriek was that I heard? It rings in my ears now!"

"No wonder," said the doctor to the others; "it will ring in mine I believe for a month. As many as I have heard, I never heard one to compare with that. I vow it made me tremble."

"Who was it?" she still continued to ask: "tell me, why don't you?"

"It was Caroline, my dear child," said Hugh; "I am afraid I frightened her unnecessarily. Aunt Rose, will you look for her, and tell her Rosine is recovered, and let her come in?"

"No, no, no! not yet, not yet!" cried Rosine.

The doctor was feeling her pulse, and he instantly perceived a flurry commencing, which went on increasing, and boded no good to his patient.—"No," said he, "let no one come in. She may as well go to bed, for I must take some blood; and then she must be kept entirely quiet for the rest of the day and night.

night. She has symptoms of fever that require attention; but prompt treatment will remove all in twenty-four hours."

Without undertaking to pronounce too positively upon the merits of the doctor's treatment, we certainly think favourably of the blood-letting, for her pulse began to exhibit the most unequivocal symptoms of high fever, and her skin began to show a burning heat. We shall therefore venture to predict a favourable issue, as the doctor did not scruple to use the lancet, and to keep the vein open till the feverish pulse had entirely subsided. He was greatly surprised at so sudden and severe an attack; and inquired strictly into the previous state of her health, which both she and aunt Rose assured him had been uninterruptedly good.

"But that can hardly have been, my child," said the doctor. "However, if you will keep quiet and follow my directions, you shall be well to-morrow."

She replied only with a languid smile.

The

The doctor marked that: he was a little suspicious that he did not fully understand the remote causes of the attack; and he determined to remain an hour or two at the bedside, and watch the symptoms awhile more narrowly.

Hugh went out in quest of Caroline, as he said; and the doctor perceived a new agitation—not of the pulse, but of the bosom. But he did not impute it to the right cause. He thought it was nothing more than the weak state of the nervous system, and never suspected love of having any thing to do with it.

Caroline had run into aunt Rose's room, where that worthy lady relieved her of her terror, and helped her to dry up her tears. She was, indeed, most tenderly attached to Rosine: she was the only being with whom she had, for years, divided all her little sorrows and her joys. Alas! in the happiest life, they are still interwoven! Rosine alone had been accustomed, and she alone had power to soothe her spirits.

When

When she was angry or sad, Rosine had taught her, by her amiable example, to subdue her little wayward humours. She was so much attached to Caroline also, in her turn, that the latter, who never did any thing by halves, loved her (and she sometimes laughingly quarrelled with her for making her do it), more deeply and more tenderly than her own young sister. The circumstance also of her being an orphan, and almost alone in the world, commended her to Caroline's generous disposition; and she had for a long time been in the habit of calling her, her Pythias. Rosine had promised that when Caroline was married, she would contrive to spend half the year with her; and that very morning, Caroline had partly intended to remind her of her promise, and to give her a hint that the time was not far off when she should claim its performance. It seemed almost impossible that she could have any secret a long time with Rosine; and she had anticipated, that at the first intimation,

intimation, she should be overwhelmed with a flood of congratulations, showers of kisses, and a most liberal proportion of embraces. She thought Rosine's happiness would be almost equal to her own on the occasion.

Fortunately, young ladies' bosoms have no windows in them, through which we may peep to discover what is passing in those mysterious magazines. If Caroline could have done so in this instance with Rosine, and read her heart, how would she have been dismayed!—how would she have recoiled from her! But so different were her notions, and so entirely had she imputed Rosine's dejection of the evening before, to a slight indisposition which she wished to conceal from her, for fear of giving her uneasiness, that she rested secure in that belief, and no shadow of suspicion could have crossed her mind.

As soon as aunt Rose had announced to her that Rosine was recovered, she started up to fly to her, but on her way, she

she met with her betrothed, who had just left the chamber. He told her of the doctor's prohibition; but Caroline would not take that as conclusive—"She was sure Rosine wished her to be with her;" and the complaisant lover yielded of course—turned back to apply for admission for her, and tapped at the door.

Aunt Eleanor opened it, and asked the doctor if Caroline and Hugh could come in. He said—"No," quickly; and turned again to watch the looks as well as the pulse of his fair patient.

The bare announcement had produced an instantaneous agitation and such a change in her pulse, that the good man was fairly startled. He saw her face crimsoning again; and began to think that he should have to take more blood still. But he soon changed his opinion; for in a few minutes her pulse sunk again more rapidly than it had risen, and she was, to all appearance, perfectly calm.

"Deuce take it!" said he to himself; "what

" what is it that produces all this excitement at the slightest mention of that girl's name? Faith, if she were a young fellow, I would pronounce her in love with him!" And again he was doubtful whether it might be any thing more than mere nervous irritability, without any connection with any particular object. He accordingly tried to cheer her spirits, by laughing and talking with her for awhile. He finally took his leave, with strong injunctions to aunt Rose not to let a soul enter her apartment, till he returned in the afternoon. As he was going out of the gate, Hugh called to him, and went out and walked with him towards the village.

" Doctor, how is your patient? Do you apprehend any thing serious?" was his first question; and he asked with such an eager interest, that the doctor looked sharply at him, but answered coolly, that she was much better, and that there was nothing serious to be apprehended at present. " But," said he, eyeing him still more

more keenly, "to tell you the truth, I have some idea that a *change of air* might be very beneficial to her."

He laid so significant an emphasis on the term "change of air," that he thought if there was any thing in his suspicion, of which our hero at all partook, it would show itself in his face. But he was entirely calm, except that he spoke warmly of his interest in Rosine's health; and begged him at once to recommend a voyage, if he thought there were any symptoms of a decline. She had looked pale for some days, he had observed; and he had suspected she was not quite well; but he hoped the doctor saw nothing to make him fear future consequences.

"Certainly not," said the doctor, convinced that Hugh knew no more of the cause of her illness than himself; and yet not willing to give up the hypothesis that it was to a mind diseased, chiefly, which he had to minister. He pursued his way home, still determining to know more of the truth in the evening.

In

In the evening he repeated his visit, and found his patient so much better that he was greatly surprised. She was not only sitting up, but even proposed to go and join the family party in the parlour. The doctor forbade it, and insisted—although Rosine did not acquiesce without accusing the doctor, in her playful manner, of wishing to keep her an invalid for the sake of a profitable job.

"Not at all, my child," said he, laughing: "I should make a much better business out of it, to let you have your own way; for then you would get right sick, and I should have you a week or two, instead of discharging you to-morrow, as I hope. Besides, you know you are not a common patient, and I should never forgive myself, if want of caution on my part, should be the cause of depriving us of your agreeable society at my wife's dinner-party, day after to-morrow. You are to be the queen of the party, and she has some pretty little contrivances to do you

you honour. But I must not tell secrets, however. You must know that all the village is taking sides between you and Miss Grey; and my wife is determined to show that she is in favour of the Rockville beauty for ever."

"What a fib, doctor! you have such a knack of setting people agog with your inventions!—pray don't attempt to practise it on me."

"Inventions!—why I'll discard you if you use such language to me. You, who have been my special favourite for these seven years—I don't know how much longer—to accuse me of inventing stories! you are getting saucy; it comes of keeping company with this saucy-looking friend of yours. She is a splendid girl, though, I declare—if it were not for that care-for-nobody sort of look she has with her."

Rosine now bore the mention of Caroline's name with such perfect resignation, that she was even astonished at her own

success. She had stilled her emotions, which at the first moment were uncontrollable, but the deep feeling, the absorbing love for her cousin, she had not attempted to eradicate.

The doctor finally consented that she might see her cousin Hugh and Caroline in her own room, and that one of them might read to her half an hour. "But don't let them stay longer: you are not in a state to bear much fatigue, and still less, excitement."

She promised faithful observance of his cautions, and he left her till the morning, and stepped in the parlour to assure the family of Rosine's health, and mentioned that Rosine wanted somebody to come and read half an hour for her, and that he had given permission to that effect. Hugh and Caroline immediately started for her chamber.

Rosine's heart palpitated a little more frequently than was natural, as they approached and entered, but she got through the

the ceremony of Caroline's reception better than one would have predicted, that knew the state of her feelings.

Caroline kissed her pale cheek again and again! she was uncommonly lavish of her caresses, at least so Rosine thought that evening. They were far from being the most welcome that could have been bestowed at that moment.

Our hero did not observe her altered complexion, and her calm languid demeanour, without emotion. She looked so angelic with that interesting paleness, he began almost to find fault with the fresh bloom of Caroline's cheek, and her spirited expression. He approached, took Rosine's hand, and gave her a kiss upon her cheek, with a compliment upon her interesting appearance—" Rosine, if I were your lover, I should be almost tempted to pray that you might be always as much an invalid as you are now; he could never look at you with indifference, though you look too much like an

angel to please a mere mortal. See, Caroline," holding up her hand, "does she not look like an angel that has dropped down here upon this earth on a visit?"

"Look like one!" said Caroline. "She *is* one: pray, what mortal imperfections do you pretend to have discovered in her?"

Rosine tried to smile at these compliments, but the earnestness and sincerity that were so apparent in Caroline's, somehow damped her spirits, and cut her to the heart. "Alas!" thought she, "am I so changed that Caroline Grey's compliments make me almost shudder, that her friendship is a burden that I find almost too oppressive to bear?" She fell into the same train of melancholy reverie at every moment, in spite of her exertions to attend to the reading which had begun, although her cousin was the reader, and one of her favourite poets was the author —Wordsworth was the immortal man.

She looked up at Caroline—she was unusually

unusally radiant that evening, and had evidently taken not a little extra pains at her toilette, to make herself still more captivating than nature had empowered her to be.—" What a splendid girl! I would have taken her if I had been in my cousin's place: happy, happy for her, if she appreciates him as she ought." She suppressed a sigh, and resumed her soliloquy—" I wonder if he loves her as I love him—as I think he could love me!" Something whispered her that neither he nor herself ever could love again, as they had loved each other, and she pursued that idea till she thought that if she were not an unprotected orphan, if circumstances had left her free to act, instead of making her a slave to them, she would not fear to enter the lists even with the young and splendid Caroline: but when she had got thus far, her presumption startled her from her dream, and she shrunk back from her own thoughts. —" Alas!" thought she, " it is worse than

folly in me to indulge these vain fancies—these idle regrets. They have without doubt plighted their faith to each other: I saw it this morning in Caroline's looks, I see it still more clearly now in their mutual fondness, which they no longer take the pains to conceal from me. I see it in his sparkling eyes, when he steals a glance at her, and seems to devour her with his looks. See how she appropriates him to herself? She has seated him at her side! See—if she is not now leaning on his arm, and looking into his face with such a look as they set there! That is too much—I will not endure that sight—I'll break it off, at least for this once."

She accordingly complained that she did not feel so well as to be able to listen, and that she found she was not fit for company. Upon that hint, they broke up immediately, some time before the half-hour had expired. Aunt Rose decided to remain with Rosine, and Caroline to take her room. Caroline was obliged

obliged to acquiesce, and, for the first time in their lives, when they were under the same roof, Caroline and Rosine occupied that night, different apartments.

CHAP. III.

Au clair de la lune, &c. *Old French Song.*

.....

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale,
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale. *Modern Song.*

.....

"Fairest piece of well form'd earth,
Urge not thus your haughty birth."

THE health of Rosine was not so speedily re-established as had been anticipated, and the doctor's wife, to her great chagrin, was obliged to postpone her party, in the middle of her preparations; for she would not allow it to proceed, unless Rosine could be present. A few mornings

after the evening with which the last chapter concluded, however, she felt herself so entirely well, that the doctor gave her leave to ride out a short distance in a carriage, and Hugh happening to pass under the window, he called to him and gave him charge to take Rosine a two or three miles ride in his barouche, and to drive slow and behave himself pretty.—" By the way," said he, turning round to Rosine, " this young man was flirting last evening at my house, at a most awful rate, with your friend Miss Grey. I don't think he used me well: I was trying to make myself agreeable to her, for she is a fine spirited girl, but I could not say five words to her, before that chap would contrive to cut in and throw me out."

Hugh, who was near enough to hear it, and to whom in fact it was as much addressed as to Rosine, only laughed, while Rosine contrived to hide her face and her agitation from the doctor.

Hugh

Hugh went to order his carriage, and the doctor proceeded, as he thought, to amuse Rosine, by detailing the particulars of Hugh's conduct, of which he complained, unfortunate as the time was for that purpose. Rosine listened with the most intense interest, and devoured every word of the conversation between Hugh and Caroline, which the doctor repeated with many expressions of his mirth at what he called a "regular flirtation." "By the way, let me caution you against the like practice with your cousin, for do you know, I think he and Caroline are going to make a match of it."

He was looking Rosine full in the face as he said it, and he saw, to his no small surprise, her cheek blanch for a moment paler than ashes, and then the crimson flashed up to the very roots of her hair.

He turned away carelessly, pretending not to observe it. "Ah ha!" thought he, "I touched the tender chord there. What, jealous, eh! Come, I think I've

said and seen enough; I'll be off," and bidding her a hasty good morning, he left her to enjoy the pleasant sensations which he had produced.

As he went along, he continued to himself—" Well, now, here's a pretty how-do-ye-do! Rivals—Rosine and her friend! Hugh is a lucky rogue, whichever he may choose. Both charming girls. I think if I was in his shoes, I should choose one or the other very soon, like a man, and make an end of it. Egad, I should take Rosine after all. I am not so sure but I'll tell him so. He don't want a fortune, though for that matter, Rosine has some money now too. But no matter for that, money or no money, Rosine is, as my wife says, perfection itself, and if she is really in love with him, and he does not take her in preference, I shall think very little of his taste."

Thus thought the worthy doctor, and our hero would have probably inclined to the same opinion, " all things being equal."

equal." But he had never seriously thought of Rosine for a wife, and he thought that she entertained for him no other sentiments than those of a pure and ardent friendship. That very idea tended to keep him within the pale of the feeling which he attributed to her. But, notwithstanding that, his attachment to her was of so ancient a date, so warm and tender, that no one would have been surprised at its breaking out at any moment, into an open declaration of love. If he had known precisely her feelings, before his engagement with Caroline, it might have changed the face of affairs.

But then there was that barrier, No. 1, which he had formerly voted impassable. Poor Rosine, lovely as she was, and made to be beloved, was, after all, only a lowly orphan, the poor *protegée* of the family, supported by the charity and educated by the bounty of his aunts. She was his adopted cousin, however, and a thousand fibres of their affections had been so inter-

twined in their youthful hearts, that now, in their mature years, it was impossible to separate them. But marriage! There the fates seem to have decreed otherwise. And why? He might have recollected how many queens, and princesses, have sprang from no higher degree, and have been raised from the hovel of the poor, to the palaces of kings; and not possessing the beauty and charms either that were combined in Rosine. It may yet occur to him, but then, in the mean time, he has raised a new barrier himself. "Honour's at the stake." He has pledged himself to another.

Instead of the barouche, came the gig to the door, by some mistake of Alphonse; and our hero, without stopping to scold or swear, merely said, "Never mind, I'll drive myself," and handed in Rosine, and drove off, saying they would be back in half-an-hour.

Caroline, never dreaming of all this, was at that moment in the parlour, laughing

ing and talking with aunt Rose. She heard the carriage drive down the avenue, and ran out to inquire who had gone out.

"Only Mister Hugh and Miss Rosine," said mulatto Bill; "they're comin' back in half-an-hour."

"And when they come, let me know, for I'll take a short ride too," said she, and thought no more of it than that Hugh had done right to give the dear girl a little airing.

But the half-hour is expired—the hour is complete—the second hour is drawing to its close, and the runaways have not yet made their appearance. Mischief's a-foot, or something has happened. Has our hero run away with Rosine, or Rosine with him? Or has the gig been upset, and both their necks broken at once?

The last was the conclusion to which the alarm of the family attributed the unaccountable delay—or else that Rosine might have had another fainting fit, and mulatto Bill was ordered to mount a fleet horse

horse and go in quest of them. All eyes were directed to the road, down which they had proceeded.

Now to quiet the reader's alarm, for the safety of our hero and heroine, without whom this history cannot go on, we will briefly narrate, in as circumstantial a manner as is necessary, what had happened to them.

No sooner had they passed the bounds of the village, and turned down into that beautiful shady road which leads through the woods bordering on it, than Hugh inquired of his companion if she had acquainted Caroline with their intention of taking a ride.

"No, I did not—did not you?" asked Rosine.

"Not I! I was talking with aunt Leonora and the doctor, and never entered the house after the doctor spoke to me. She will think it droll, I dare say," said he, musingly.

"Oh! she'll not consider it an infringement

mant of her rights," said Rosine, "will she?"

"What do you mean, Miss? please to explain that I may understand."

"I mean that I congratulate you upon being the accepted lover of Caroline Grey," said she, affecting a gay manner, although her heart was as sad as ever.

"How! has Caroline told you so?" said he, turning suddenly round; and looking into her face, he saw she was pale and dejected.

"Not a word of it, upon my honour," said she; "but I knew it by the help of my eyes alone."

"Well, I confess you have very brilliant ones," said he: "but I did not think they were keen enough for that. But since you have made the discovery, I'll make no secret of it to you, whom we both love so well—in fact, I am sometimes afraid—a little better than we do each other."

He turned to her with a smiling face,

as he said this; but what was his astonishment to see her cheek lose what little colour it had before, and her lip quiver, as if she was ready to burst into tears. And before he had time to ask her if she was ill, she had hid her face in her handkerchief, and her tears were the only reply she made, when he did ask her if she was unwell.

He stopped the gig—"Rosine, you are unwell. I'll turn about and return home."

"Oh, no, no! I am quite well! Go on!" cried she, eagerly.

"My dear girl, it shall be as you please!" and he drove on again, slowly, and bethought himself that young ladies, the best of them, have something very near akin to hysterics sometimes. But the sight of Rosine in tears, and so melancholy, touched him deeply; and he doubted if there was not something more in it than he could divine.

She still held her face in her handkerchief, though her calmness was again apparently

parently restored. He passed his left arm around her waist, and she let fall one of her hands to disengage it. But he would not permit her to do so, and she acquiesced.

"How your heart beats, Rosine!" thought he: "if it should be palpitating with love, eh?" A strange suspicion started up in his mind, that Rosine might have been cherishing a secret passion for him, and that her illness and dejection for some days might have proceeded from her ascertaining, or fancying she had, that himself and Caroline were engaged. As sudden and as instantaneous as the thought, was his movement. The carriage stopped—he put his foot upon the reins—he snatched away the handkerchief from her face—he exclaimed, with a tone that came from his heart, and went to hers—"Rosine, Rosine! you are as dear to me as my own life and honour! Tell me, tell me the truth—what makes you unhappy?

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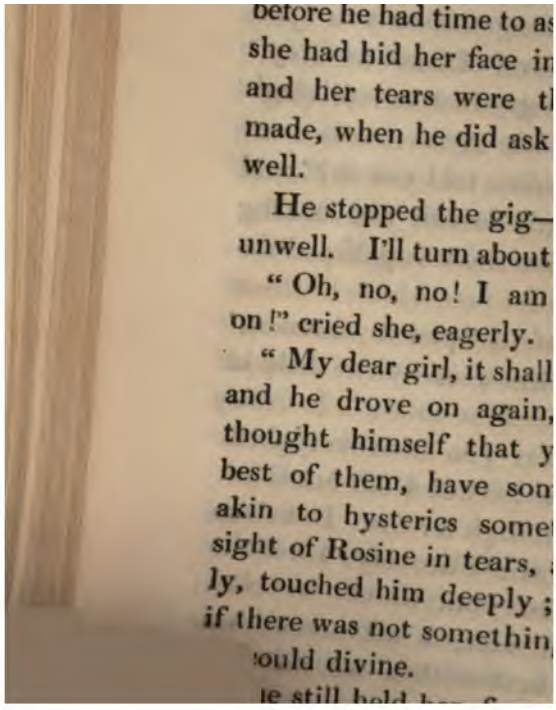

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[illegible]

Affect no reserve with me! Do you not wish me to marry Caroline Grey?"

Poor Rosine, unprepared always to encounter any violent emotion, was completely bewildered by this impetuosity of our hero. She could not have answered "yes" or "no," to his question, if her very life had been at stake.

His head was suddenly turned, to all appearance. He went on—"Rosine, will you—will you not answer me? Tell me, for, by Heaven, if that be so, I will never be the cause of tears to you! let me perish sooner!"

But he did cause her tears to flow afresh, and to flow more plentifully; and not a word could she command strength to utter.

He entreated, he prayed her to speak; and in such a tone, that plainly showed he did not dissemble. He held her fast in his embrace; but he was quite unconscious of the circumstance.

She finally said, or half-whispered, half-stam-

stammered—"Oh, cousin! do not, do not! Let us return—oh, let us return!"

But our hero's very soul was in the scene.—"No, no!" cried he; "by all that's holy, I'll never move from this spot, till you answer me!"

"Answer you! alas, it is only to confess my folly, my weakness, to give you an answer. But, oh, I could not conquer it! I did not know that I loved you too well for my happiness, till I thought you were on the very eve of engaging yourself to Caroline. Forgive me my folly: forget, as I shall learn to do."

As she uttered this, she reclined her head upon his shoulder. Her strength, in her delicate state of health, was exhausted by the agitation. Her confusion made her hide her face in her handkerchief again; but he boldly snatched it away, as before, and still more boldly there in open day, with nothing to hide them from the sight of a chance traveller; with nothing above or around but the silent embowering

ing forest trees that overshadowed them, he snatched the first kiss of passionate, maddening love. Yes, he imprinted the kiss of love, with lips that almost yet retained the kisses of one love upon the lips of another, though it can hardly be said, a newer love. Yes, and as he committed that treason, he breathed forth a vow to her still more ardent than those he had so recently uttered while kneeling at the feet of Caroline.—" Rosine, now I feel indeed that I love you better than all the world beside! and, by Heavens! you shall be mine, for all that has been or may befal hereafter."

Alas! for lovers' vows. Has our hero so soon forgotten those solemn ones he so lately made to Caroline? It cannot be.

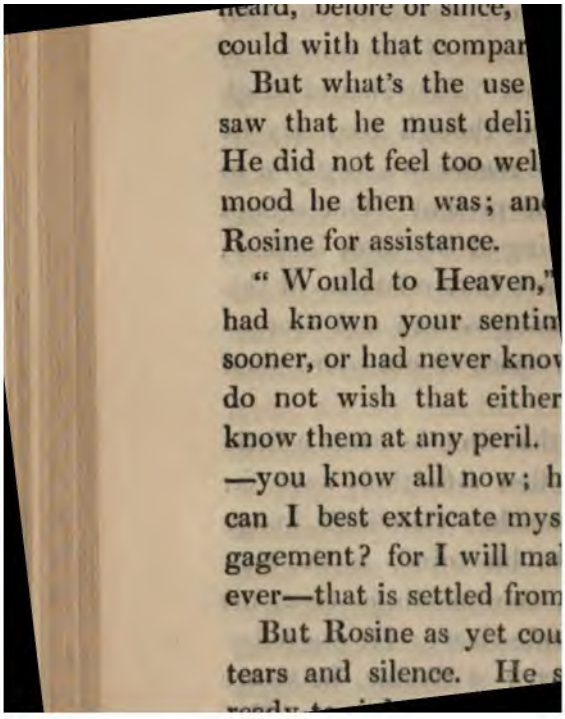
Rosine has forgotten nothing amidst all the emotion into which she had been so suddenly betrayed. She remembers her duty and his. But the tears which, as they fall relieve her swelling bosom, are

far

far from tending to calm the whirlwind of his contending passions.

And can it be that he has forgotten he is engaged? What! our hero so soon forsworn! We are not of the number of those who think that "Jove should laugh at lovers' perjuries," though they say he does. But, gentle reader, we beg you to excuse him for the present. One cannot think of every thing at the same instant; and all that we have here related—all this agitation and kissing—vows and tears—had occupied the space of not more than ten minutes.

At the end of that time he came a little to himself. His first reflections were far from being agreeable. Caroline's image presented itself to his mind, as she was beautiful, lovely, commanding—now, his fond confiding bride-elect! He started—and then as he gazed at Rosine, he swore to himself, that still Caroline was not Rosine; and then—he sighed a sigh so heavy and so woful, that either it, or a sudden breeze,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mad. I cannot and will not see it. Sooner than you shall have cause to weep, rather than I cause your tears to flow, I'll make you mine in spite of all the world, in spite of all obligations, all engagements. Yes, if I were standing at the altar to renew them in the face of Heaven, rather than behold you unhappy, the marriage should not proceed, and it shall not now go on. When I engaged myself, I was ignorant of your sentiments; if I had known them, as I do now, I never would have made that engagement. I thought then, that instead of grief and sorrow, it would give you unbounded pleasure to see Caroline Grey my wife; but now, when I know all which I ought to have known then, when your happiness and mine are both concerned, shall I not have my liberty again? Rosine, answer me, will you be mine? speak, speak."

"Never, never—no! I would rather die a thousand deaths—rather be the meanest beggar that crawls the earth—rather this moment

moment be turned out into the wildest desert, than to dishonour you and to consign myself to an everlasting infamy of ingratitude!" Her tears were dried now, and she spoke as sincerely as she did energetically.

"Rosine, you talk wildly; you drive me to distraction! I offer you my heart and hand, which should have been yours, I now feel it, long ago, and you talk of flying to a desert, and of infamy in becoming my wife!"

Rosine remonstrated in a tone which almost overawed him, impetuous as he was; she begged, urged, entreated, protested, but he would not yield. She reminded him how much his aunts had set their hearts upon his union with Caroline, that they were her generous benefactresses, that she would rather die than give them one pang; she urged how despicable, how ungrateful she would appear in their eyes and her own, if she were the instrument of thwarting their wishes. That she too had

had herself urged Caroline to place her affections on himself, and that alone was cause enough for her to refuse his generous offer. She conjured him to conquer his feelings, and leave her what little of happiness she might yet enjoy, in seeing them united.

All this while the carriage kept moving, though but slowly, and by the time they had arrived at the point they had proposed, one full hour had elapsed. Neither of them had reflected that time and tide never wait for lovers, and they passed a mile beyond their goal without observing it; at length it occurred to Rosine, and she insisted instantly on returning. They turned back, and for a short distance drove more rapidly; but the former pace and the former subject were soon resumed.

But after all their discussion, when after a two hours' ride they came full in sight of the cottage, they had not arrived any nearer to a conclusion of their arguments.

Rosine's remonstrances had produced no great effect, although she had solemnly declared, that even if he could with honour break off his engagement with Caroline, she still would never consent to be his wife.

Our hero was even more obstinate, as far as his language and his manner went than she was; and as his impetuous passions were brought into full play upon this occasion, and he was by character the more determined and the more violent, the more he was thwarted and contradicted, it is no wonder that they did not agree.

As they approached the gate, and there saw the whole family on the piazza, looking out for their coming, he said—"Well, we can speak no more of this now—we shall have no further opportunity to-day, but I must see you to-night, no matter where or how. Meet me in the garden, after the family are gone to bed; I will wait for you in that summer-house at the foot

foot of the middle walk, behind those trees and shrubbery."

"Oh, do not ask me! let us never speak of this folly more!" cried Rosine, in a most deprecating tone.

"Folly," said he; "I assure you I'll play the fool in earnest if you do not come. I'll make a public avowal, in the presence of the whole family, and of Caroline herself, that I wish to break off the hasty engagement I have contracted."

Rosine trembled at the idea, and faintly promised she would come into the garden to talk of it further that night, though she protested it was most useless and most cruel.

By this time they had reached the gate, and mulatto Bill ran down to open it, and apprize them of the grand alarm they had excited. Hugh put on a look of perfect nonchalance, and was ready to laugh at them for being so frightened about nothing, by the time they drove up to the door. He told them, when they inquired

into it, that they had lost their way, and had to go a round-about road to get back again. He told the fib with such a grace, that luckily they did not ask for particulars. He looked at Caroline, however, expecting to see her curl her proud lip in token of incredulity, but he saw no sign or shadow of it; on the contrary, she had not yet recovered from the anxiety in which she had most largely participated; and, in her joy at their safe return, she would have gladly thrown herself into the arms of her lover, as she did into Rosine's, if no witnesses had been there; as it was, she contented herself with scolding him good-naturedly for giving them all such a fright, meaning herself in very particular.

At that moment she looked so beautiful, so enchanting, in our hero's eyes, that he could almost have been resigned to return to his allegiance. He caught her hand, gave it a gentle pressure, and expressed a world of regrets for the uneasiness he had occasioned her. She took his arm,

arm, and they walked into the passage together, while Rosine, "by herself," walked to her own room.

Our hero, just now, may appear to the superficial observer, like the lover in the song—

> "How happy were I with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away!"

But never fear; that balance of the heart is one which cannot remain long suspended; a feather, trifles lighter than air, may incline it either way, but one scale or the other must finally go down; victory always takes sides with one party or the other in such a conflict, equal as it may at first appear.

The dinner did not pass off quite as gaily as usual. Rosine not only was absent, but our hero appeared to be uncommonly abstracted: Caroline imputed it to the cause which was most flattering to herself—set it down as the effect of love, and did not rally him upon it, but ap-

peared herself not much less contemplative.

Hugh made an excuse to go to his room after dinner, to answer some important letters from town, and to write to his uncle. He remained shut up till evening, not occupied with his correspondence, but in close and anxious cogitation. After tossing about for three hours, in a sea of doubts and perplexities—weighing one consideration against another—now Caroline almost regaining the ascendancy—then Rosine sweeping all before her, as he thought of her tears, and her unhappiness, and her tender attachment—of the loves of their childhood—of her devotion—finally, her triumph seemed complete. Then came his solemn engagement with Caroline—his honour was compromised—pledged—and how to redeem it thence, puzzled and frightened him. Up started a villainous suggestion, undoubtedly the instigation of the devil himself, that he might invent or create some pretext for breaking it off.

But

But that he would never think of—Caroline was too noble, too charming a girl, to trifle with in that manner. Finally, the more he deliberated, the more deeply he seemed to entangle himself. His suspense was almost intolerable, and yet he saw no end of it. His state of mind was nearly bordering on that we may suppose the poor wretch would feel, who, by some mishap, should allow his frail canoe to drift too dear the pitch of our grand western cataract. He suddenly discovers that his bark refuses to obey the oar. He perceives that he is hurried by a slow, but every moment accelerated current, to the verge of that fearful, foaming abyss, which will never yield him up alive. At first he instinctively struggles with convulsive efforts against the ruthless tide. But soon he sees it mock his supernatural exertions. He throws down his unavailing oar, and with a wild, but sullen fright, resigns himself to the resistless current and to his inevitable destiny.

Our hero did very much the same thing —after having exhausted his invention, and wearied his judgment, he felt how useless it was to attempt to paddle against the current of circumstances, which seemed to be sweeping him onward, and he sullenly resigned himself also to destiny, and—went to tea.

After an evening, which, dull as he was at the commencement, Caroline had contrived to enliven, eleven o'clock came, and all but he had retired to their chambers, Caroline with aunt Rose—because Rosine said she was restless, and she insisted on being alone, for fear of disturbing the more tranquil slumbers of Caroline. Our hero has gone into the garden, and is waiting in the summer-house. Rosine had promised, and with many misgivings she started up to go, as the hall clock struck eleven. She wraps a light silk mantle around her to protect her from the evening dews—she snatches up a calash, and softly opening her door, listens in the long wide

wide hall which divides the house, to see if she could catch the sound of footsteps or voice. All was still—the bright moon itself, which shone in through the large windows at the end of it, was not more tranquil. She trips to the door which opens into the garden, with a step like that of the fearful fawn, and in a moment is at the rendezvous. She is in the arms of the dear companion of her childhood, the dearest of friends in riper years, and now the lover, to whom she had, that very morning, avowed that her heart was his already, though her hand should never be.

Is this interview discreet? Is it not highly imprudent? We shall not pretend to say that it is either the one or the other, or both, or neither. We know that it took place, and we know that such things have taken place both before and since, and, no doubt, will again. We know further, that sometimes harm comes of them, and sometimes not. Upon the

whole, it is a matter with which third persons have nothing to do, unless, like Caroline, they are particularly interested, and happen to see it.

Coroline, at the very time our hero and heroine were engaged in the same discussion which had occupied the morning, and with the same prospect of agreeing, and no better, Caroline was sitting writing in aunt Rose's room, and had been penning a long letter to her father, to acquaint him with her recent engagement, and she was finishing one to her mother also, on the same subject. After reminding them both that she had always been a most obedient and dutiful daughter, and that they had often expressed a wish that when she thought proper to choose a husband, she should do so entirely by her own taste and judgment, without waiting to ask their opinions, and that she always had intended to follow their parental injunctions in that particular, she proceeded in a more serious manner to inform them that our hero

hero had made her a tender, three days ago, of his heart and hand, and that she had been graciously pleased to accept of them and him. Then followed a glowing eulogium on his person, mind, manners, character, and disposition, and she did not omit to dwell on the earnestness with which he had entreated her to name a near day for their union; and she admitted that he had prevailed on her at length to name a certain day, about six weeks from that time; all which she most humbly submitted to the consideration of her beloved papa and mamma, not doubting that they would approve of her choice, &c.

"I know," said she to herself, "papa will approve, by the raillery in his last letter on the subject of my *bien aimè*; and mamma! when did she ever see with any other eyes than mine?"

She had just concluded her letter to her mamma, when the moon began to peep into the room, through the curtain, to see what she was about, and shone so bright

and beautiful, that it seemed to tempt her to contemplate the landscape. She laid down her pen, closed her portfolio, and softly opening the door, so as not to disturb aunt Rose, who was in bed asleep, she passed round to the south end of the hall, and stood with the summer-house at the end of the garden full in view. She was on the point of commencing a beautiful apostrophe to the beautiful queen of night, that would have surpassed all those now on record, when, the window being open, and the sweet south gently blowing in upon her, it wafted to her ear some sounds like human conversation, but in low and gentle voices, that evidently proceeded from that very summer-house.

The apostrophe, beautiful as it was to have been, was forgotten, was spoiled—a plague upon it! say we, for it would unquestionably have made the most sublime and delightful *morçeau* in this history But the fair maiden's meditation was arrested, and her attention all transferred from

from " Diana, with her silver bow," to that white drapery which was just visible through a malicious opening in the shrubbery. If she could also have seen the daring *night-errant* who had clasped it, and her that wore it, in his arms, it would not have been so wonderful that she neglected the apostrophe which we had bespoken, when she went to look upon the beautiful scene that lay before her.

It did not cross her mind that Rosine or Hugh could be either of the *dramatis personæ*. The first thought that struck her was, that it was a courtship between some of the domestics; and the second, that she would have a good peep at them, as they were now coming out of the summer-house; and she stepped aside, and took up a position that concealed herself, but gave her a good chance to reconnoitre the enemy.

A sortie now took place, and who should she see as plainly as by daylight sally forth, arm in arm, but her own betrothed

trothed lover and her dearest of friends, Rosine! They turned down a path which led out of her sight, and in the rear of the cottage.

Caroline was for a moment bewildered, petrified with amazement. She stood motionless, thoughtless, senseless, till that moment was over. Could she be mistaken? She then rushed wildly for Rosine's chamber. The light was burning; Rosine was not there. "Enough!" she stamped furiously upon the floor, and the next instant threw herself upon the sofa, deprived almost of the power of thinking. At the next instant a hundred plans flitted across her brain. The whole woman was roused within her. She was in a mood to play the devil; but how, which way, was a question.

She thought of running to aunt Rose, and arousing her from her sleep to observe the mysterious, scandalous scene. No, her pride instantly forbade that. She thought of rushing down and surprising them

them together; no, said pride: and for what purpose? asked reason. The idea occurred to listen to their conversation, and ascertain more than she now knew; rejected. In fine, before she could hit upon any thing, a light footstep approached the door, and Rosine entered.

As she entered, the poor girl saw a pair of eyes glaring at her, that she would have parted with all her dowry to have escaped from at that moment. She would have rather, alone and defenceless, met a she-wolf's eyes in the wilderness, and run her chance for life and safety. She was ready to sink to the earth. She saw, by the first glance, that Caroline had detected her interview, and upon such an emergency she was a mere child. How different would the scene have been, if Caroline had been the party caught, and Rosine the one who thought herself injured!

Rosine saw nothing but the terrible glance of her eyes, and did not stop to examine the remainder of her person. She

She knew not what she said or did. She started back, and with a look of consternation, almost of horror, screamed "Caroline!" in such a voice, that if Caroline had been in her theatrical humour, she would have replied, like Macbeth,

"Had I three ears, by Heaven, I'd hear thee!"

Her exclamation was heard by Hugh, as he was closing his own door at the other end of the hall. He paused, and turned back to listen, notwithstanding the warning to listeners, that they will never hear any good of themselves, to which he was not very likely either to prove an exception. But with a stealthy pace he drew near enough to hear what was going on, as the door stood ajar, and neither of the parties inside thought of closing it. He saw that a storm was impending, and he began to repent his imprudence, and to tremble for the consequences of his nocturnal adventure.

For two minutes after that exclamation he had heard, not a syllable was spoken

spoken on either side. If he had been within, he would have seen Caroline waiting, with a look which he would not have willingly encountered, for Rosine to commence her vindication; but, in the mean time nursing her wrath to make her reproaches the more bitter, when she should give it the reins. Rosine still remained silent, and in another minute, he heard Caroline, with such a deep tone of scorn, of contempt, and of half-bridled anger, that he thought so lovely a girl incapable of, pour forth a torrent of the bitterest sarcasms, of the keenest reproaches that ever were invented. He did not exactly felicitate himself that he was on the outside of the door, but he did think that it was, perhaps, more judicious to let the first fury of the storm pass over, before he interfered. But when he heard her accuse Rosine of treachery, of a violation of all the ties and obligations of friendship, call her a "base-born wretch," and demand if she *dare* to set herself up for her

her rival, upbraid her with her low extraction, even yet more pointedly, and construe her silence into guilt, declared herself degraded by having ever admitted her to her acquaintance and friendship, and that she scorned both her and her dishonourable, dishonoured accomplice, too much to revenge their infamous conduct, he was stung to the quick, and was on the very point of rushing in to the rescue of Rosine, and of his own honour. He thought by her silence, that the poor girl must be utterly overwhelmed.

And well she might be; for never had even the passionate Caroline been so agitated, or had such cause before. It was a sight to study. So much love and so much jealousy—so much beauty and so much wrath—so much wounded pride and so much struggling scorn, concentred in one fair form. "*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*" Caroline would have been, at that moment, the best model that ever was seen for an angry Juno. She ended her

her reproaches with, " To-morrow, your modest silence may be over; you will no doubt regain your speech, but never, never more dare to speak a word to me."

Rosine was only half recovered from the shock, but she sprang forward, and caught Caroline by her dress, as she turned towards the door.—" Caroline, for your own sake, if not for mine, hear me; hear me, or kill me at once! Oh! you will break my heart!" and in an agony of tears she laid hold of Caroline's hand; but the proud girl snatched it from her, while she waited for her to proceed.

" Here, in the face of Heaven, and I call it to witness," exclaimed Rosine, " I swear that you wrong me, Caroline, most deeply, most cruelly; false to you!" said she, with more energy than Caroline had ever seen her manifest before—" set up for your rival—no! if such a design ever had entered, or ever could enter my mind, I should be indeed all that you have called me, base and unworthy; but if

if you were not, as I know you are, his promised bride—if he was free this hour, or any time hereafter, and he should overlook the difference in the birth and station of a poor orphan and his own, I never, never would accept his hand, if he offered it a thousand times;" and she appealed to Heaven for the sincerity of her declaration, and confirmed it by a vow so deep and awful, that Caroline was forced to believe her. But still there was mystery in the conduct of her lover, which Rosine had not explained. She stood undecided a moment, and then asked—"But how, tell me, how came this stolen interview in the middle of the night? You need not tell me that you met at such a time, in such a place, by accident. Rosine, the truth—do not trifle with me."

"You shall know the truth. It was a foolish freak of Hugh's to have a conversation with me in that summer-house, upon the subject of his engagement with you. I yielded to his fancy, without thinking,

thinking, perhaps, as seriously of it as I ought. But I have acted to you no more unfriendly part than to urge him to hasten the day of your marriage, and to assure him that I would try to persuade you to agree to an earlier one."

Caroline turned round like lightning, took Rosine by the arms, and looking into her face with a glance so keen, that if the poor girl had not had conscious innocence to support her, she would have quailed under it, exclaimed in her deepest and most empassioned tone, and with emotion she could no longer control—"Rosine! Rosine! would you, *can* you deceive me? *can you* betray *me* with such a look?"

"Never! never! never!" cried Rosine, and in a moment they were in each other's arms.

And did Rosine tell the truth? yes: she never had, and never could have forgotten her fidelity to her friend; but she did forget to mention to her, that her lover wished to swerve from his loyalty: but that it would not have been honourable or prudent

prudent to disclose It would have raised a new storm for him, that he never could have allayed.

As it was, Caroline was completely vanquished. She would have trusted Rosine's word, if her own life had been at stake. And when she heard her affirm so solemnly—when she saw her calm unshrinking look, as she met her scrutinizing glance, she at once discarded all jealousy, all anger, and melted into the mood of a very child. Of such extremes was she capable.

She now reproached herself, even more bitterly than she had Rosine, for having accused her so wrongfully, and even insulted her.—" Rosine, you never will forgive me, you ought not; you will be my friend no longer. But, ah! consider, think what were my feelings to see him to whom only three days ago, I pledged my heart, my hand, my love and life, meeting another at a secret rendezvous! Judge yourself what I felt when I thought my love was trifled with, myself made sport of,

and

and my dearest friend too, stepping between me and my accepted lover! But still you ought not to pardon my insulting expressions. I forgot myself. It was madness to speak as I did!"

But the gentle, forgiving Rosine would have pardoned her, if she had wronged her twenty times as deeply. The reproach of her birth was the least that she cared for. But Caroline, in her situation, would have brooded over it till she had matured a vengeance worthy of her untameable spirit. Rosine only put her hand on Caroline's mouth to stop her excuses, kissed her cheek, and embraced her as tenderly as ever. It was Caroline's time to be affected with the forgiving generosity of her conduct, and the proud, high-spirited girl repaid it with the only tribute worthy of it—a shower of tears and of embraces. Their vows of eternal friendship were again and again repeated. Rosine would not part with her for the night, and they happily forgot, in the calm of innocent sleep, the

the storm that had come so near proving fatal to their long and sincere friendship.

But their reconciliation did not calm the bosom of our hero; his conflict of emotions was not so soon to subside. His first feeling towards Caroline was that of high indignation for her reproaches. Her conduct seemed so harsh and imperious, that he almost vowed to revenge the insults of Rosine; but as the reconciliation went on, and he heard Caroline so humbly suing for pardon, heard, in conclusion, Rosine exclaim, "Caroline, are you weeping?" in a voice so tender, he began to recollect that Caroline was not so very much to blame for acting in the manner she did, upon such suspicious appearances; but his displeasure at Rosine's foolish vow that she would never, under any circumstances, be his, soon rose above all other emotions. Finally, after the scene was concluded, and the door of their apartment had been closed, he was left in such a bewildered state, that he glided back to his

his own chamber without being at all conscious of the voyage. He threw himself upon a seat to enjoy the bitterness of his reflections. He will, no doubt, have a great deal to say for himself and to himself, and we shall see, in the next chapter, whether it is worth relating.

CHAP. IV.

——— ———What joys hath life for him,
Who bears a venom'd sorrow in his breast,
A master-passion preying on his heart,
That, like the fabled vulture of Tantalus,
Gnaws and devours it night and day, and seems
To riot in its victim's pangs? 'Tis then
The brave find charms in war and crimson'd fields;
Fearless of peril, but not seeking death.
'Tis thus by din of arms they rouse the soul
From apathy to life and sense again. *Alcibiades.*

THE moonlight interview in the summer-house, it will have been perceived, was not more decisive of our hero's fate than the morning's discussion during the ride. Rosine had evidently been employed in the interval in rousing all her strength

and resolution, and was as unyielding as her unconscious rival herself could have been. She had succeeded in making her final resolution that day upon the subject, and the only difficulty she had to contend with, was to keep it. She had determined to announce to her lover, that she had only consented to meet him at that hour and spot, because she had vowed that no other meeting ever should take place, and that should be the last time she would ever allow the subject to be spoken of.

She kept that part of her resolution which related to her announcing it to him, and warmly and violently did he remonstrate. She reminded him of all the obligations she was under to his aunts, again and again, to which he listened with the most supreme impatience. She urged upon him, with equal good effect, his engagements to Caroline; he again threatened to break that off the very next day, openly and publicly; and yet he could not prevail upon Rosine to yield to even

even that menace. But the cunning rogue resorted to entreaties, and persuasions, and endearments, at last, and poor Rosine, (alas for human resolves!), gave a slow reluctant assent to *one* more interview the next morning, or during the course of the day, which she again declared should be the last. She did urge him, as she has stated to Caroline, to hasten the day of his nuptials, both for his sake and her own, and tendered her influence to gain Caroline's consent to an earlier one. But her proffers of service were, of course, instantly rejected, and so, after an hour's agitation on both sides, and many tears from Rosine, they left the summer-house as wise and as innocent as they entered it.

They were to see each other again, however; and the same " more last words" might have been carried through several repetitions, perhaps, if Caroline had not have happened to witness the *finale* of this *comedie larmoyante*, and to add the

new scene to it, which we have just had the honour of presenting to the reader.

Our hero, having had the advantage of listening to it behind the curtain, as stated in the foregoing account, was left in a position from which it required great wisdom and deliberation to extricate himself handsomely, but in a state of mind which forbade calm reflection entirely. His wisdom was like all true lovers' wisdom, sent off on furlough. But he proceeded very speedily, without the help of deliberation, to the following decrees:—

"1. He found that he loved Rosine best; and Rosine should be his, if the devil stood at the door.

"2. He was no longer bound by his engagement to Caroline, for he loved another better; and he would follow his own inclinations, if the world rose up in arms to prevent him.

"3. He would end the suspense which now distracted him before he was forty-eight

eight hours older; and the only question was how?—how?"

He thought of all possible expedients, and rejected them as fast as he thought of them. Finally, having tortured his ingenuity till he had nearly turned his brain, he luckily bethought himself he would go to bed and try to sleep—for of any more thinking he felt himself incapable. So to bed he went; and though for a long time that "sweet restorer—balmy sleep," served him the same shabby trick which the pathetic Dr. Young charges to his account—"the wretched he forsakes—swift on his downy pinions flies, and lights on lids unsullied with a tear"—still our hero at last sunk into a gentle slumber, dreamed that he was to be cut in two, and one section was to be given to Caroline, and the other to Rosine. He was in the most pitiable dilemma, and entirely at a loss how to proceed, when the executioner approaching to carry the sentence into execution,

he gave a start and awoke—and very glad he was to "behold it was a dream."

It was sunrise, and a beautiful morning. The birds sang sweetly, and the balmy breeze was fragrant with the perfumes of a thousand flowers. Such music as those pretty birds were warbling forth might have beguiled any pangs but a lover's; such a breeze as that which breathed its sweet refreshing influence on our hero, might have allayed his feverish excitement, if it were any thing but the fever of love. But the birds carolled in vain, and the zephyrs that fanned him passed by unheeded.

When he first awoke, he was ready to think, as the terrible scene between Caroline and Rosine rushed on his recollection, that it must have been a part of his dream; but he rubbed his eyes, and acknowledged his mistake. He dwelt for some moments on it, and came to the conclusion that he would apprize Rosine of his knowledge of what took place, and make one more desperate

desperate effort, by touching her pride, to shake her resolution. He would write to her instantly, and her answer should decide: he would not then trust himself to think further of the event.

Accordingly up he sprang, sat down to his portfolio, and wrote as follows:—

"DEAREST ROSINE,

"I know all—I heard all that passed last night between you and Caroline. Judge of my feelings! To hear you so outraged, to hear you reproached as she reproached you—my blood boils at the recollection! Have you one spark of resentment for your own wrongs? Have you one feeling of sympathy for my cruel suspense? If you have, you will boldly do as I will—put all consequences at defiance, and follow the dictates of your heart alone.

"I appeal to your heart for the last time—let that decide. You know you

are dearer to me than life itself—that I would rather die than live to think and see that you were unhappy. I will urge no more the claims of my own love, since you have rejected them so obstinately. But if you *do* love me, as you confess, I ask you to bestow one thought on our mutual happiness. It is involved in your decision, and I conjure you not to sacrifice both yours and mine to idle phantoms, to things which appear to me lighter than shadows, when put in opposition to the feelings which have obtained an uncontrolable dominion over my heart. If I had known your sentiments sooner, I never could have thought of another.

"But you urge that there are other impediments. These impediments I disregard, and you ought not to urge them. I appreciate, I admire the delicacy and the nobleness of your conduct in both respects. But neither the sentiments of friendship, nor the still stronger ties of gratitude, should mislead your judgment.

Your

Your heart is mine—I claim you by a stronger and a better right than that of either. Consent, then, to make me happy. Be mine, and weep no longer for a destiny which you inflict on yourself.

"I wait your answer in the most cruel torture that suspense can inflict; for it is the last appeal I can make to your heart. I entreat you to follow the impulses of that, and not to sacrifice your happiness and mine for ever. Adieu.

"Yours only and for ever,

"H."

In three minutes after signing and sealing it, this important decisive paper was confided to Alphonse's hands, with a charge to deliver it to Rosine the moment she left her room, and—"Mark—you need not call any witnesses to it either. And then get ready my horse: I'll ride out this morning."

Alphonse, delighted to resume his confidential vocation, though he did not ex-

actly understand what was going on, wanted only a hint to be discreet. He took his stand on the piazza looking into the hall, through which the ladies were obliged to pass, and whistling and singing with all his skill, waited for the favourable moment.

Presently the young ladies came out together.—" Diable," said Alphonse, stopping his music; " voila un contre-temps: n'importe—they are coming this way: we shall see," and he resumed his song without appearing to notice their movement.

" ——— partant pour la guerre, &c."

sung he; and Caroline said to him—" Eh! Alphonse, vous etes bien gaí ce matin!"

" Non, mademoiselle," answered he, with a low bow, and cap in hand; " je ne chante que pour me desennuyer. Je pense toujours de ma pauvre mere mais, pardon, est ce que mademoiselle veut se-promener à cheval, ce matin?" and he acquainted her with his master's intention, that he had already ordered his horse, and

no

no doubt did expect the honour of her company.

Alphonse was all the while thinking of his letter instead of his poor mother, and he took the liberty to pledge his master in this manner, merely from a wish to fulfil his commission, "*coute qui coute*," and thinking that would be the speediest mode of separating the two young ladies.

Caroline was so much in the habit of calling for the horses, and for Hugh to attend her, that any invitation from him as a preliminary was quite unnecessary, and she turned to Rosine to ask if they should go.

"No, you know I am forbid to ride on horseback," said Rosine; "but do you go; it is a most delightful morning for a ride, and you have two good hours yet to breakfast."

Caroline accordingly inquired if his master was ready, and Alphonse affirming that he was, and waiting for the horses, she went back to her room to equip her-

self for the ride. Poor Alphonse, he has greatly exceeded his commission, and he runs the risk of some missile being aimed at his head; but the letter must be delivered, and the instant Caroline's back was turned, the adroit Alphonse, looking round to see that no "*curieux*" was observing them, boldly advanced, and in his master's name delivered it into Rosine's hand.

In a moment he ran to acquaint his master with his success. He was delighted to hear that it had arrived so promptly at its destination; but when Alphonse came to explain the "*petite ruse*" by which he had contrived to separate the young ladies, our hero, instead of laughing at his dexterity, began to storm and swear at him most furiously for his impertinence and officiousness.

"S——è bete que tu es! maudit officieux: vagabond, will you never have done with your impudent meddling till I break your head! Milles tonnerres!" but

but recollecting himself, he resumed in a calmer tone—" Well, go and get the horses ready ; and if you ever do the like again, I will serve you this way," and he took up a pitcher of water standing near him, and discharged the contents upon poor Alphonse, who ran out of the room as if he had the hydrophobia ; but that did not hinder him from laughing heartily at the passion he had put his master in, as soon as he got out into the open air.— " Qu'il etoit furieux !" said he; " est, parbleu, pour rien !"

But his master thought it was something ; and he would have given even his favourite bay to have been that morning excused from the ride with one of the most charming girls in the world. But he could not help smiling at the figure Alphonse had made when he received the ablution, and the mirth that it caused him was of great assistance to him the whole morning. He determined to behave like a man, and carry it through gaily.

He

He came out of his room, ready to laugh yet at Alphonse's faces, whenever he thought of them; and when he met Caroline in the hall, walked up to her with as light a step and as merry an eye as ever. He even gave her a kiss, although he thought, and not wrongfully either, that the summer-house was at the moment uppermost in her thoughts. But she had dismissed all jealousy, and in a moment the slight thoughtfulness which at first seemed to cloud her brow was gone.

By the time they had past outside the gate, and Hugh had challenged her to a race with Candide, in as gay a tone as ever, she herself was even more than usually animated. She put Candide to his mettle, and off they went, as soon as they had crossed the bounds of the village, like the wind. For the best part of half-a-mile, they contended for victory; but Candide as usual got the better, and his rider was obliged to hold up and wait for her companion.

Hugh

Hugh laughed at it as gaily as if it were the first time it had happened, and jogging along at an easier pace, finished an hour's ride in the most agreeable manner, and came back to breakfast in good season.

Rosine did not make her appearance at the table, but breakfasted in her room. It was so common for her to do it, that it attracted no attention from anybody but our hero. He thought to himelf—"Ah, ha! my letter will be answered soon."

He was right in his conjecture; but the answer did not take so much time in reading as he was flattering himself it would. Rosine's emotions were exhausting her, and she felt no disposition to undergo the fresh agitation of a long recapitulation. Her answer was much briefer than ladies' letters usually are, though not so "brief as woman's love," according to the ill-natured comparison of Hamlet.

He expected a very different sort of letter; and the style, both of sentiment and expression, appeared to him to be that of another

another Rosine, than the one he had seen the evening before. He had anticipated receiving one of those long expostulations, full of adieus, and more full of tenderness, which love-lorn ladies sometimes write to their lovers, saying—"It is better that we should see each other no more: let us forget each other for ever!" &c. but the true interpretation of which is—"If you love me, you will take the first opportunity to see me, and make me unsay all I have written." But our heroine's epistle was not at all related to that family. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAREST COUSIN,

"I am glad if you did overhear all the scene of last night, between your future bride and me. It ought to convince you how useless it is for you to urge me any further; and how wrong it would be for me to listen to you for another moment.

"But

"But though I can conquer my weakness, I shall not cease to love you as I ought. Yet I should cease to deserve your love and your esteem, those of my dearest friend, and my dearest benefactresses, if I listened again to your mad proposal, though but to reject it.

"Caroline expects you to wait on her home, the day after to-morrow. Go with her—deserve her—and you cannot but be happy. Adieu.

"ROSINE."

Not one line more—not one word of those redeeming postscripts, which serve as keys to a lady's letter.

Our hero received this "*reponse sans replique*," by the same confidential hands which had delivered his own letter.

Who will refuse to acknowledge that ours is a heroine of the most exalted heroism? She seems to deserve a better fate.

Her correspondent opened her favour with an agitated hand. He read it at a glance;

glance; and his impetuosity was inflamed almost to fury. He started up to proceed to the very chamber of Rosine, to upbraid her with her coldness, her indifference, and, in short, to make the same appeals which he had made so often in vain, when who should he see, just entering the very door of her chamber, but his own betrothed, going to spend the morning with the young lady. Luckily she did not see him, or he might have been forced to go in with her. He turned back to his own room, and sat down to "keep cool."

He said to himself with his bitterest irony—"Now, by Heavens, that is excellent! I like that!" and he sat sulkily upon the same seat he first threw himself on, cursing his stars, and thinking of nothing else in particular for the best part of an hour: at the end of that time, his sensations returned to him, and some portion of his reason straggled back. He began to walk his chamber and to reflect.

"It is extremely true," said he to himself,

self, "that my honour is committed to Caroline: it is true that I thought my heart was bestowed with it. She has given me hers. She has vowed to be mine, and mine alone upon the strength of it. I do *like* her, and exceedingly, although my love is and must remain Rosine's. But something is due to such a girl as Caroline; and I shall behave well—never fear. I must wait on her home; but I'll not stay there a week and play the hypocrite. I'll make an excuse, and be off the second day. I must support the character of the future husband, cost what it will, for one day, before the family. How irksome—how tantalizing it will be! But I'll save Caroline's feelings and her unbounded pride, and gain time. I'll have no scandalous *eclat*. I'll plead the necessity of returning to town; and when I am once there, I think I know one obliging physician who will prescribe me a voyage to some foreign climate for my health. Then leave the rest to time and my poor skill.

If

If I can gain a few months, I think I can vanquish Rosine's foolish scruples—I know I can: at least the experiment shall be tried. But there's 'an oath in heaven' —I suppose she will urge that vow—no matter; the pope or the minister must absolve her from that, or she must take a dispensation upon my private authority, for want of a better. I am certainly not to blame, if I can extricate myself handsomely."

Of that the reader is to form his own opinion; and if he can pronounce upon it, and give clear reason for his judgment, he will deserve some credit as a casuist. We shall be happy to consult him or her on all our cases of conscience.

But our heroine demands our attention. She has performed her duty, or what she conceived to be, and she has nothing but that consciousness to support her. The moment she had dispatched her answer, she felt her heroism vanishing, and her tenderness returning with redoubled force.

If,

If, at that moment, our hero had entered as he intended, we should have been doubtful of the result. The poor girl's heart was swimming in the deep gushing fountain of love, and her head was swimming too for the moment under the violence of the reaction in her emotions: she neither wept, nor exhibited any outward sign of the misery which was secretly preying on and consuming her heart. She was already realizing that her future existence was to be a blank, if not a burden; that there was no longer a joy on earth that could possess attraction for her. One, and only one, brief convulsive feeling prompted her to ask herself, for the first time—"If so painful a sacrifice was indeed her duty?" But the moment after she shrunk from her own inquiry, and resigned herself to a quiet despair. She saw Caroline enter her room soon after, with a certain pleasure, like that with which an innocent man, doomed to die, but tired of life, may be supposed to see his executioner

tioner enter his cell. *En passant*, we lay claim to this simile as original, if it is approved; if not, it is one we think we remember to have read somewhere, but cannot at this moment precisely name the author. Our heroine behaved well, and that is more to the point just now. Caroline, in fact, found her conversation extremely agreeable, for it consisted almost entirely of persuasions to her to consent to an earlier wedding-day; and of Caroline's lively replies to them, which provoked occasionally smiles and mirth even in the dejected Rosine.

When the committee rose to report progress and go to dinner, however, the day remained unchanged, and Caroline had resolved that even her lover's importunities should not prevail upon her to hasten it. She already had complained to him, or pretended to, of the precipitation with which he had influenced her to act in naming a day so near. He, however, a little perhaps to her surprise, did not importune

importune her at all on the subject; and the next day being the last of Caroline's visit, he saw but little of her or Rosine, as they were both closetted great part of the time, in high conclave with the aunts, who were also initiated in the grand secret.

When the morning of Caroline's departure arrived, at the precise moment she had indicated, the barouche was at the door, mulatto Bill gracing the driver's seat, Alphonse also in waiting; and our hero, after witnessing, with a queer inexplicable emotion, the parting scene between Rosine and Caroline—between the "desired" and the "destined," handed her in, and told Bill to drive off, and to drive quick. "I know," said he to Caroline, "you hate slow driving, and I am of the same humour with you, of course."

They accordingly drove as rapidly as the taste of Caroline, or the state of his own feelings required. Nothing is so good for melancholy or anger as a good jolting.

jolting. They drove through a charming country, and a plenty of wild and of agreeable scenery, the beauties of which Caroline did not fail to point out. She happened once to discover, however, that her companion was neither so gay nor attentive as he ought to be, and she immediately rallied, and reproached him for it, but with so fond a look as entirely to take off the edge of the reproach. But he felt himself caught, and he made an exertion to regain his vantage ground, which was tolerably successful. The sly rogue confessed his fault, but imputed his seriousness entirely to his uncontrollable regret at the prospect of their approaching separation for so many long weeks. The apology was welcomed by Caroline, with a sigh on her part, which produced a pressing of hands, and looking unutterable things on both sides.

"Deuce take me," thought our hero, "if I am not still in love with this girl! Bewitching creature! But then, poor, poor Rosine!"

Rosine!" and Rosine, pale, melancholy, and heart-broken, started up to his mind's eye, and he gave a sigh in return *for*, but not *to*, that which his fair *compagnon du voyage* had just breathed. It passed for genuine, and answered the purpose just as well.

Their arrival at colonel Grey's was not unexpected, and so flattering a reception did that gentleman and his lady bestow on our hero, so amiable and intelligent, and even yet so beautiful did he find his future mother-in-law, that he almost began to wish himself married to Caroline, for the sake of being son-in-law to such a papa and mamma. With the exception of a few *egaremens du cœur*, when Rosine's name happened to be mentioned, he maintained his character of "intended," not only to appearance, but in reality quite admirably. He spent one of the most agreeable days and evenings of his life, in the society of his *fiance*, her father, and mother, and younger sister and brother;

and it was not till he laid his head upon his pillow that he reverted seriously to the resolution he had adopted before he left home, to return on the next day to console Rosine.

"And yet how happy, how charming Caroline had appeared in his society that day! Ought he to leave her so abruptly? ought he not to stay at least three days? No, no," said the image of Rosine, again conjured up at that moment; "recollect, you are not sincere in your devotion to Caroline at this moment, and that your heart is elsewhere." Yes! he did now acknowledge with a pang, that he had only been playing a part, and he resolved that, the next day, the curtain should fall upon the last scene of his performance.

Accordingly, the next morning, after breakfast, he contrived to accuse himself of great and unpardonable neglect of his uncle Hugh and his own affairs, and to charge all his sins of omission on Caroline, and came out with the unexpected intelligence

gence that he was under the necessity of setting out for town that very day. Caroline was extremely discontented, and could not comprehend the necessity of the arrangement at all. It was not till after a long and interesting *tête-à-tête* that our hero could succeed in convincing her of the imperious nature of his engagements in town. He then wrung a slow reluctant assent from her that he might set out for the Cottage after dinner, but positively and absolutely not before.

They took a ride in the environs afterwards, and admired a great many things which would be well worth describing, only that we have neither time nor room for a description at this moment. They picked up an appetite for the sumptuous dinner that was prepared for them, and in spite of all their sentimentalizing, condescended to do justice to the cookery. Your truly sensible people seldom let their hearts run away entirely with their

 stomachs,

stomachs, though they sometimes do with their heads.

It was near sunset when the farewell interview of our hero and his Caroline, which succeeded the dinner, and lasted as long as if our hero was "no actor there," was terminated. As this was the last *tête-à-tête* which they were to enjoy until within a week of the time fixed for their wedding, Caroline did not feel disposed to conceal, in the least degree, the emotions which it occasioned her. She gave full and free expression to the tenderness which she had before cherished, without being herself aware of its power, and although our hero may think as he recedes from her presence, that he does not

"Drag at each remove a lengthening chain,"

yet while he received her farewell kiss and her parting embrace, he returned them so devoutly, he felt still such a friendship and tenderness for her, that he came within an ace of ordering his carriage, which was waiting for him at the door, to be

be unharnessed again, and of returning to his allegiance. But the Fates would so have it fall out, that at the very moment that sweet kiss was ended, Caroline should tell him to kiss Rosine for her, and tell her to get entirely well immediately, and come up and make the visit she had promised her, as soon as her health was re-established.

Our hero promised to do all he was bid, and the idea of dismissing his carriage popped out of his head, at the mention of Rosine. He took a hasty, hurried leave of the rest of the family, sprang into his carriage, and in a moment was out of sight.

"Thus runs this world away!"

A word, a look, a sigh, raises in our minds some latent sentiment, some half-formed design from its hiding-place, and in an instant away go all our fine impulses.

"Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig."

The moment our hero had turned the

corner, and could give the reins to his impatience, he inquired of mulatto Bill, how far it was called to Rockville.

"'Bout twenty-four-five miles; good twenty-four, mister Hugh, scant twenty-five," replied Bill.

"Bill, what's the shortest time you can drive it in? If you get there in two hours I'll give you a new hat; that old one is not fit for a gentleman like you to wear."

"Haw, haw, haw, mister Hugh, you'm just as funny as you used to be, on'y you don't talk as often to a body. But I say the hosses 'ill do it in two hours. If you'll resk the hossess, I'll resk the carriage—haw, haw."

"Well said, 'Bill: smack away, I'll risk the horses for two hours."

"Crack went the whip—round went the wheels."

and in less than the two hours, the high-mettled horses, covered with foam, but not damped in their speed, stopped at the gate of the Cottage.

"By Golly," said Bill, "if that ain't go-

in'

in' it, I should jist like to know what you call goin'."

"Pretty fair," said Hugh, springing out, "for a blockhead that don't know how to drive."

Bill laughed loud at "*Mister Hugh's fun*" as he called it. Bill made it a point of honour to call nobody *master*, being a "free nigger." It was always "Mister," though he had been born and brought up under the roof of the White Cottage.

The sun was set—the moon rose up to take his place, "round as my shield," and had filled her horns with a light that almost vied with the splendour of the orb of day. The sky was illumined with stars; not a breath or whisper of air distributed the tops of the silvery trees; the hum of the neighbouring village was subsiding to a few scattered noises, heard at intervals, when the repose of the White Cottage was disturbed by the approach of our hero's wheels. Aunt Rose and Rosine, far from being apprized of his intention to

return before the end of the week, were walking quietly in the garden, speculating upon the conversation or occupation that was at that very moment going on between him and the family circle at colonel Grey's. How seldom do things fall out according to the anticipations of poor short-sighted mortals, as Seneca, or some other moralist, has, or might have, observed!

Rosine was agitated by such a contrariety of emotions, that she turned pale, and trembled like a leaf. She was, in spite of herself, overjoyed to see him, and at the same time, his sudden return made her dread that something had happened to break off the engagement between him and Caroline, of which she might be the innocent cause. She saw that her conflict with her affections, with her passion, was to be renewed, and she would have gladly been spared the additional pangs that were in store for her.

Our hero dashed over the flowery borders of the walks, and over fruits and choice

choice exotics, and caught Rosine's hand. The presence of aunt Rose restrained him, or he would have ventured on another of those innocent kisses that have so often passed between them; and no doubt Rosine would have accepted it, and scolded roundly afterwards. Luckily he bethought himself of Caroline's commission, and that sanctioned every thing.

Aunt Rose eagerly demanded, what had brought him so soon? She thought he would have stayed a week, and even longer, if they would have kept him. He made the same excuse which he had pretended to Caroline—"Pressing business in town;" and as aunt Rose would hardly have suspected him of an untruth, if he had told her that he had to regulate the motions of the planets, for the next year, his excuse passed without a challenge. Rosine saw very well, that the pressing business in town, which had terminated his visit so abruptly, laid entirely at the cottage.

Whether our hero is liable to the imputation of having told a "white lie," or one of a darker hue, we must leave to our particular and respected friend, Mrs. Opie, to settle in her next edition. The question will be duly submitted for her opinion. In the mean time, the reader is requested to suspend his judgment, while the matter is under investigation.

Our hero, after giving Rosine a word of caution about her care of her health, and endeavouring to raise her spirits, proposed to adjourn to the house, as he saw no chance of another interview in the summer-house. But things succeeded no better there; and after sitting two hours in the hope that some accident might give him an opportunity to pour out his whole heart to Rosine, he was obliged to digest his disappointment along with his supper. After that, aunt Rose, as usual, took Rosine under her arm, bade him good night, and left him to his own vexatious meditations.

He

He went to his chamber, and wrote another long passionate letter—argumentative and eloquent—full of wild and powerful words. There were thoughts that breathed; and if the words did not burn the paper, they were very likely to sear the heart of the ill-starred Rosine.

It concluded with assuring her, that she was a thousand times dearer to him than life itself; that she should be his at all hazards, if she still loved him, as she had avowed; that no impediment should stand in the way of their love and happiness, if she would consent to be his: but if she still rejected this his last appeal to her heart, he would the next morning bid her adieu, and quit his native land the moment he returned to the city, and, as he hoped, never to return again.

Before seven o'clock the next day, this letter was read, with the deepest agitation and the bitterest tears, by the gentle being to whom it was addressed. She was in the garden when Alphonse handed it

to her, and in the very summer-house which had come so near being disastrous to her, but which was still her favourite retreat, when she wished to indulge her melancholy musings. The instant she received it, and Alphonse had disappeared, she flew to her room, tore open the seal with a trembling hand, and when she had finished the perusal, let it fall, from absolute want of strength to retain it.

To say that her heart was ready to break, would not be an exaggeration. She could scarcely feel more than she had already endured without that danger. But the surcharge produced the opposite effect for the moment, and completely benumbed her faculties. She sat motionless, gazing at the letter, her reflection completely suspended. This shock had been so sudden and unexpected, that her mind was absolutely stunned. It seemed like a dream.

After half-an-hour she began to realize her position, and to think of the reply which she ought to make. She saw nothing

thing but misery surrounding her on every side, without the possibility of escape. And if her dear cousin should fulfil his threat, and she should be the cause of driving him into the voluntary exile which he meditated! The idea was torture, too exquisite for her to endure. She wavered —when up started all those considerations which had so often borne down every thing before them, and again they triumphed! She could not believe that her cousin would act so madly, and she would, with all her force of entreaty, conjure him to renounce this plan. "And her oath!" It was useless to meditate any longer. She almost shuddered at herself for having hesitated an instant. She seized her pen instantly; and while her tears bedewed the paper, she wrote with a firm and steady hand as follows:—

"MY DEAREST COUSIN,

"You drive me to despair and distraction. It seems to me, that I am born

born only to be the source of unhappiness to others, as well as to be myself miserable. I do not care for myself, I have *sworn* that I would never consent to what you are urging me so cruelly; if it were to cost me my life, if I were sure of it, I would keep that vow; and even without that impediment, I never, never would consent.

"But do not, I beseech, I conjure you, do not quit your home and your country for that reason, unless you wish to hear that I am in my grave. I could not survive the idea of having been the cause of such anguish to all your family, and above all, to that noble girl who loves you far better than you dream of. My heart will not sink under the grief that weighs upon it now, but that would drive me mad! If you would not have me die of a broken heart, in one short month after you had *fled* from us and from your betrothed cousin, never think of it more. Return to town, that is best; write every day to Caroline;

Caroline; believe me, you will soon reconcile yourself to the unconquerable destiny that separates us; and when you are once married, you will bless the obstinacy with which you now reproach me.

"Pray do not expect to see me again, do not attempt it before you set out. I will endeavour to support the scene before our aunts; but, for heaven's sake, do not attempt to see me if I am not there.

"Adieu, adieu! Heaven bless you!

"ROSINE."

She sealed it without faltering or agitation. She was amazed at her own fortitude. She was not yet conscious that it was nothing but the courage of despair, which may yet fail her.

Our hero had stationed Alphonse in sight of the window, so that she might easily call him when her answer was ready. In the mean time, he was cherishing hopes that his long letter would prevail. He grew more and more determined as his

scruples,

scruples, was "too much for human nature to endure."

In the first gust of the whirlwind, he stamped and swore; in the second stage, he picked up the letter which he had thrown on the floor, to pick a quarrel with some particular expression, and thus he broke out, that is, his thoughts, not his speech.—"And she concludes with giving me such excellent advice too!—yes, she advises me to return to town, and write every day to Caroline. Pretty amusement she recommends to me! I shall try to find something more interesting. To town I'll return this very day, that I agree to; and abroad I'll go. My health will require it in good earnest," said he, sighing.

"But what to do in Europe? I have once got fairly tired of the pleasures of Paris, of Rome, of Florence; no matter, I'll go to Constantinople and turn Turk, before I'll stay in this dull hemisphere. Ha! I forget; there is war in the wind, and I hesitate! The war between France and

and Spain! The duke D'Angouleme is by this time crossing the Pyrenees, and the grand campaign has commenced. I'll go and see it; I'll go and join one army or the other; I will, by all that's lovely."

Before he had taken time to decide which country he would support, he ran and ordered Alphonse to get ready every thing to set out for town that morning, that he "must be off in half an hour;" and with an air of great indifference, he repeated his intentions to his aunts. They remonstrated, but were of course obliged to acquiesce, with the best grace they could command. He returned to his room to arrange his baggage, and resume his deliberation.

"Yes, I'm for the wars—a campaign's the thing: I shall be in time for a battle or two. But on which side shall I volunteer? The Spanish patriots! I must fight on that side, of course, if I fight at all; ah! I cannot remain an inglorious spectator; and yet I scarcely know any thing

thing of their language. I shall perhaps be obliged to dodge about with those *guerilla* parties—that won't do! The French army, on the other hand, is well appointed; one hundred and twenty thousand men with every munition of war; sieges and battles, on a grand scale, they are fit to undertake. One of the aids of the duke himself, my intimate friend at Paris, and no doubt with the army now. Well, it goes against the grain, but I shall be so much better off in the French army—I shall do the poor Spaniards no great harm, so I shall take the liberty to join their invaders. I hope they will make a more respectable fight than the poor Neapolitan patriots whom I saw running in such droves, and with their generals at their head too, before the Austrian troops. After all, I am afraid that men fight better from habit than from patriotism."

Once resolved, his mind was comparatively relieved. He contemplated the position

sition he was about to seek as coolly as if he was only going to join a party of pleasure, and the idea of fighting under the banner of despotism, was merged in his impetuous, ungovernable impulse for action—for some stirring occupation that might rouse his spirit and absorb his painful, corroding reflections. He longed, he was impatient not only to witness, but to rush into the grand shock of kingdom against kingdom which was impending. The gay and gallant French were in full march against the brave and haughty Dons. The world was in suspense for the issue of the conflict. He was ready to mingle in the fray, careless of the event. His only wish was to fly from himself, from his own sensations, and his only hope that he might find something that would lend an interest to existence amidst the clash of arms, the tramp of a hundred thousand soldiers, the sieges, the battles, the pride and pomp of glorious war. The idea began already to produce the

the effect he wished for. He felt the blood mounting to his cheek, and he vowed that he would hasten to a foreign land, and, under a foreign banner, seek what he just then would have prized far higher than the "bubble reputation"—excitement, "even at the cannon's mouth."

In less than an hour his arrangements were completed; he took a hasty farewell of his aunts, who urged him to return as soon as possible. He sent for Rosine, to bid her "good bye," and she came out of her room, and gave him, with great apparent composure, her parting kiss. He ordered Alphonse to follow in his carriage, and off he dashed on his proud bay, leaving the peaceful scenes of the White Cottage, which now filled him with none but painful emotions, to bustle in the agitating events of European camps; perhaps to fall fighting under a foreign banner, and to leave his bones to whiten beneath a foreign sky.

CHAP. V.

Ye prudes in virtue—ye severest, say—
What would you then have done?

THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

THE first thing which our hero did after his arrival, and exchanging salutations with uncle Hugh, was to sally out and engage a passage in the first packet for Havre. He was sadly disappointed to find that he had to wait ten days before the regular day of sailing. It seemed to him ten days lost, and he did not know what he could do to carry him through such a dreary blank in his existence. So he sat down and wrote a long farewell letter to Rosine, informing her of his plan and intentions precisely, and that he should sail on such a day. He begged her to remember him always as tenderly as he should cherish her image, and spoke of returning

returning when he had attained some degree of tranquillity, and hoped that their destinies might even yet prove less unkind; he alluded to Caroline only to beg her to give her every assurance that could reconcile her to the voyage " which his physician had prescribed for him immediately." He thought a word to the wise would be sufficient, and contented himself with giving that hint which he supposed would be fully understood. His letter was despatched, and he set himself to arranging his private affairs, which were in no small confusion, and contrived to get the time off his hands till dinner-time. When that came, he happened to be hungry, and when it was announced to him that the dinner and his uncle were waiting for him, he felt at once that there was a resource and a consolation for him which he had entirely overlooked.

At dinner, uncle Hugh, who had received a bulletin from the sisters at the White Cottage, containing all the particulars

culars of the engagement between our hero and Caroline, took it into his head, quite contrary to his usual custom, to commence the conversation. As might be expected, he wished to approach that topic which was so agreeable to the family, but of all others the most *mal-apropos* to our hero.

The discourse of uncle Hugh, preliminary to its introduction, was as thus—"Hughey, I've missed you very much, more than you might think for. I've wanted you for matters of business, a great many times, and for your company every day, particularly at dinner. But, however, I am glad you staid—dev'lish glad of it; I am delighted to find that you have employed your time so well—heh!"

Hugh, coolly—"If you have wanted me so much, I wish you had written to me. I should have been well pleased to have been sent for at any moment, uncle."

"Come, come, now, that won't do; I know

know all about it. Why, man, I saw it in your very looks the moment that I put my eyes on your face. Egad, Hugh, I believe you have had a serious time of it; why, you have lost at least twenty pounds of flesh! but, never mind, you have got a good sample of flesh and blood in exchange, if there is any truth in my letters."

"Uncle," cried Hugh, affecting a stare of surprise, "will you have the goodness to unriddle this mystery, and let me know what it is I have been doing or suffering?"

Uncle Hugh seldom looked up to see how far his nephew's looks quadrated with his words; and he generally, with every body, said his say, without paying any attention to the questions that might be popped in, till he was through with what he had in his own mind before he began: as to disputing, it was his perfect horror. He continued his speech.—"Yes, sir, I congratulate you, my dear child, on your choice, and on your good fortune. I am assured you could not have found a more

charming girl in the whole country. Rose sets her up for a goddess complete. I wish I could see her. You know, of course, I make a little allowance for feminine exaggeration, and yet I have set her up myself as a divinity, from Rose's glowing description of her. Come, let's know all about her! Talk as long as you will, and as extravagantly, I won't go to sleep."

Our hero was, all this while, meditating how to bring out his voyage to Europe, and the chord that his uncle had touched made him wince to such a degree, that he was almost provoked to dash out the whole truth at once. He curbed his impatience, however, and replied by asking several questions, which were not put with a lover's tone or a lover's look.—"Uncle, will you be so good as to tell me what you are talking about, if you are indeed addressing your conversation to me?"

Uncle Hugh looked up at this, and saw with some surprise, that his nephew's face indicated any thing but pleasure in the topic

topic under discussion. He answered by putting some questions.—" Why, nephew, are you not engaged to be married to Miss Grey? and do you pretend to make a secret of it to me? Come, leave off this hoaxing."

" My dear uncle, you are the hoaxer; I do assure you, on my honour, that I have no idea of being married to Miss Grey, or any other lady: my views are quite different, and I shall take an early opportunity to explain them to you."

Uncle Hugh started with amazement. —" Why, what in the name of wonder and thunder does all this mean? You are not engaged? not going to be married? Here," pulling a letter out of his pocket, " there's my authority."

Our hero declined reading it; said he did not intend to marry, but to remain single, and that he presumed he had that right according to the laws of the land, and he smiled as he said it, so as not to appear ill-natured to his uncle.

"Why, surely you have, my boy; I'll uphold you in that myself. Go thy ways; marry when thou wilt, and what thou wilt; it's what I hope you will consult your own heart about; I shall never find fault with your choice, provided always that it is a lady you marry, and I know you would not think of marrying any other."

Our hero was in a mood to pick a quarrel with any body and any thing, and he demanded, in a tone rather more petulant than he was warranted in using to his affectionate uncle—"Pray, sir, will you be so kind as to let me know exactly what sort of a creature a 'lady' is, so that I may make no mistake in that matter, and I'll govern myself accordingly?"

"A lady! ask what a lady is. By our lady, I think you ought to know by this time what a lady *is!* You are a great booby for your years, let me hint that to you, if you don't know a lady when you meet her."

"I have my own notions about that, of course,"

course," said he; "but I wish to have yours to aid me in choosing a wife, if you would describe her, or define her, so that 'I may know her when I meet her."

Uncle Hugh began to find his nephew unreasonable.—"I sha'n't undertake any such thing; you must guess for yourself. I could define and describe a lady, a true lady, but what's the use? You know as well as I what constitutes a lady."

"You do me too much honour, my dear uncle; I solemnly declare I have not the least idea in the world: I must appeal to you for assistance. I suppose you would call every young woman who is fashionably educated, and moves in certain circles, a 'lady,' and that no further questions need be asked about her pretensions to ladyship?"

"No, sir, no, not by a monstrous deal, let me tell you; I believe you are not quite so great a noodle as to think any such thing: I scorn such a definition. I call all such 'ladies' by courtesy, to be

sure; let them pass for such—no harm done. But what *I* call a *lady*, I'll tell you what, young man, you don't meet a great many of them when you walk out of a morning—let me tell you that, sir."

"Oh, I know your 'lady by courtesy,' uncle, as well as any other fool in Christendom. But why don't you tell me what you mean by your true lady? Is it fortune that transforms a woman into a lady?"

"Bah! it is true, that 'money makes the mare go,' the vulgar creed is correct there; but all the money in the Bank of the United States would not make a lady of Miss ——; do you think it would?"

"Crœsus! uncle, this is not a fair question. She is rich; she passes for a lady; and, let me tell you, I think she is not so great a fool as you take her to be. I once heard her say a confounded good thing, though, to be sure, she did not know it, till every body had done laughing, and we had time to explain it to her; I'll tell it to you another time. Just now I am anxious

ious to know what makes up your lady. rtune, you say, is not at all necessary. education at all necessary?"

"Get away with yourself. Can there a lady or gentleman without education -without that refinement and polish of ind which is so inestimable both in so- iety and in solitude? Scarcely possible; hough there are even exceptions to this ule. But education, and cultivated in- tellect and taste, are not of themselves sufficient."

"No! Pray finish the catalogue; I am all attention."

"I say they are not sufficient, unless accompanied with the proper degree of talent, and good sense, and good breeding. There *is*, say what you will, a certain *tone*, I don't know what else to call it, which a constant association with well-bred people alone can give."

"Ah, then I see your catalogue is not yet complete. *Birth* is a part of your indispensables, is it?"

"Why, as to birth, I look upon it as a two-edged sword; and it is about as apt to cut one way as the other, according to my observation. If a lady, for example, is born of parents moving in the highest circles, but who, notwithstanding their own good birth and breeding, are coarse, illiterate, vulgar in thought, word, and deed, why her chance of escaping the contamination is very slender. We know that 'such things are,' as the height of vulgarity in the highest rank. But if a lady is born in the same sphere, of parents of the opposite stamp, and is herself of a character to profit by their example, of course the influence is most propitious. But after all, a lady is like a poet, '*poeta nascitur non fit*,' and nature must have designed her for a lady, or all art and human effort are in vain—mind that."

"Yes, sir, I will; but I am sorry to say, after all, I don't catch a very clear idea of what you call a lady yet. Now, you say she must be 'born a lady.' But what

what qualities must she inherit from nature, to make her a candidate for *your* title of 'lady?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I should like a little further time to think of *all;* but, in the mean time, I'll give you the principal ones, as you seem to be in a state of ignorance on the subject. I hold then, that to make a 'finished lady,' she must be born with a large share of talent—with a great deal of that nice, quick, delicate perception, commonly called 'tact'—with an amiable disposition, but with a good share of wit and good sense to govern it—with a proper share of vivacity, and a good share of prudence to govern it. These are *sine qua nons.*"

"Whew, whew!" cried our hero. "Lord help the sex! I don't think they would be at all obliged to you for your definition of a lady. I can tell you, your *sine qua nons* would play the devil with the dear creatures. They never would admit one of them."

"No! well, I won't hate one of them, and I might add some more, but you will excuse me for the present," said he, laughing.

"Good Heaven! yes," said his nephew, "if you intend I shall look for all these in one woman. In fact, I doubt if a man could get them all by the help of polygamy, unless he was uncommonly lucky, or had as many wives as king Solomon to search among."

"Pshaw! they cannot be so rare. Now I'll bet that you think you have found them all in Miss Caroline Grey, and you intend, some time or other, I hope, to make good prize of them."

"Still harping on my daughter,"

thought Hugh. And then, without a moment's pause, he coolly denied that he had any intention of securing that prize, or any other, at present, in the shape of a wife.

"At present!" cried his uncle; "at present! why, I hope you do not mean to go

go through a seven years' courtship; or do you want to sow a few more wild oats first? No, no; get married, boy, and directly too, if you like her; and don't go to making a long five-act comedy of it. Buy the ring, and ask her father. I guess you will not be very much out of the way, eh?"

"Why, uncle," said he, with great nonchalance, "I have thought well of it, and I have at last come to the conclusion, that I will follow your example, and not marry at all; what do you think of that?"

"What do I think of it! You wish to hear my candid opinion, do you?"

"Oh, certainly! don't be afraid to speak out."

"Well, then, I think you will be, like myself, a 'great big fool!' How many times, how many thousand times, have I voted myself a simpleton for not marrying at your age, or shortly after—no matter. Take warning, young man, by my example and my confession."

"But, uncle, your repentance is not too late; you are not too old to marry now—that is, if you take a young wife; and I'll engage you'll have no difficulty in finding one, though I won't consent to ensure you one of your 'ladies.' Suppose *you* begin."

"Hugh, you are always turning my good advice into some ridiculous joke. Now, you had better profit by my experience. I wish to Heaven you would marry—and marry that fine girl, too."

"Uncle, I wish to Heaven you would let me remain single, or get married yourself, if you are so much in love with matrimony."

"If I had not fifty-seven good reasons against it, I would not flinch; but I had a foolish—yes, a very foolish reason against it, for many years, when I was younger;" and he looked a little sad as he said it.

"How?" exclaimed Hugh; "you were in love, and all that? Why, uncle, you always said you was a bachelor from choice."

"Yes,

"Yes, so I was; like a great many maiden ladies that I have known, because they could not get their other choice."

"What, disappointed in your 'first love!"

"No, my boy, it was not my 'first love,' by a great many; but it was my *last* one. I must own I have never since felt inclined to fall in love. It is a little family secret, and since I am on the subject, for the first time in twenty odd years, I may as well tell it to you. I often amuse myself with it now. But I was touched deeply then—that is a fact."

Hugh put himself in a listening posture, and his uncle went on.

"It is just twenty-two years ago this very summer, that I happened to be in this city, and through a female friend of our family, was introduced to a young lady here, that she wanted me to fall in love with. My introducer was one of those good-natured, good-for-nothing kind of meddlers, who sometimes bring about matches,

matches, and in that way make some amends to the world for the misery they inflict on it by their presence. She is here sometimes; and if you wish to know her in that capacity, I'll present you to her. But, as I was saying, she introduced me to this very fine girl, as she represented her, and I did as I was bid—I fell straightway in love with her. She was twenty-three or four years of age, and was said to have rejected many very good offers:—that was not enough to hinder me from exposing myself to the same risk. I thought, and as to that, I still think she was perfection—as far as a woman can be perfect. I had never been a wild dog like you; and I went into it sentimentally. She certainly gave me some encouragement—that is, she invited me, and she walked with me, and made me even believe that I was not indifferent to her, although I must say that she always behaved with the greatest reserve. Well, before I had plucked up quite courage enough to

to pop the question—what do you think? She told me one day with the greatest frankness, that 'her Edward' was come to the city, and in the evening she would introduce him to me; and she pretended that the wedding was to take place the next week. We happened to be alone, and I was fool enough to say a great deal more than I ought. No matter. When 'her Edward' came to be explained, who should it be but my most intimate friend, one of my old school-boy cronies—Edward Grey."

"The devil! What, the father of Caroline? Is it possible?"

"Yes, and the engagement only two months old: but he was a fine fellow, and deserved any woman in the universe. If it had been anybody but him, I won't say whether I should not have tried to break it off; for on my honour, she was so charming a girl, that I would have fought twenty duels if I could have been sure of her heart afterwards. She had a great regard

gard for me, too, I am proud to say; and I should have made her an excellent husband, if she had not been engaged, and she had accepted me. I offered myself before I had received the explanation, for I thought she was joking; and she then told me all, and so sweetly, with so much delicacy and dignity, that I loved her more than ever. But I took my walking papers, and went away."

"Well, how did you bear it?"

"Bear it! like a hero, as I was. Grey came to my lodgings when he arrived—for she told him I was in town—and of all the men in the world, chose me to be one of his groomsmen, and brought the express command of the lady that I should accept the office; and I did. I acted in that capacity, and was as gay as the gayest. That is the way to bear such a disaster, my boy."

"Ah, uncle! you was not very deeply in love, or you could never have done such a thing," said he, sighing.

"Not

"Not so much in love with the mother as you are with the daughter, perhaps; but I doubt if she, with all her beauty and talents, has as good a right to the appellation of 'lovely,' as her mother had; it was accorded to her by universal assent. There never was such a woman; I don't believe there ever will be such another in my time."

"Bravo, uncle! I never knew you had been in love."

"Yes; and so, if you please, we will drink the health of both ladies in a bumper. You seem to be sad or dull to-day, I don't know which."

Hugh admitted he was both, and drank the toast, but without the least spark of enthusiasm.

He filled another for both—"Now, by your leave, uncle, we will drink a bumper to our little angel, Rosine."

"Rosine! that I will, with all my heart; how is the dear creature? She promised to come and spend the next winter

winter with me, the little rogue. Is she not the most lively, engaging creature that ever lived?"

"Why, she is not quite so lively as formerly," said Hugh, "but she is more interesting every day. By the way, uncle, does she come up to your idea of a lady?"

"Rosine! she is exactly the very model of such a lady as I hope you may get for a wife."

"Ah, indeed! Well, what would you say now, if I took the model, and looked no further?"

Uncle Hugh started, as if he had had a twitch of the gout. He looked up, and read something queer in his nephew's eyes, but he did not stop to study the expression.—"What would I say? I should say that the world would stare a little, and laugh a little, at your choice of a wife, and I should stare myself, as much as any of them."

"And pray what would you stare at?"

"Stare at! why, surely, if I was in your

your place, and married a poor orphan, daughter of a wandering French barber, educated by the charity of my own family, egad, I should expect the world to stare and to laugh at me too."

Our hero paused for a moment, to gather his ideas, and get his indignation under the rein: he then broke out—"Well, the world might laugh and stare, and stare and laugh, as it pleased; if I took a fancy to marry Rosine, I mean if I loved her as I should love her if I thought of making her my wife, do you see, I'd marry her in spite of all the fools in Christendom." And as he said it he struck the table with a vehemence which made the glasses rattle, and which was altogether out of place at the dinner-table.

Uncle Hugh now looked up, and saw plainly that his headstrong nephew was in earnest in his proposition. He began to think that there might be something wrong in it. He was a sly fox occasionally, and he answered very mildly—"I did

did not say that there would be any thing to laugh at in it; but the world is apt to laugh at such things, without asking permission. I would not care a fig for their laughing; but I am afraid, in such a case as that, your dear aunts would do something more than stare—I believe they would disinherit you, and turn poor Rosine out of doors. I happen to know something of their feelings on that subject. I once asked them, in a jesting way, in Rosine's presence—it was while you were abroad—if they were educating her for a wife for you, and I got such a lecture as I never got before from my amiable sisters. I tried to laugh it off; and Rosine laughed at something I said, when they took her in hand, and she was so sharply reproved for treating it as a jest, and was told so plainly that 'she must not forgot her station,' that she burst into tears and sobbed to break her heart. It was cruel; the poor thing cried for hours, and it required all your aunt Rose's tenderness

tenderness and caresses to pacify her. Poor dear girl, I hope she may never have anything to wound her sensibility as that did! She is our pet; I am afraid we have spoiled her, by allowing her to indulge that warm heart of hers too much on all occasions. I don't believe she has forgotten that to this day."

"Ah!" said our hero, sighing, "Rosine's is a hard, a cruel destiny! I pity her situation from my very soul."

"Pity her situation! for what? I am sure never was an orphan more tenderly treated or happier than she has always been."

"May be; but that is not the thing; look at it! She is too good, far too good for the best gentleman I have the honour of knowing; yet there's not a new-made gentleman that would condescend to look at her, because she happens to be an orphan of humble birth and a *protegée*. I have seen it myself; though since her fortune has been settled, it is of late reformed

formed in a great degree. But what contradiction is all this in our republican country, where the favourite dogma, and one established by law, is, that birth should create no distinctions; where we pretend to plume ourselves on being free from those arbitrary distinctions of rank which we are constantly holding up to censure abroad, and while we pretend to consider *merit* as the only claim to the respect of society. Bah! here's a pretty practical illustration of it, and I doubt not, every man sees every day, who has sense enough to discriminate, precisely the same absurdities."

He grew warm as he proceeded, and while uncle Hugh was listening to catch the meaning and the moral of his discourse, he went on—"Yes, I never will listen again to your preachers of republican equality and simplicity. It's all a farce. They are the very first, when they happen to get up a little in the world, to turn up their 'nice nobility' noses at those who

who occupy their late position! It is the vice of all *parvenues* all the world over; and God knows, between ancient pretenders, between the 'have-been's' and the 'would-be's,' we have the most beautiful assortment of noblesse that any age could ever boast of! Do you know that at the very boarding-school where Rosine was, the daughters of some purse-proud city broker, or some such thing, little misses just in their teens, absolutely refused to associate with Rosine, because she was a poor orphan, educated by charity; while Caroline Grey, descended from a family so long distinguished in the history of our country, so eminent for talent and honourable ambition and refinement, that they deserve to be named the *Sidneys* of our country—that daughter of a family truly and proudly illustrious for every thing that could ennoble them for statesmen, for generals, for scholars, herself heiress of an immense fortune, and with talents that render her as much superior to such a herd

as

as Newton to an ape—that very Caroline Grey chose the poor dependant orphan, the 'charity scholar,' for her bosom friend, for her room-mate, for her cousin by adoption, as she called her; sustained her cause by open war upon her enemies, compelled Rosine to treat them with scorn, instead of weeping at their vile attempts at her humiliation, and finally made them sue for pardon, and almost do her homage. I shall love and honour Caroline for it for ever. She is a noble girl, that's the truth on't."

He bestowed a sigh upon her, *en passant*, and proceeded—"Now, is it not precisely the same thing in society as at the boarding-school? You may see it carried every day to the most ridiculous degree. I have been accustomed only to laugh at it. But when you tell me that the world would stare and laugh, you mean that world mostly made up of pretenders, who are ashamed of the only thing that they have really to boast of, their honest ancestry—

cestry—people of the grossest ignorance, and the most laughable affectation of the tone and manners of refined society. I care for none such. I know that they would turn up their noses at the mention of a barber's daughter. Let them; it should never move any thing but my mirth. I say, Rosine Laval Hughes is a fit match for the noblest peer that the heraldry of England or France could produce; and I myself know more than one that has stepped out of his sphere, and laid his title and his fortune at the feet of beauty as humbly born, and not possessed of a tithe of her charms of mind. Ay, I know more than one that would not hesitate to do the same thing, if the question was of Rosine, and I say it is ungenerous, it is ridiculous for any of our own heraldry—God save the mark!—to urge her birth as a reproach. Let them attend to their own genealogical trees; I believe they will have their hands full, that is,

 those

those who really can find traces of a great-grandfather."

Uncle Hugh, astonished at this burst of indignant feeling on that subject, from his nephew, listened in profound silence. When he had finished, or rather stopped for breath, he applauded his eloquence.

"Good, good! and I don't know but there is some truth in it too; but, my boy, I did not know you could harangue so well. I have heard worse speeches than that in the legislature. I wish you would turn your attention to politics. You ought to go to Tammany Hall, and get nominated for the assembly. You certainly have a touch of the orator, and that will be a good field for you," half laughing, half serious.

"Phœbus! what a career that would be! avaunt! a fig for such paltry politics! I do not wish to climb that chimney. There is too much soot for me to encounter. I honour and admire a lofty-minded and eloquent statesman, one whose rise is a tribute

a tribute of respect for his talents, and not the fruit of paltry intrigues, whose struggles, and whose wishes for power are carried on and sanctified by his devotion to the prosperity and glory of his country, whose voice in the senate strikes more terror to its enemies than would the thunder of its artillery in the field. Such an one I have heard in the British parliament; such an one you took me to Washington to hear some years ago; but, alas! the race is nearly extinct."

"Hugh," said his uncle, "you talk more seriously than I have ever heard you talk, since you had that argument with the parson about the doctrine of the Trinity. I did not know you could be serious twice in the same year. But you seem to be splenetic to-day; you find every thing wrong. For my part, I think, if I were a young man, I could find some attractions in politics."

"They have none for me, when it is only of cabbages and turnips that they are

conversant. I have seen enough of that small game for the rest of my life. No, I am for war! for a campaign on a grand scale; a war where armies of one hundred thousand on a side meet to decide the fate of a kingdom in a day. I long to see one such day—a day to make the world turn pale as the news is told—a day for history to record—a day that shall fire the bosoms of posterity as they read it, like that—

> 'When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell,
> By Fontarabia.'

Oh! there is an excitement in the array of hostile armies, that swells the bosom indeed. The sight of slaughter at first is terrible, but the terror is still sublime. The awe it inspires absorbs the soul. The noise of the battle at its height, the peal of artillery, the tramp of cavalry, the glittering bayonets, seen at intervals between the dense clouds of rolling smoke: you must see it, as I did at Naples, to know the feeling—it is almost delicious! Yes, even that inglorious specimen of war, that I wit-

I witnessed there, was worth a voyage around the globe to witness!"

Uncle Hugh was fairly posed, and sat wondering what this unexampled rhodomontade of his nephew was to end in.

Hugh had wrought up his own feelings to such a pitch, that out came the secret. —"Yes, I must go and see the French army try the fortune of war once more on the soil of Spain. *There* will be sport for those who prefer 'mounting a barbed steed,' to 'capering nimbly in my lady's chamber, to the lascivious pleasings of a lute.' I'm off for Europe once more!"

Down dropped the glass which uncle Hugh happened to have in his hand, and smashed into a hundred pieces. Up went hands and eyes toward heaven.—"For Europe! to see a battle between the French and Spaniards?—The boy is mad! his brain is cracked! I should not wonder if in twenty places. Hugh, you are not silly enough to meditate such an expedition. I know you have no such idea."

"Oh, upon my honour, I am serious—and very serious too! my passage is already engaged in the next Havre packet."

"Good Heavens! and will you leave me once more, to roam over the world? abandon me in my old age, just when I have most need of your society to smooth my passage to the grave? Ah, Hugh, I do not care how soon I am carried to it, if you, the only one of the family I have ever calculated upon as my companion in my declining years, leave me too."

Our hero felt the reproach, and he remained silent, to hide his emotion, for a few moments. He then started up, came to his uncle's side, and took his hand.—"Ah, my dear uncle, I do not deserve that reproach, although I did expect it."

"Yes, and well you might expect it, to abandon all your relations in this manner, your country—to go and see battles that interest you no more than the battles of the frogs and mice! Who would believe it? Of course, you don't intend to be any thing

thing more than a spectator, at all events?"

"Why, yes, I do, unless my courage 'oozes out at my finger ends' on the passage, like honest Bob Acres's."

"Ah, then, of course, you mean to join the Spanish, and fight for that fool, Ferdinand! I think they will be a little surprised to see Don Quixote come back again."

"I hope they won't have that pleasure, as I intend to join the other side."

"What! volunteer against liberalism? fight for the cause of despots? I hope sincerely you may get your skull knocked hard enough to bring you to your senses. Was ever such a scheme heard of, except from a madman?"

"Why, uncle, it is this moment you called me something like a fool for going to join the patriots, if I understood you right; and now you pronounce me mad for espousing the opposite party. But the truth is, I must be of one or the other; and the French army will be so much the

more agreeable to make a campaign with. Perhaps I may desert to the other if things go badly."

"Hugh, you talk of this project with too much levity. It will not prove such a joke as you think, depend on it. For Heaven's sake, renounce it, while you are in your senses."

"Uncle, it is the only chance left me of preserving my senses, if you knew all."

"All what?" eagerly asked he; "what, what can it be that induces you to take so desperate a step? There is something more than a mere love of battles, I know —now I begin to suspect."

Hugh, after extorting a solemn promise of perpetual secrecy, laid before his uncle the whole position of his affairs with Caroline and Rosine, without the least reserve; and when he had done that, asked what else he could do?

His uncle had listened, with the most intense interest, to his recital, and remained, after it was finished, for ten minutes in

in profound silence, with his eyes rivetted on the floor. The *denouement* was far from pleasing, and he sat deliberating on the best means of curing his nephew of his unfortunate passion for Rosine, which, as it appeared to him, threatened to blast the fairest hopes of his family. At length he broke silence—"Hugh, my dear nephew, listen to me for one moment. I do not wish to advise; I know how useless it is to remonstrate with lovers. I feel the painful nature of your situation; but I am constrained to say, I do not see how you can break through this engagement, without dishonouring yourself for ever! Nay, hear me; you yourself confess that Caroline Grey is a charming girl —a noble girl—that you esteem and admire her. In Heaven's name, why not marry her at once, and forget Rosine, since she refuses to violate what she considers her obligations to our family?"

"Forget Rosine!" cried he, hopping up from his chair, and snatching her miniature

niature from his bosom, and kissing it with transport; "may God forget me, if I can forget her! I wish I could cease to love her; but forget her—poor Rosine—never, never! I love her better than my own life. She is so entwined around my heart, I cannot pluck out that love from it, unless it should become insensible to every thing. And her scrupulous delicacy; I love and admire her the more for it, though I am the sufferer by it. Forget her, indeed!"

"So much for good counsel!" thought uncle Hugh, as he finished this transport. "I'll give no more—it's all useless."

Our hero continued walking up and down the room, but not in the cool reflective mood. He every now and then took out his portrait, and repeated the kiss. Uncle Hugh sat still, and contemplated his movements.

"Well," said he to himself, "if this is love, thank Heaven I steered clear of this stage of the malady. But this mad voyage—

age—what shall I say to him, what shall I do? Hugh, my dear boy, I see no need of this voyage, at all events, for——" he was going on—our hero interrupted.

"Uncle, the die is cast. Every hour I am obliged to wait seems to me an age. Would to God I were already out of sight of my native land, and in the most violent gale that could blow, rather than here moping away my days!"

Uncle Hugh saw it was not the "*mollia tempora fandi*," and concluded it was best to give way to the torrent for the present; but he secretly resolved to put a stop to it at all hazards, if he had to lock him up and put a guard over him.—"Desperate cases," said he, "require desperate remedies," as he was getting into bed that evening. "I shall decide in a day or two." And he spent the next three days in deliberating upon the best means of defeating the voyage. First, he thought of bribing the captain to mislead him as to the time of sailing—then he thought of

locking him up in his room till the packet had sailed; and then he thought of Hugh's fury when he should come out; and finally, he thought of giving him no money, and he could not well go without a considerable sum, and he was always his treasurer. But nothing appeared feasible, and so he resolved to try once more the effect of argument.

In the mean time, our hero was occupying himself with preparations for the voyage, and, at intervals, trying to compose a farewell epistle to Caroline, which, without giving his ill health as a cause that should alarm her, should yet make it appear as a sufficient excuse for his voyage, and for the inevitable postponement of their nuptials. He began a hundred different ones, and after tearing up paper enough to have set up a respectable stationer's shop, on the fourth day he threw down his pen in despair, and with nerves disordered and an aching heart, descended at six o'clock to the dinner table. He had finished

finished and passed two sentences only, and had been sedulously engaged for the whole day. To crown all, though he had tasted nothing that deserved the name of nourishment in four-and-twenty hours, he could muster no appetite for the tempting dinner that was prepared for him.

"Such is the power of mighty love."

His uncle—oh that such uncles should be so rare!—had provided every delicacy that he knew he cared for; and for wines, there was some of his most delicate champagne, but of what brand we are sorry to say we had not the opportunity of ascertaining; his choicest sherry, his burgundy, every thing but "humble port," were in the coolers; but quite in vain. Alas! that so much choice burgundy should blush unseen, that so much sherry, "a gem of purest ray serene," should rest almost untasted, that such champagne should waste its sweetness on the desert air! he refused them all. The judicious reader may judge of the pitiable state of his feelings.

Uncle

Uncle Hugh's attempts to get up a conversation were as vain as they had been for the last three days, and it was only to direct questions that he could get replies, and then only in monosyllables.

The cloth was removed. Uncle Hugh had drank off his third glass, and was composing himself for a nap, to which the profound silence invited him. He had proposed to have a talk with Hugh that day; but he saw that the favourable moment had not yet arrived, and he judged it best to wait for it.

A carriage stopt at the door.—"Nobody at home," said uncle Hugh to the servant, who was just bringing in the pillow for his siesta, "nobody at home, whoever it may be." Our hero paid no attention to the order, but sat thinking of the next sentence of his farewell letter to his betrothed.

In defiance of the order, the servant ushered in a lady, and in a riding-habit, covered with dust. Our hero cast a glance at

at her as she entered, and did not fail to distinguish through the twilight in the apartment a form he knew. He did not wait for her to raise her veil; he flew to her, caught her in his arms, and strained her to his bosom. The only word that was spoken was his, and that was " Rosine!"

For a moment their emotions overpowered and entranced them both. They forgot that uncle Hugh was in the room, or in the world, and the caresses of love or friendship, whichever they may be, that were showered upon her, were as freely returned. Uncle Hugh broke off the amusement, and approached to accost Rosine: he received her with great tenderness, though he could not help saying to himself, that " it was a cursed unlucky chance that had brought them together again just now."

Rosine had received the farewell letter of our hero, as she was sitting in her solitary chamber deploring the absence of him, whom

whom yet she did not dare any longer to acknowledge that she loved. She did not repent the sacrifice she had made; but she began to find that the struggle was more bitter than she had anticipated: it appeared to be gaining upon her strength. Her spirits daily declined, and the doctor had urged her to accompany him and his wife to the city on a visit, thinking that change of scene might offer some palliation to a malady that baffled all his skill. She had declined, and the doctor and his lady were to set off without her in a day or two. She did not dare to trust herself with any farther interviews; they would only increase her anguish, and she still hoped that absence and time would relieve her heart. But, notwithstanding that hope, she found that every day grew longer and heavier, and every night her dreams were more wild and disturbed. Yes, she did despair of any thing like happiness, and a hopeless blank, in that respect, seemed to lay before her. She repined occasionally at her

her hard fate; but then she would instantly reproach herself for having so far forgot her proper sphere as to indulge such a passion for a moment. Poor Rosine! she was not so much to blame. Love is as great a leveller as Death himself, and occasionally gives us lessons that are almost as striking satires upon human vanity.

The instant that Rosine had read the farewell—the last tender farewell of her long-loved cousin, which she did with sighs and tears, the moment that the idea of his flying from the pangs which she had inflicted, to seek a refuge in the turmoil and perils of war, entered her mind, it displaced all other thoughts, all other sensations.

She scarcely waited to wipe the tears which still flowed from her eyes, before she was on the way to the doctor's, to let him know that she would go with them, and she wished to set out the very next day—indeed she must, for she was wanted very particularly.

"Well,

"Well, with all my heart," said the doctor's wife; "the sooner the better," but the doctor had just lost one of his horses, and he demurred to next day.

"No matter, no matter," exclaimed Rosine; "come with me, we have a plenty; aunt will let us take them, no doubt of it."

They were soon in treaty: the moment that aunt 'Nora heard Rosine was called up to town, she could scarcely conceal her delight. She said that Hugh wanted her to superintend his preparations for his bride.—"And now, Rosine," said she to her aside, "let every thing be as tasty as possible, but don't let him be too extravagant."

Rosine promised she would check his extravagance, if he was disposed to it; and mulatto Bill was summoned to have the horses in good order and well conditioned against six o'clock the next morning, to make a journey to New York, and he was to be the driver.

Bill scratched his wool: he liked the idea

idea of going to the city, but he liked his "hosses" better; and he began to remonstrate with Miss Rosine, as soon as Miss Leonora's back was turned.—"Why, Miss, one of the carriage hosses is got no hind-shoes on, and t'other is lost both fore-shoes, and it's too late to get 'em shod to-night. We can't set out at six o'clock to-morrow no how."

But when did such slight difficulties stop the journey of a lover, male or female? Bill was told that he must be ready at six o'clock; and she added, handing him a dollar or two in silver, "I want to go very, very quick besides."

Bill's difficulties vanished the moment the coin touched his palm.—"Jobson shall shoe the hosses by sunrise, or never drive another nail in one of *our* hosses feet," said Bill, with an air of importance. And shod they were of course; a little bribery, as well as a "little flattery, sometimes does good."

Now, perhaps the inquisitive reader would

would like to know how Rosine managed her story to her aunts. Did she tell any fib about the letter? Did she confess any thing? Or how did she manage to avoid both?

She did not fib, but she preserved a judicious silence: she did not confess, but she insinuated that Hugh wanted her to come on business of the most indispensable kind, connected with his approaching marriage. Let women—the most innocent and the most artless—alone to manage a delicate affair with address, and save their consciences too; and even if they are forced to depart from the strict line of truth, why it is hardly a sin,

"The charming creatures lie with such a grace"

Well, the journey is accomplished, and our heroine is safely arrived. The doctor and his lady had driven off to their own friends, and here is the awkward event at last arrived, which seems to bid defiance to all the arguments of uncle Hugh.

Rosine was so altered in her appearance,

ance, her mien, and manner, that it cut uncle Hugh to the heart. New-born pity began to make strange work with it; but, alas! the little cherub expired soon after, if in fact he was not still-born. But yet he felt as kindly as ever to his adopted niece, although he wavered a few moments only in her favour, when he contemplated her pale and melancholy features; for that expression they still retained, although she was once more comparatively happy in the presence of her cousin, and still more so from the rapture she saw he could not repress.

The evening passed away, and it was near ten. Neither uncle nor nephew showed any disposition to yield the ground to the other. Both were determined on having the first *tête-à-tête*.

At length uncle Hugh began to grow impatient.—"Hugh, I have a little private business with Rosine this evening. I wish you would take a walk into the garden;

den; it is very pleasant there, just at this time."

Rosine stared. She glanced her sparkling eye at uncle Hugh's expression of countenance, and almost suspected that he had discovered all.

Hugh replied—"I thank you, uncle, I am very well here; but, if I am not mistaken, Rosine has some news to tell me in private, and the garden, as you say, is very pleasant. Rosine, walk with me in the garden."

Rosine had turned her face from uncle Hugh, to escape his observation; and of course the deep blush that suffused her cheek was for the exclusive benefit of her cousin, on whom she fixed her full dark eyes, swimming with tenderness. He had liked to have started up, and repeated the ceremonies that had passed on her entrance.

Uncle Hugh began to insist seriously that his nephew should go and take a pleasant walk in the garden, whether he would

would or not, while he spoke with Rosine. He had a respectable share of obstinacy in his composition, as well as his nephew, and he had resolved to fight the battle out, against Rosine and in favour of Caroline, to the last gasp.

Hugh, politely but flatly, refused to stir, and insisted on his strict unalienable rights, as a freeman.

Uncle Hugh grew angry.—"You are my nephew: I believe I have a right to some respect, if not to any thing more. I must tell you, sir, your behaviour to me is not that of a nephew! I hope you will not compel me to say it is not that of a gentleman!"

Our hero was "not slow" at a passion either; and he took such fire at this speech, that his reply was nothing less than an open defiance of his uncle's authority, and contempt for his opinion, as to his gentlemanly or ungentlemanly deportment. It was the first disrespectful word

word he had ever uttered to him in his life.

Rosine was lost in amazement: both parties appeared to have become unconscious of her presence.

Uncle Hugh swore he would quit the house if he could not have the liberty of being in private in his own parlour.

Nephew Hugh swore he would quit the house, and never set his foot in it again, before he would submit to such treatment, uncle or no uncle.

Rosine now perceived too clearly that she was the apple of discord. She covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

The incipient hostilities instantly ceased. Uncle Hugh's passion fell below zero, and he turned aside to the window to hide his emotion. His nephew flew to Rosine to offer her his consolation. He took her hand, and whispered the tenderest assurances in her ear, but she refused to listen to them. She rose up, and led him to the door. When he came there, and found that

that she was not to accompany him, he stopped. She said to him, in a tone of reproach—"Will you make me still more wretched? I will see you this evening; you will gain nothing by remaining—you will lose nothing by going."

He submitted, and retired without saying one word further. She turned to uncle Hugh, half uncertain what tone she should assume; for she did not yet know how far he was initiated in the secrets of the cottage.

He asked her to be seated; he turned the key of the door, and then sitting down opposite to her, with his eyes fixed sternly upon hers, he demanded the object of her visit, and if she had come to run away with his nephew?—"Answer me the truth, for I know all; Hugh has confessed his whole folly to me. I am amazed to see you following him here. I might have hoped for better things of you."

Rosine was a little disconcerted by this sudden attack. It was so much more se-

vere than she could have expected from uncle Hugh's characteristic good-nature. But she recovered instantly, and declared, in the strongest terms, that she had no other motive in her journey, than to make him give up his wild project, of going to Europe to join the French in their wars.

"Or in case you could not do that, to accompany him, perhaps Rosine," said he, sternly, "are you going to give us all cause to rue the day you were adopted by our family?"

This touched the tenderest chord of Rosine's heart—it stung her to the very soul. She threw herself at his feet, and in an agony that moved his sincerest pity, she called Heaven to witness, that she had never for a moment forgotten her gratitude to her benefactresses—that she never could but with her life; and she renewed her solemn vow, that she never would consent to be his wife, and accompany him to Europe. She bathed his hand in her tears, and the worthy old bachelor shed some

some upon her bosom, as he raised her up and embraced her tenderly. He felt secure of Rosine's intentions now. There was that in her manner that guaranteed her sincerity, without the sanction of oaths or vows. He begged her forgiveness, and commended her behaviour and sentiments in the warmest manner.—"But, my dear child, can you do any thing to cure him of this mad project?"

"I will try my utmost, and to bring him to the fulfilment of his engagement with Caroline too."

"My dearest Rosine, if you can do the first only, I will love you as my own child for the rest of my days."

He then retired; and Hugh, who was waiting in the next room for his exit, rushed by him in the hall, and in a moment was at Rosine's side.

"Rosine, my dearest, my life, my soul! you have come at last to tell me that you consent to be mine!"

She disengaged herself from his em-

brace, before she answered. She then replied, with a tone and manner that awed him into silence by their unwonted energy, and inspired him at the same time with still stronger feelings of admiration, "No, I have come to rescue you from the precipice to which you are hurrying: not to convince you of your madness, but to beseech you to spare my life! I come to tell you, that your cruel letter had nearly broken my heart—that its only support has been the hope of seeing you before it was too late! Ay! I am come to reproach you for your cruelty—to beg, to implore you on my knees, to spare my life, by sparing that fatal blow! oh! do not—do not kill me!"

As she remonstrated and entreated in these words, she would have thrown herself at his feet, if he had not prevented her by catching her in his arms.

He was almost choked with the violence of his emotions: he now held in his arms the most enchanting, the dearest object the

the world contained for him; and she was beseeching him to renounce her for another. She was imploring him to sacrifice the ardent passion he cherished for her, and to bestow his heart upon a rival; while at the same moment she betrayed, and even acknowledged, her own passionate, devoted attachment. He was so absorbed in the contemplation—in the admiration of this singular conduct, that he scarcely knew that his tongue gave utterance to the thought, when he said, clasping her to his bosom—"Rosine, by Heaven, you shall be, you *are* mine now, and no human power shall part us again!"

She started back, shrunk from his embrace, as if a spectre had crossed her vision. There was a wild, almost a fierce earnestness and energy in her tone and gesture, as she raised her hands and eyes to heaven, and, as if calling that to witness, replied—"Yes, here we part, and for ever! I thank Heaven that it has afforded me life and strength to endure

all I have suffered, till I could make this last appeal to you. I have no more to suffer—my cup of anguish is full. I shall soon be at rest; my few remaining days shall be spent in praying for your return to reason and to duty."

She sank down upon the sofa beside him, trembling with the agitation of her emotions and her exertion, but with her looks still bent on him, watching for the impression that her last words might have produced. She saw his gaze still more intently fixed on her, as if he read her very soul. For a moment he did not offer to speak; his earnest, prying gaze began to vanish into an expression of the tenderest pity, as he saw her uncontrollable emotion, and her sad, altered countenance. He began to fear that the shock had already been too severe for her excessive sensibility and her delicate frame. He now reproached himself with his unfeeling obduracy. As he gazed on her still, without attempting to speak, the unbidden

den tear started into his eye; and although he compressed his lips with all his force, to suppress his emotion, his heart melted at the sight. At the very moment that he half thought of turning away to hide his feelings, he threw himself at the feet of Rosine, and exclaimed—" Ah, Rosine! must it indeed be so? I adore—I could worship you more than ever, and yet must I surrender you for ever? Angelic creature! your life and happiness are dearer to me than my own! I am ready to obey you: you have triumphed; but, alas! in renouncing you, I renounce hope, happiness, all but life itself!"

Rosine sprang up from her seat, snatched his hand, and, as he rose up, exclaimed —" Oh, thank Heaven! now I am happy once more, and you will be so; you cannot but be happy with Caroline. She is worthy of all your love, and she loves you more tenderly than you can conceive. Deserve her love, and you must be the happiest of men!"

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Our hero was not in the humour of disputing this assertion; but his looks were very far from expressing a cordial acquiescence in its correctness. He made no reply; but as she went on to urge him to hasten his marriage with his betrothed, he felt how much easier it is to resolve than to change.

> "He look'd and sigh'd,
> And sigh'd and look'd,
> And look'd and sigh'd again."

He wished that Heaven had made him such a woman, while she was going on to tell him of the many avowals that Caroline had made to her of her unbounded attachment, and of the ease with which he might have gained an earlier day by a little importunity. At last he broke out with—"Rosine—dearest Rosine! if you have any pity for me, say no more to me on that! I will do as you wish in it, but spare me. Every word from you on the subject freezes my very heart!"

Rosine said no more; but rushing by him,

him, ran out to acquaint uncle Hugh with the success of her conference, with as much alacrity as if she had secured her own happiness, instead of setting the last seal to her despair.

Uncle Hugh was delighted with the result, and now bethought himself, that Rosine needed repose. They went back to bid our hero good night, and peace was once more restored between the high contending parties.

The fatigue and agitation which Rosine had undergone, had so completely exhausted her, that she sank to sleep in a few moments, and for that night her innocent sleep was undisturbed by painful dreams.

Our hero was not in so somnolent a mood, but spent an hour, before he mounted to his chamber, in ruminations on the romantic self-devotion of Rosine; and having admired it and wondered at it, he finally came to the satisfactory conclusion also, that he would do his best to imitate

it, by hastening his marriage, if possible. He found, by his yawning, that the witching hour of night was come, and he boldly took up his candle and marched to bed. He dreamed of battles and sieges; but when he awoke in the morning, he tore up the beautiful and elaborate commencement of his farewell letter to Caroline, and set about the preparations for his change of condition, like a man of business. Uncle Hugh assisted him in his arrangements, with all his advice, and what was more important, with all his purse at command. We may safely conclude that all was done "*comme il faut*," when it is recollected also that Rosine was at hand, to be consulted on every emergency.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Come, twine the myrtle for the bride,
And place the garland on her brow!—
Dash, dash your myrtles all aside,
And wreathe the cypress only now! *Anon.*

A VERY different letter from that which it had cost our hero so much trouble to begin, was that day despatched to his intended, contained in three sheets of gold-edged perfumed tissue paper. Whether it was that he now felt that "if it were well, when it were done, t'were well it were done quickly," or whether he really was resolved to love Caroline alone, from that day, we shall not take the liberty to tell; but his part of the correspondence all at once assumed a new life and warmth. He begged so hard, so tenderly, and with such good reasons for an earlier day, that he moved the firmness of his bride, and

the answer was, though exceedingly reproachful in its terms, quite favourable in the substance. The impatience of her lover was acceded to, with that apparent reluctance which constitutes the "good grace" of such a consent. The day which he had begged for was close at hand, when the answer came, and no time to spare. What a bustle, what joyful exclamations on the part of uncle Hugh, when it was announced to him! and Rosine wore the exterior of equal delight at the news.

Uncle Hugh instantly issued his last peremptory orders, that the house which he had presented to his nephew, the furniture of which was already purchased, should be finished by the end of four weeks, and the elegant garden, hot-house, &c., should be put in apple-pie order at the same time, on pain of his high displeasure. He had stipulated for an asylum there, as soon as he could rent his own tenement, both for himself and all his

his household. In fact, it was only transferring his own establishment to his nephew, in a more extensive and fashionable mansion.

Before we can consent to go on any further with this history, we must beg permission to stop and apologize to our worthy friend, doctor Redman, and his most excellent lady, for our apparent inattention to them all this while. We never can consent to neglect such worthy people, and particularly such good friends of our heroine. The doctor then, it is our duty to record, returned home at the end of three days, leaving his better half behind him, to stay with Rosine, till she and the family came up to the wedding.

As that occasion approached, Mrs. Redman, good woman as she was, was every day more and more intent in the zeal of her friendship, on finding a husband for her dear Rosine. She was constantly upon the look-out to find one to propose to her, not doubting that the man who should

should be deemed worthy to have her for a wife, would be too happy to be her husband. She saw nearly all our hero's gay young friends, and all his dull ones, in the course of the week she was there, but none of them came quite up to her mark. One was too ugly—another was too silly—another was dissipated—another was too awkward—and some had all those defects together. She could not find a single sir Charles Grandison among them. She began to think with uncle Hugh, that the young men of this age were but a poor good-for-nothing race of dandies.

However, she did not entirely despair; she kept it constantly in her thoughts, and was meditating most profoundly upon the subject, one morning, as uncle Hugh was sitting conning over the newspaper, when he happened to look at her, and seeing her thoughtful mien, he threw down his paper, and started up like a young beau, with—"My dear Mrs. Redman, you keep such a thinking all the while, I can't read the newspaper.

newspaper. What *are* you plotting? what *are* you knitting your brows so for?"

She laughed, and Rosine being absent from the room, she told him precisely what occupied her thoughts.

Uncle Hugh was constantly in high good humour since the receipt of the delightful news, and he entered into the subject, half in jest and half in earnest.—"Right, right: I wish there had been such a match-maker as you in business, when I was a young man, my dear madam. I should not have been a good-for-nothing old bachelor now, in every body's way. But let me see—is there any young rascal in these times, that is worthy of such a girl? Mrs. Redman, it is no easy matter to find such a one. Egad, it was not so when I was a young man, I can tell you," and he twitched up his shirt-collar, laughing—as much as to say, "Pray look, and you can judge for yourself."

Mrs. Redman laughed heartily, but would not be diverted from the topic. "Well,

"Well, now, I think it is a shame that Rosine is not married. Why she is twenty years of age! Bless me—she'll be an old maid as sure as death, if she waits till she finds a husband in our village. There's nobody there that can pretend to such a girl as Rosine, but my Tom, and he is too young for her—deuce take it."

"Ah! that comes of your not getting married sooner," said uncle Hugh.

"Now that's a hit at me for marrying at sixteen," said she—"However, I can tell you for your comfort, my friend, I bless my stars for it every day of my life."

Uncle Hugh half sighed, and half laughed at the boast.

Mrs. Redman continued, "I wish I could find such a husband for our Rosine, at twenty, as I found at sixteen. Why don't you help me to look one up?" said she.

"Why, confound it, Mrs. Redman, I wish I could—but where to find him—— Stay—I have thought of one: I don't know

know but he might answer—He'll be here at Hugh's dinner to his bachelor friends, day after to-morrow, and I will set it a going if I can. He is my favourite, of the set that frequent the house. It is young Sedley; you saw him, I believe, the other evening."

"What, that young man who kept me laughing so incessantly? I recollect him very well, and I remember Rosine was out that evening while he was here."

"Yes—the same: he's a fine fellow, I assure you, and I believe Rosine's newly-acquired fortune would not come amiss, though Sedley is no fortune-hunter."

So the little plot was all arranged—that Mrs. Redman was to call Rosine's attention to him particularly, and uncle Hugh was to do a similar favour on the other hand to Sedley, and to celebrate Rosine's character, talents, fortune, and accomplishments. As to the awkward circumstance which made him so much oppose the passion of his nephew, he did not think it worth

worth speaking of: he was only anxious now to get the parties in love with each other. So justly will most sensible men appreciate such objections, when they are not themselves the parties interested!

We must now record a pleasing event which had already happened to ourselves, connected with this very dinner, and we do so, not from any egotism whatever, but because we are constrained from the course of the history and events. If we descend a little more to particulars than may be absolutely indispensable, we hope that the indulgent reader will impute it solely to our wish to give him the fullest information.

We are obliged then to state, that we had previously to this period, received a polite note from the hero of this story himself, which was couched in the following amiable terms:—

"DEAR SMITH,

"I wish to have the pleasure of one more bachelor dinner with my 'familiars,'

liars,' who are invited to witness 'my last appearance in that character;' and as you are one of that number, I hope will not deny me your support and countenance on so trying an occasion—you will therefore please to consider yourself invited to dine with us '*en famille*,' on Wednesday next, which will be the day before our departure from town.

" '*Reponse s'il vous plait.*'

" Yours,

" H. HUGHES.

" *To R. Smith, Esq. Barclay-street.*"

Perhaps we did not accept this invitation! We had dined with our excellent friend and his most respectable uncle before that day; we knew and appreciated, better than the old gentleman himself, the skill and peculiar merits of that old French cook of his, with his nice respectable red woollen cap—good luck to him! we knew a trifle about the twenty-five year old Madeira—a present from a most worthy and

and friendly South Carolina planter, of uncle Hugh's old acquaintance; we knew a little of the brands of the champagne, by a personal inspection of the corks; we knew precisely the pedigree of his burgundy and sherry.

We stilled the "fond tumult" that this agreeable intelligence had raised in our bosom; and while the amiable Alphonse waited for our "*reponse s'il vous plait*," we promptly and rapidly wrote the following reply, in which not a word was wasted:—

"DEAR HUGHES,

"Yours received—'accepted.' Respects to uncle Hugh and the ladies.

"Yours ever,

"R. SMITH."

We kept our engagement; and proud we are to say, that during an acquaintance of many years standing with uncle Hugh and his esteemed nephew, neither of them can accuse us of having ever neglected a similar

similar invitation which we had once accepted, nor can we reproach ourselves with the impoliteness of declining a single one from either of them, so far as our good memory serves us; on the contrary, we have often neglected other invitations and appointments, fairly accepted, to show our high respect for their hospitality; in addition to which, we have dined with them a great number of times, without having put them to the trouble of giving us a previous formal invitation, and merely by accident as it were. We have on every occasion availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded us, to testify our approbation of their manner of living.

When we got there, we found that the gay gallant who had had the honour, to him unknown, of being selected by uncle Hugh and Mrs. Redman, as the worthiest candidate for the heart and hand of the lovely Rosine, had arrived before ourselves — a circumstance which gave us some surprise, as he was almost always the

the last of the guests, and we ourselves had, if any thing, a fair reputation for punctuality. He was standing, rather apart from the rest of the company, in a window, at the side of the charming Rosine. Sedley, like his namesake of old, when he really set himself to work to play the agreeable, "had that prevailing art," which seems to be akin to magic. Nobody knew precisely how or why it was; but it was a common saying among us, that when he chose, he had the most agreeable and fascinating way of paying his court to a lady who happened to please him, that ever was known. He had, on this occasion, apparently brought out his whole artillery of compliments, and wit, and the Lord knows what; and if one might judge from the effect of them upon his fair auditress, he was winning one outpost after another; and though she received all with a kind of nonchalance and pleasantry that indicated no very deep interest, yet it was plain enough to be seen that

that Sedley was already installed the favourite of the day.

Our heroine was that day the picture—the beau-ideal of the interesting; and there was something so touching in that slight shade of melancholy, that might be observed to cross her features occasionally, that we, ourselves, could not help fixing our eyes on her, till the very moment dinner was announced. We saw that she was naturally lively and amusing—that, in fact, we knew before; but we saw that as Sedley, in the fervour of his admiration at first sight, approached the confines of sentimentality, and began to talk of susceptibility and hearts, and in a low tone which he did not suppose we could hear, that Rosine suddenly became thoughtful and silent: as he went on, she almost manifested symptoms of impatience, and we thought it was a lucky incident for Sedley, as well as ourselves, that at that moment we were summoned to dinner. He had the pleasure of handing her to the table; and

and uncle Hugh took good care to place Rosine by his own side, and Sedley next to her, of course.

What took place during dinner, we did not observe—we were otherwise engaged; but we do remember, when the cloth was removed, and we began to attend to the conversation round the table, that our attention was attracted to the upper end, and we found that Sedley and Rosine were engaged in a high mock dispute about some trifle. We were interested by the superior earnestness of Sedley, and set him down immediately in our tablets to be reported among the wounded. He seized every opportunity to launch a compliment; and we could not avoid remarking uncle Hugh's extreme gratification at the progress of their acquaintance.

Not so with our hero; he sat at the opposite end, and his countenance was, in spite of the constant attention he was bestowing on his guests, covered with a cloud: he was not pleased with something;

thing; and we were not long in discovering the cause. Rosine, in the midst of a laugh at some sally of Sedley's, happened to catch our neighbour's eye, and saw his grave and troubled look. It was like electricity—the instant change in her mood. She, no doubt, saw that it gave him pain to witness their advances towards an intimacy; and as she knew the appearance of even tolerating attention so marked must wound the self-love of her cousin, after so recent a renunciation of his passion, she became more grave even than himself: she did not once smile again, but shortly after gave a signal to Mrs. Redman. The ladies rose, one and all, and left the room "for us to bustle in."

No sooner had the ladies disappeared, than our hero began to call for bumpers, on one frivolous pretext and another, and Sedley, who had meditated a retreat to the drawing-room, was obliged, as he was to be a "stand up," to stand by the bridegroom. It was rare sport; and long shall

 the

the events of that evening, the wit, the song, the wine

"—— Haunt the gayest spot,
On memory's waste."

At nine o'clock uncle Hugh retired from the table, and took Sedley with him, in spite of our clamorous remonstrances, up to the drawing-room. It was not more than a quarter of an hour before we heard the piano, and Rosine's voice soon after came down upon us in such a strain, that at once we all rose from the table to approach nearer. It was music like that, with which—one

"Raised a mortal to the skies,"

Another—

"Drew an angel down."

It drew us all, in two minutes time, from a scene of perilous libations, from that "*commencement de la fin*," which might have terminated in the most deplorable oblivion to the protecting divinities of the drawing-room.

Sedley was at the side of the presiding belle

belle at the piano, and so enchanted that he did not appear to notice the entrance of the rest of us. When she had finished, he poured forth a shower of compliments, and began, in his peculiar way, entreaties for another song; but Rosine had risen, and insisted on another young lady, a sister of one of the gentlemen of the party, taking her place at the instrument. Some bantering commenced between her and Sedley upon the subject, and as he led her to her seat, she was laughing at him for praising her singing, and assuring him she could sing ten times as well, and Miss Somebody, bowing to her—but we did not catch the name—twenty times as well, when she happened to meet the dark flashing eye of her cousin, turned full upon her with the same peculiar expression we had before noticed. It seemed as if there was some fascination in his glance; though she could not have told exactly what it meant to express; her mirth vanished as instantaneously as be-

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arewell! to thee, Araby's daughter,
a Peri beneath the dark sea," &c.

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d to rival the music of our heroine.
the very midst of that touching,

fore. The lady, whom she had stopped to solicit to take her place, positively and wisely declined; and then Rosine, without waiting to take her seat, or to be handed to the piano, quitted the arm of Sedley, stepped to the instrument again, and throwing herself on the seat, seemed to abandon herself carelessly to the freak of the moment. She commenced an impromptu prelude, a symphony, so wild and beautiful, so mournful and so thrilling, that in an instant every tongue was hushed—

> "And the *noisiest* held their breath
> For a time."—

We ourselves happened to be standing nearer to her at the moment than any body else; and as she swept the chords, we saw, with our own "two good-looking eyes," her bosom palpitating with most unusual energy—we saw the glistening dew gather in her eyes, and, as she did not stop and brush it away, the big drop fell upon her snow-white drapery; then the

the sounds died away to the gentle tones of an Æolian harp. The last notes of the dying swan, if her expiring song were not a fable, should be like those which then issued from the light touch of her fingers on the keys, and touched the hearts and souls of the ravished listeners. Suddenly she struck into a louder key, and with an abruptness that made every body start, she at the same moment began to sing—

> "Farewell! farewell! to thee, Araby's daughter,
> Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea," &c.

And surely never need Peri have warbled her song more wildly, sweetly, and beautifully, than Rosine that night warbled that song. We could not help thinking of the beautiful (for beautiful she *must* have been) madame Scuderi's beautiful story of the nightingale and lutist; and we verily believe that the same poor nightingale would have broken his little heart in the same way, if he had that evening attempted to rival the music of our heroine.

Yet in the very midst of that touching,

that celestial music, in the very middle of that song, which as she sung it, might have "created a soul under the ribs of death," one of the party took it upon himself to slip out of the room, and that one our hero; but he must be excused; he could not control his rising emotions; it was too much for his self-possession. He stood compressing his lips; the tear started into his eye; reminiscences, "sweet and mournful to the soul," were wakened by every tone: in spite of his efforts, his lips began to exhibit signs of a quivering unsteadiness, and his handkerchief would have been called into requisition to hide his eyes, if he had not retreated to the adjoining room, where, apart from the curious gaze of the company, he could indulge in the luxury of tender recollection.

Rosine did not heed what was passing round her, for at the moment she was not only under the dominion of the feelings which produced the music, but of the music itself. Her eyes were raised upward, with an

an expression that shall never vanish from our memory; it was impossible to see it once, and not to see it ever after. As we looked upon her, and we could not for our life have looked away, the idea of St. Cecilia, with that gaze which drew an angel from his sphere, rushed so forcibly upon us, and became so associated with the image of Rosine, that we have never since been able to separate them.

She finished with a *finale impromptu*, which was even more mournful than the overture had been. As soon as we were in some degree disenchanted—liberated from the spell which had kept every body noiseless and motionless during the performance, there followed such a tumult of applause, that the poor girl, who was utterly unconscious that she had excited such admiration, was almost overwhelmed. Uncle Hugh was not satisfied with mere words; he proceeded to deeds, and putting his arm around her waist, while she looked up into his face, with an expres-

sion that might warm a stoic's heart, he gave her what is commonly called a "hearty buss," in the presence of the whole company. Sedley, who was at the other elbow of the fair syren, looked as if he would have been content to take uncle Hugh's years and growing infirmities upon himself, if he could thereby gain such a privilege. But all the applause yet received, only "played round the head, but came not near the heart." She looked about the room for cousin Hugh, and, no doubt, at that moment anticipated receiving from him some of those delicious praises, which alone she deemed worth treasuring up; those sweet commendations, which she so often drank in in former days—"As drinks the rose the morning dew."

He was not there; but he presently advanced from the adjoining apartment, and without trusting himself to cast a look at her, glided into a seat in a corner of the

But in a moment their eyes met,

and

and as she saw his languid expression—his spiritless countenance turned upon her, she read at once the cause of his distance and his silence Her heart, at that moment, was all his as much as ever; and yet she was, every hour of the day, longing for the moment when he should unite himself irrevocably to another. She was fondly looking forward to that, as the period of her painful struggles, as an event that would take the oppressive weight from her bosom, and set her imprisoned heart at liberty again.

They did not once speak together during the whole evening; but Sedley, who at every moment was becoming more and more enamoured, appeared to become at every moment a less favoured wooer. For some time he fancied that he was making a lodgment in the very citadel of her heart; when, by degrees, she began to reply to his "*jolis riens*," in a vein that was very far from keeping pace with his swift desires. A provoking change seemed to

come over the spirit of her conversation; and instead of the lively reply, which he all along fancied meant more than told the ear, he now felt that the frost—the killing frost of reserve had set in. She would end her half-finished answers, by accusing herself of being too dull to understand him, and too stupid to answer, if she could. But still, though it puzzled him a little, he saw no reason to despair. On the contrary, as he felt sure of uncle Hugh's influence, he made a silent vow, that he would propose himself before he was a week older. He knew, by this time, from uncle Hugh, the whole story of her adoption, as well as of her fortune; and he had secretly come to the conclusion, that when such a charming girl was at stake, the latter was a very fair set-off against the former. If she had been without fortune, his prudence might have restrained him from offering his hand; but he would, nevertheless, have yielded his heart without a struggle, as he did now.

The

The truth was, Sedley was of that class who are extremely susceptible, but extremely fastidious. In other words, he had the reputation of a flirt.

Uncle Hugh contrived to give him a careless invitation to accompany them the next morning to Rockville, and spend the few days between that time and the wedding at the cottage. Sedley needed no persuasion; and in less than five minutes, uncle Hugh had settled with Mrs. Redman, that she, and Hugh, and Alphonse, should travel together, in Hugh's barouche, while himself, Rosine, and Sedley, should follow at their leisure, in his carriage. Uncle Hugh readily agreed to wait a few hours after the time which had been fixed, so as to give Sedley an opportunity to attend to some affairs that he had to look after. When the party broke up, Sedley remained behind, and the arrangement was adopted by the unanimous consent of all parties. Our hero made no opposition, for he began to perceive that

if he wished to keep his heroic resolutions, it was his interest to keep Rosine out of his sight, at least as much as possible, if he could not out of his mind.

The next morning, every thing took place as arranged, except that Sedley, instead of keeping his "*compagnons du voyage*" waiting for him, was ready and on the ground, two hours before uncle Hugh, who was less impatient, had completed his own business and preparations.

Our hero had, at six o'clock in the morning, proceeded on his way, without waiting for the tardy movements of the rear-guard. He travelled rapidly, and when he had arrived at the cottage, found that his horses were so much jaded, that it would be cruel to push them twenty-five miles further that evening. He accordingly left horses, carriage, driver, and Alphonse, to rest till next day, and took a fresh horse from his aunt's stable, in a gig, and summoned mulatto Bill to drive him forthwith to colonel Grey's. He would

would not stay half an hour at the cottage, and seemed so impatient for the interview with his beloved, that his aunts, though loath to part with him so soon, were still vastly delighted at the cause of separation. As soon as Bill could clap the harness on the best horse, and drive to the door, our hero snatched a few articles from his trunk—crammed them into a small portmanteau—sprang in and dashed off, only waving an adieu as he passed the gate, to his aunts, who stood on the piazza, following him with their fond eyes, and one and all occupied with the same idea.—"Our nephew is going to be the happiest man in the universe."

Their nephew was not exactly of their opinion himself; but still, although there was a kind of sulky determination in all this speed to meet his betrothed, there was also, contradictory as it may seem, a strong desire mingled with it to see her once more, and an anticipation of pleasure at the meeting. His unsuccessful love

love for one had not destroyed his esteem and admiration for the other, and he knew that he could not behold Caroline without emotions of pleasure, whatever might have become of the ardent love which he had once cherished for her. Although he was going to redeem his plighted faith at the altar, he hardly cared to feel more for her than the admiration and esteem to which she was so richly entitled. His heart had been wounded too recently, and too deeply, to regain at once its former tone; still he hurried forward as if he had but one wish left on earth, and that was centred in Caroline.

As soon as they were on the turnpike, he gave Bill warning that he expected him to drive the distance in two hours again.

"That I will, mister Hugh," said Bill. He gave his whip a crack, and they left the road behind them at as rapid a rate as he could wish.

By and by came a long hill to ascend, and

and Bill, who was a great friend to "hosses," slackened his pace. He felt an itching, at the same time, to talk to his companion, and beguile the way by a little sociable and agreeable conversation. Bill's early education had been somewhat neglected, but he had "the gift of the gab" enough to make up for all deficiencies of learning. He resolved to discuss the subject of the approaching marriage.—"I say, mister Hugh," said he, beginning as far as possible from the subject, "this 'ere hoss gits over the ground pretty nigh as lively as yourn did; he aint slow, I tell ye."

"You need not hold him in so hard to tell me that, Bill. Let him go—give him a crack of the whip—what do you check him so for?"

Bill maintained that it was contrary to all the rules of Christian driving, to trot a "hoss" all the way up such a hill as that.

"Hill! this is no hill! you'll make it nine

nine o'clock at night before I get there at this rate."

"Well now, mister Hugh, I can get more out of this hoss without pushing him up hill, than I kin with. If we aint there in two hours, I'll forfeit the hoss and gig."

"Forfeit the devil! you cream-coloured booby; how long have you owned this horse and gig?" said he, half laughing at his impertinent familiarity.

Bill grinned a grin which would have extended half across the road, if his mouth had been of that width, and taking his master's good humour as a license to speak freely, he continued the dialogue.—"You may depend on't, mister Hugh, you shall be there in two hours, for I know there's somebody there most dyin' to see you," and he waited to hear his master laugh at this bold speech, before he ventured further.

"Bill," said our hero, sternly.

"Sir," responded Bill, quickly.

"Did

"Did any body ever tell you, that you was a damned impertinent blockhead?"

"No, sir, not as I know on," said Bill, completely astounded by the suddenness and the phraseology of the interrogatory, and hardly knowing what he said.

"Not as you know on! Well then, sir, I'll just mention it to you myself. You make a great deal too free with matters that don't concern you."

Bill was not aware of the slightest impropriety in his friend's way of expressing himself, and recovering from his surprise, began to defend himself with might and main.—"Well now, mister Hugh, I never did hear the like. I wonder what's the harm in me saying a word or two about it, when it's all the talk at our house, in the parlour and the kitchen, that you are going to be married to Miss Grey! To be sure you may say, 'it don't consarn me;" no more it don't. But for all that, Miss Grey, as haughty as folks say how she is, she didn't get angry with me

me when I talked to her about it last week, up to her house."

Our hero knew Bill well enough to know that it was useless to attempt to stop his tongue after such a launch as that, except by choking him. He was half-minded to take him by the nape of the neck and silence him, but Bill had contrived to raise a little curiosity by his hint of having talked to Caroline upon such a subject, and he accordingly made up his mind to let Bill talk on, and to pick up both information and amusement if he could. He therefore proceeded to question him, cautiously avoiding to manifest the least curiosity to hear Bill's tattle about the subject that now interested him.—"Bill, what took you to colonel Grey's last week?"

"Why, you see, missus Eleanor sent me up to carry a great bundle of papers, and a whole heap of money, I reckon too —that is, your paper money, and not many small bills among it: I seed the colonel

lonel count it, though I could not tell how much there was."

"Well, now, Bill, why didn't you run off with that money, you fool you?" said our hero, laughing.

Bill's pride was apparently hurt at the reflection contained in the question. He answered, with great humility — "I wouldn't a did such a thing as that, to be as rich as king David. Besides, such a caper as that would be a state prison bizness."

"Well, Bill, I believe that you are too honest to think of such a thing; you have been always a pretty good boy: do you tell as many lies as you used to?"

"Haw—haw—haw—now, mister Hugh, you can't 'cuse me of that, though you used to make me do a good deal of mischief, and got me more than one flogging that you or't to had yourself. But I never did tell lies."

"Why, yes, you are lying now, and what was that lie you just told me about your talking to Miss Grey?"

"True,

"True, mister Hugh, every word on't; I hope I may die if t'ant as true as our minister's sermons. I talked to her putty nigh a quarter of an hour, and she only laughed at what I told her about it."

"And what did you tell her, you impudent rascal?" said our hero, but in so good natured a tone, that Bill saw he was to speak now without restraint.

"Well, now, I'll tell you all about it. You see, as soon as ever Miss Grey seed me, she called me into the house, and she axed me how they all did to home: and I told her they was all well—and then she axed me if I had had my dinner, and I told her yis; and then she guv' me a glass of wine, and most capital wine it was too. She treated me like a lord."

Our hero could not help laughing at Bill's vanity. But Bill continued in the same strain, without taking notice of his master's mirth.—"I never was made so much of afore, in all my life, I'll say that; and if Miss Grey *is* horty, I swan I wish there

there was more such horty young ladies. But I was telling you about our talk together. 'So,' says she, 'your young master an't a-coming back to the country again, eh! this season?' And then I knew in a minute she was jist a funning with me, to see if I knew any thing about it or not, and so says I, right out—'Why, yes, he is, and they say he's a-going to take a young lady away with him, when he goes back next time.'—'Indeed—why who told you that, Bill? It is the first I have heard of it.' And she looked jist as serious as if she was speaking the truth."

"Bill, Bill—take care what you say?" said our hero.

"Oh! I don't mean to say that she told a fib; but, uh! I mean as if she wasn't in fun."

"Ah! that sounds better; and what did you say then?"

"Why,' says I, 'if that don't beat all! I thought you had hearn on't afore any body else!' and then I stopped, jist to see

see how that set; and then, Miss Helen, her sister, you know, she begin to laff, and Caroline blushed up so, that I wanted to laff too, but I dardn't. But Miss Helen, I tell you what, she laughed enough for both on us."

"Well, Bill, I think you ought to have a premium for your impudence. And what other fine things did you say, eh!"

"Why, what do you call impudent in that ere now, mister Hugh, I want to know. I was as purlite as a fish-hook all the while. I know what purliteness is, as well as any body," replied Bill, with great earnestness.

Our hero now burst into such an immoderate fit of laughter, that Bill was forced to suspend his narrative for some moments. When he had finished, Bill began again.—"Well, as I was tellin' you, Miss Caroline—Miss Grey, I ax your pardon—directly—she begin to talk to me agin, and says she, smilin' as beautiful

tiful as an angel, says she, 'Bill, which would you rather do, live at the cottage, or go and live with your young master in town?' And says I, 'I had rather a hundred times go and live with mister Hugh.' 'Well, then, why don't you get him to take you, Bill?' says she; and says I, 'that's jist what I wish you would make him do, when you come to have a word to say in that matter.' And then I thought Miss Helen would have died a laffin', and though Miss Caroline scolded her like any thing for it, she begin to laff herself too; and so I thought I might as well take a hand, and then I laffed a little, jist, te—he—he. I didn't dare to laff right out."

Our hero was sufficiently amused by Bill's impertinence to let him still go on.

"Well, as I was standin' there by the door, like a fool, and not knowin' whether to go or stay, in comes her father, and says he, 'why, Bill, are you here? I was looking for you. There's a letter for

for your mistress,' and then he giv' me the letter. And he cum up to Caroline, and says he, 'My dear, what will you give me for a letter to-day?' 'Oh! pa—pa,' says she, 'give it to me this instant;' and she started up like lightnin', and she snatched it out of his hand, and I believe in quicker time than you could say it, she was at the top of the stairs: I never did see any thing done quite so quick as that! And then the colonel and Miss Helen smiled at one another, and says he to me, 'Well, Bill, that's all, make haste home, and be a good boy when you get there.' So I pulled up stakes and cum off, and that's all I ar' got to say about *that*, on'y I du think there never was sich nice girls as Miss Caroline and Miss Helen, except our Rosine, and I'll turn her out agin' anything they can show anywhere—dang me if I won't."

"Well done, Bill," said our hero, laughing with all his might; "that's right,

right, 'stand up for our folks," (a great phrase of Bill's).

"Ay! that's what I will, the longest day I live. But do you know, mister, I forgot one thing; Miss Caroline asked me if we did not expect you last week; and then says she to her sister, in a low voice, 'He will come this week, I am sure of it.' She thought I did not hear, but I have got ears like a ground mole; I heard every word on't just as plain as could be."

Our hero laughed no more, but fell into a deep reverie instantly, in which the impatience of Caroline for his return—the events which had taken place in the interval—the near approach of the wedding-day—the image of Rosine—and his anticipations of Caroline's reception of him—together with a thousand shadows, partly dim and partly dark—of the past and the future, floated in his mind—but jumbled together in such disorder, that it would be hard to say which was the pre-

 dominant

dominant idea. Bill kept up his side of the conversation for a few moments, but seeing that he was not attended to, as he ought to be, he relapsed into a painful silence. He contented himself with casting a glance of pity at his master's serious countenance, and thought to himself—"Poor man! he is in love; but he'll be better by and by."

He turned the corner of the street which led to colonel Grey's, as he made this sensible reflection, and aroused his master with—"Here we be, mister Hugh," and in three minutes they turned up the avenue that led to the house. It was scarcely two hours since they left the cottage, and the horse showed that his journey was not under the auspices of a "laggard in love."

Caroline was standing at the window as they came to the gate, and through the trees she saw and distinguished her lover. Her younger sister, Miss Helen Grey, had been a moment before accusing her of

of standing sentry at that same window, for five or six days in succession; and had just sent her a cup of tea by the servant, when Caroline suddenly turned round—upset the tea upon the live waiter, who was holding out the inanimate article which goes by that name—darted by her sister, crying out to her—"He is come," and ran, not to meet her lover, but to the looking-glass, in the room adjoining. Ah! sex will prevail, after all, on great occasions! She examined her toilette and adjusted her hair, while her heart palpitated audibly, and she could not conceal the delightful agitation which her lover's sudden arrival had inspired. She would not trust herself to meet him in the presence of others: she would not for the world, have had a witness to the transports of that first interview. Her heart told her, that her lover would find her within one moment after he was under the same roof.

As he entered the door he was met by

her father, who would have given him a warm welcome if he had left him time, but he scarcely had time to touch his hand, before he exclaimed—" Where is Caroline?" Her father pointed to the door which led from the hall; in one second he flew through it, and Caroline was once more in his arms. If the reception she gave her husband-elect was not sufficiently affectionate to content him, he must have been the most unreasonable of all the unreasonable tribe of lovers that ever existed.

After the first transport of the meeting was subsided, and our hero had an opportunity to contemplate once more the charming creature he still encircled in his arms, he thought her, at that moment, more beautiful than before. Her lips, those rich and melting lips, which he had just pressed to his own, were of a more exquisite vermillion than ever. Her lovely cheek was suffused with a tint like that which the setting sun sheds, with his parting

parting rays, upon a bright autumn sky. Pleasure sparkled in her eyes—every feature—every tone, gave him assurance that all her love was his. He needed no vows —no protestations to convince him of that: he felt that their absence had only strengthened and ripened the love she had previously bestowed upon him. He must have been insensible indeed, if his heart did not warm, and his love revive, at such a moment: they did—and he vowed, deeply and silently, that he would devote his whole life to deserve such love from such a being.

The reader must now take the trouble to fill up the interval of a few days from this time, which our once-more happy lovers are to pass under the same roof, in the manner that he can best imagine those longest but happiest days of lovers' lives could be occupied. Caroline grew every hour more perfect in our hero's eye—for every hour she grew more fond and confiding, and the image of the absent Ro-

sine was fading in its lustre, while that of Caroline, present, was constantly gathering new brilliancy.

But our lovely Rosine must not be forgotten by us, though her cousin is forgetting her, as fast, at least, as his duty seemed to demand, The "White Cottage" was now the scene of a new courtship; at least if Sedley's admiration and assiduity, lavished without stint, and without return, may deserve the name. He did receive encouragement, but it was only from uncle Hugh and aunt Rose; Rosine appeared as tranquil and indifferent as if it was a shadow that followed her everywhere, instead of an ardent admirer. The jests and hints of uncle Hugh, at last opened her eyes, and she saw what it all meant. It was the first idea that had ever occurred to her of Sedley's passion. She had used a certain frankness and familiarity with him, upon the strength of his intimate friendship with her uncle and cousin, and her own good

good opinion of him; but when she perceived that he meant something more than mere commonplace gallantry, she instantly became as distant and reserved, as she had before been frank and familiar. He saw the change, and he imputed it to the opposite cause: he now flattered himself that she was touched in her turn, and began to watch for an opportunity to explain his sentiments more categorically.

It occurred on the very evening preceding the day fixed for the wedding. In the course of a walk by the whole family party, Sedley contrived to separate Rosine from the rest of the company. Then gradually he led the conversation to the point he aimed at, but so skilfully, that when at last, he, in the warmest language of love, avowed his admiration and esteem—when he pressed her hand to his lips, and so gently, so humbly, so earnestly, begged for her "esteem and friendship," Rosine was at a loss to know whether he meant to declare himself her

lover in plain English, or not, and she therefore did not scruple to assure him of her "esteem and friendship," in the kindest tone. Selby was too experienced in those affairs, not to perceive that the easy, unembarrassed manner of his adored, spoke too much of a heart untouched. He slid gently into the plainest dialect of love, and avowed his sentiments and his hopes, in a manner that she could not, if she wished, affect not to understand.

Gentlest of human beings! loveliest of all the lovely! can you wound the heart of your new worshipper by a stern refusal?—above all, a lover who has already been assured from your own lips, but a few moments since, that he enjoys your esteem and friendship? One who assures you that he loves you so tenderly, so irretrievably—can you coldly reject him? You may believe him—he loves you as he declares, as well and as deeply. He had loved before, but he could safely swear that he never loved so ardently, so entirely

ly as now. However, every new passion to those who are accustomed to love, is the strongest.

Rosine received his avowal, his protestations, his entreaties—all with the same tranquillity. Yet she did not doubt for a moment, the sincerity of her lover, nor did she fail to return him all due acknowledgments for his "flattering preference," and though she did not accept the heart that was proffered, and recommended him to pay his court to some lady that could better deserve his affections, she did not positively and roundly refuse him; on the contrary, she did not, when the question was definitively and sorrowfully put to her, "if she forbade him even to hope," by any means, inflict that worst of ills upon him. She said, "Perhaps she ought to; she feared she was incapable of that feeling of love, without which she would never accept the heart of any—but if he was content to acquit her beforehand of all design to trifle with his feelings, and

to rest satisfied with the assurance that he had no rival to fear, she did not forbid him to hope that time might ripen the esteem she felt for him, into a warmer sentiment." Sedley was obliged to rest satisfied with that, and though he was a little mortified that he had made no further progress, after such unwearied pains to make himself not only agreeable but beloved, he returned "his warmest thanks to her for the cold sentiment of esteem she had avowed, and for the charming frankness of her conduct." He was more in love now, than ever—he was completely bewitched and bedeviled by the half-hope and half-suspense in which he was now involved. It was alternate cloud and sunshine at every moment, the rest of the evening and the next day, until the grand note of preparation for the wedding, in some degree, stilled the conflict of his bosom, or, at least, compelled him to forget something of it, to attend to

to his duties as groomsman. Rosine, too, had her share of occupation and of misgivings, for she was to be bridesmaid, in spite of all excuses of delicate health, and inexperience. The wedding could hardly have proceeded, with Caroline's consent, if she had not had Rosine for her bridesmaid.

Poor girl! she has armed herself with all her courage and all her tranquillity. She fondly anticipates that the moment the nuptial benediction is pronounced, her torture will vanish and her heart return to its former ease.

The hour has arrived; the families on both sides, and the invited guests are assembled. The marriage ceremony was to take place at eight o'clock that evening, and yet it is near nine, and no sign of bride or bridesmaids—of groom or groomsman. The bride was arraying herself, with the assistance of two "helps," and the judgment of her two bridesmaids, with all the splendour of a sultana! At

last, her rich dress was donned to her entire satisfaction: she is pronounced perfect, in her dress and her beauty. Never before had she shone out so resplendently beautiful, as in that dress, on that interesting occasion.

In the mean time, our hero and his two grooms, Edward Grey, a cousin of Caroline's, and the gay, volatile Sedley, had been waiting in full dress, for the best part of an hour in the opposite apartment, to conduct the ladies to the minister's presence. Our hero's look was not gay, and occasionally, as he thought of what Rosine's feelings were to be, he was a little restless and unquiet. He had barely seen her to shake hands with her since her arrival in the afternoon, and he did not feel quite assured of her behaviour. He half wished that she had not been present. He thought he detected, in the apparent tranquillity that she wore, more of the calmness of despair, than of peace of mind.

While

While he was revolving this, to him, fearful apprehension, Sedley broke in upon his monologue, with a gay exclamation —"Hugh, for Heaven's sake, lay aside that sad repentant look of yours, or, by Heavens! the bride will think you want to be off. Egad! if you have any wish that way, I would, rather than have no wedding, and the lady disappointed, take your bargain off your hands.—Ned, look at him—don't he look as if he meant to officiate as his own parson upon this solemn occasion?"

Grey laughingly said—"He did not blame any man for looking serious that was going to be married or hung."

"Gentlemen—gentlemen," said Hugh, rousing himself, and trying to enter into the spirit of their raillery, "I'll trouble you to speak a little more reverently of the situation in which I stand, till this solemnity is performed. Recollect also, if you please, that you have been called upon to perform a very important part in the

the ceremony. Sedley, do try to look more dignified, and not as if you was all the while laughing in your sleeve at somebody. Here's Grey, for all he is so young, and never saw a wedding in all his life, as he says, appears to have a much more correct notion of his part than you have."

"Well," said Sedley, "I shall begin to pity you, if the ladies keep us much longer in waiting. If your bride is as long undressing as she has been dressing—I say no more, for here they come."

They were not received without a profusion of compliments upon their appearance on all sides—Caroline received a kiss from our hero, and Sedley would have followed the example by kissing the bridesmaids, but Rosine and Helen resolutely protested that it was against all etiquette. At length, after we good easy people down stairs had waited near two hours, they made their appearance.

A buzz of admiration ran through the party as Caroline and her two beautiful bridesmaids

bridesmaids came forward into the room. It seemed, as Caroline and Rosine took their station side by side, as if they had been made expressly to set off each other's beauty, by the striking contrast, one a clear blonde, and the other a sparkling brunette, and on purpose to puzzle good quiet lookers-on, like ourselves, to which we should award the palm. The voices were about equally divided, though for ourselves we were totally unable to make up our minds—

"Which of the two to choose—Slavery or Death;"

we mean the blonde or the brunette, if we had been at that moment obliged to make an election. We finally arrived at the conclusion, that we would have been perfectly content with either horn of the dilemma, and would as soon have chosen blindfold as any other way.

But, without waiting for our conclusion, the ceremony began. We then observed, that the worthy clergyman read the

the service from the common prayer-book, and read it very impressively—that the beautiful bride looked a little agitated, for all the majesty that was seated on her brow. It was almost inevitable, as she was totally unaccustomed to being married; in fact, it was the first time that she had gone through the ceremony. We then cast our eyes upon the paler, but even more interesting beauty, at her elbow; and we saw a look which seemed at that moment to bespeak the deepest interest, and the greatest satisfaction, at this union of her two most intimate friends. We venture to affirm that such was her feeling—the expression of her countenance was perfectly angelic; and Sedley's eyes were rivetted upon it, as if they were under the influence of fascination.

The ceremony ended, the bridegroom bestowed his first kiss upon the cheek of his wedded wife, and gaily saluted her as "Mrs. Caroline Hughes."

She turned to Rosine, to receive her con-

congratulations; and as she kissed and embraced her, she heard her whisper—
—"Thank Heaven, it is over! I am ill."

Caroline started, and perceived her pale cheek and quivering lip, as Rosine sank senseless into her arms.

Those who first perceived it rushed to her assistance. Sedley was the first at her side, and would have snatched her from Caroline's arms, but she would not part with her. All was confusion, till Caroline cried out—"Stand back and give her air!" but as she spoke, and the crowd opened, the blood gushed from Rosine's lips in a torrent, and the white bridal dress of Caroline was crimsoned with the life-stream of her who had so recently renounced the heart of her husband. All was terror and consternation.

Among the guests was our worthy friend doctor Redman, who was already at her side when this alarming symptom frightened every body but him from their propriety. They instantly laid her, by his

his directions, upon a sofa, at the other end of the room, and with the greatest coolness and celerity, he proceeded to do what his professional skill and experience suggested. But the blood still flowed in a most appalling stream, and gurgled in her throat, as she faintly strove for breath, as if it was sent up from a bubbling fountain.

After awhile the efforts of the physician seemed to prevail—for the blood diminished rapidly in quantity, and her sensibility appeared to be in some degree returning. She looked wildly round her, but the face of the physician, who held his fingers on her pulse, at the moment fell. He saw that the blood had flowed too fast and too long, and that the fountain of life had ebbed for ever. Her pulse ceased to beat —her bright sparkling eye suddenly became fixed and glassy—her breath was no longer to be perceived—and there, upon the sofa, where she was first laid, with bride and bridegroom at her side—in the presence,

presence, almost in the arms of her watching distracted lover, amidst the tears and anguish of all who witnessed the scene, Rosine—the young and beautiful, the lovely and beloved, the idolized, and lately-gay Rosine—fell, like an untimely lily, cut down by the ruthless scythe of the mower, and bowed her head to eternal rest.

The scene that ensued, no words could describe, and if they could, it were better to drop the curtain on it, and not dwell on the spectacle. Sedley, when the doctor burst into tears and announced that all was over, rushed forth, he knew and cared not whither. The bridegroom would have followed, if he had not been in some degree recalled to his senses, from the stupor that had settled on him, by the shriek of agony that Caroline sent forth, when the terrible certainty was communicated to her. He had barely strength to save her and himself from falling, and to call wildly for help.

The bride was borne senseless from the room

room to the bridal couch, bathed as she was in the blood of her departed dearest friend. Her husband followed, supported also by his friends, and still more an object of pity. Caroline was, by the prompt assistance of the physician, restored to life again, but not to her senses. She was already in a raging fever, and delirious. Her husband could not be torn from her bedside, but sat, the live-long night, gazing at her, and surrounded by the attendants, in that stupor of grief which forbids the relief of tears. His fond wife no longer knew him: she did nothing but rave of Rosine in the most violent and incoherent manner, till the sun rose upon the scene of sorrow and anguish.

Late that morning she fell into a profound sleep; her husband watched over it, and almost counted the breaths she drew, as if he dreaded that his fate had not yet exhausted its fury, and had another, if not a heavier blow in store for him.

him. But when she awoke, she was in possession of all her consciousness.

The dreadful scene of her marriage, as she cast her eyes upon her afflicted husband, instantly rushed upon her recollection. She remembered all but too vividly. She threw back her beautiful hair from her brow, and at the first glance, he saw she was in full possession of her reason. He uttered not a word—he gently leaned over her, and kissed her pale forehead. She looked an instant in his face—saw his sorrowful despairing look—embraced him tenderly, and, without attempting to utter a word, burst into such a paroxysm of tears, that her husband trembled anew for her reason. They were the first she had shed; and those silent tears alone could have relieved her swelling heart. But they moved him more than the loudest grief and lamentation could have done. The only consolation he could offer, was that of sharing silently her grief: tears were denied to him. His

sorrow was beyond the reach of that relief of nature: but the sight of the weeping agonized Caroline did more to rouse him from the lethargy of his grief, than even her tenderest condolences could have effected. He felt as a man: but he now grieved like a man, who remembered the sacred ties that bound him to protect and cherish the only being that still remained on earth, who loved him as he wished to be loved.

After many days of confinement to her room, where, at every moment, her husband still watched over her health and repose, Caroline was once more able to walk forth, and leaning upon her husband's arm, to breathe the pure air of her native hills again. His health in the mean time, although he had subdued his agitation, was, from constant watching and anxiety, seriously impaired, and he in his turn required all the skill of his physician, and the care of the tenderest of nurses, to combat the combination of physical and mental malady

malady which menaced him for some time. Caroline repaid his solicitude with a fondness and assiduity—with a devotion which touched and consoled his heart. Her delicate and affectionate cares, after a tedious month, restored him to some degree of tranquillity, and he regained his health once more; but even then it was long, long before he could bear to speak even to Caroline of the untimely fate of the Rosine he had loved so tenderly and so recently.

Peace to the memory of that lamented orphan! Her funeral obsequies took place from the very room, where but three days before she stood up by the bride, as radiant with beauty, and as happy, to the unobserving eye of the multitude, as that bride herself. The mournful regrets of all who knew her hovered over her grave; and as she was deposited in the family burying-ground of the Greys, with the rites of their religion, above the solemn service, the impressive requiem with which

that church consigns "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," were heard the bitter sighs and groans which accompanied the falling tears of her benefactresses. The young of both sexes threw chaplets of flowers into her grave, and flowers were strewed upon her bier. Touching emblem! at once of that brighter flower, in whose honour they were plucked, and of her fate which they thus commemorated!

The grief of uncle Hugh was not less profound and inconsolable than that of the affectionate aunts. His was, perhaps, somewhat embittered by his knowledge of the cause to which he was constrained to impute it, and some self-reproach at the part he had himself taken. "Would to God, would to God," was his constant reflection, "that she were yet living, and the wife of my nephew!"

We have mentioned poor Sedley's rushing from the scene into the open air. He did not return, and it was necessary to search for him, which was done as soon as the

the consternation had so far subsided as to lead to inquiry for him. After exploring in vain the vicinity of the mansion in all directions, he was at length found at a distance, seated upon a rock, with his head uncovered to the midnight atmosphere, the picture of despair. They persuaded him, with difficulty, to return to the house. He was led to the apartment that had been provided for him, and he never opened his lips or left his couch until the tolling bell announced that the earth was closing for ever over the mortal remains of her he had loved so briefly, but so purely and so tenderly. Then he rushed from his apartment, and descending to the room where he had witnessed the appalling scene, that to him had veiled the world in darkness, he knelt at the side of the sofa on which she had breathed her last, and bedewed it with tears more bitter than he thought he could ever have shed for all the woes that could have befallen him and his.

Thus burst the gentlest of hearts—thus

withered the fairest flower that ever blossomed with so sweet a fragrance! Alas! for the hopes which her bright morning of life had inspired. Years have now rolled over the heads of the survivors, and Time must needs assuage, though he cannot efface, the traces of their griefs. Sedley is now a husband, and loves—sincerely loves, his wife for her amiable qualities. But at times, when that wedding scene occurs to his memory, and the image of the lovely Rosine starts up, as she stood that night before him, he turns away from the eyes of all beholders—he feels that it is a sacred emotion, and he almost doubts whether he ought ever to have thought of marriage after that night. He never suspected any thing of the real state of Rosine's heart, but, like the rest of the world (except uncle Hugh, his nephew, and the doctor, who knew but too well the fatal cause), Sedley imputed the catastrophe to the sudden rupture of an artery, and nothing else.

For our hero, the lapse of time has done

still

still less, so far as the painful emotions attendant on his recollection of that scene are concerned. Whenever it comes to haunt his memory, be he where he may—in society or in solitude—in a gay or thoughtful mood, a dark change is instantly seen to come over his features. If, at the moment, he is seated among the friends of former days, at the cheerful table, where he loves to meet them, surrounded by mirth and jollity, the smile instantly forsakes his lips, his laugh is instantly hushed, and a stern compression of his lips gives sign that the image of Rosine is before him. That hallowed form seems to hover around him.

"It comes uncall'd—unbid departs."

If, when he is immersed in solitary reflection, that form starts up to his imagi nation—his thoughtful brow is instantly clouded with a darker gloom. He then indulges, almost to a weakness, in the pangs that it produces. He cherishes the sorrow which he hides from every eye.

Still he is not less the loving and be-

loved husband of his Caroline. The most devoted and the tenderest of wives, she knows the cause, and hastens to soothe the dejection of his spirits. She then charms away his melancholy, not by her gaiety, but by the sweetest tones of tenderness. But she herself, though happy in the love of her husband, and the three lovely children which have blessed their union, whenever her wedding-day returns, secludes herself from all society, even that of her husband, and consecrates the day to the memory of Rosine. With Rosine's beautiful miniature, and beautiful letters, which she preserves as sacred relics, alone for her witnesses, she, for hours together, weeps over her melancholy and untimely fate. Then her husband, who knows the cause of her seclusion, loves her even more dearly than ever; and every revolving year increases their mutual fondness and devotion.

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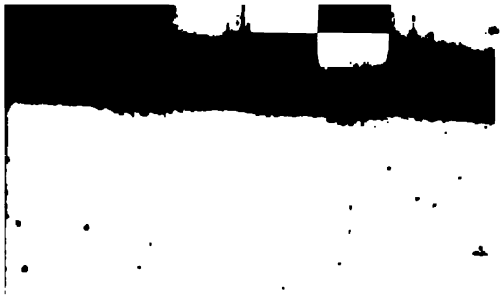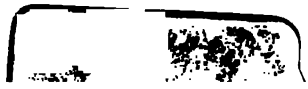
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